

THE
WORKS
OF
Hildebrand Jacob, Esq;
CONTAINING
POEMS
ON
Various SUBJECTS, and OCCASIONS;
WITH THE
FATAL CONSTANCY,
A
TRAGEDY;
AND
Several PIECES in PROSE.

The greatest Part never before publish'd.

L O N D O N,
Printed for W. LEWIS in *Russel-Street, Covent-*
Garden. MDCCXXXV.

A
following
encourage me to select the
your Lordship already
THE
My Lord's in Prose.



My Lord's in Prose.
AND
TRADE
&c.
Court of France, &c. &c.
and Plenipotentiary at the
Ambassade extraordinary,
Earl of Waldegrave,
JAMES
HIS EXCELLENCY
TO

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
JAMES
Earl of WALDEGRAVE,
Ambassador Extraordinary,
and Plenipotentiary at the
Court of France, &c. &c.
&c.

My LORD,
THE *Favours* I owe
your *Lordship* already,
encourage me to shelter the
A 2 following

DEDICATION.

following *Pieces* under your *Name*. I am so truly sensible, how very *little* most of them *deserve* that *Honour*, that I should not have *ventur'd* to present them to your *Lordship* in this *public* Manner, had it not been judged *necessary* to *suppress*, by this means, several more *incorrect* Copies, that are dispersed about the *Town*, as well as to convince my *Acquaintance*, that I am not the *Author* of some, perhaps, less pardonable *Productions*

DEDICATION.

*ductions, that were laid to
my Charge here at home,
while I had the Advantage
of living under your Lord-
ship's Protection abroad.*

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble,

Most Obedient, and

Most Obliged Servant,

Hildebrand Jacob.

PREFACE

PUBLISHER. AUTHOR.

PUBLISHER.

NEVER tell me! I must, and will have a Preface, tho' I write it my self in short, I never publish without a Preface: We reckon it now a Days the most valuable Part of the Volume. I have put off many Books for the sake of the Preface alone.

A 4
AUTHOR

DIALOGUE,

Which is to serve for

PREFACE.

PUBLISHER. AUTHOR.

PUBLISHER.

NEVER tell me! I must, and will have a *Preface*, tho' I write it my self! In short, I never *publish* without a *Preface*: We reckon it now a Days the most *valuable* Part of the *Volume*. I have put off many *Books* for the Sake of the *Preface* alone.

A 4

AUTHOR

P R E F A C E.

AUTHOR. *VERY* likely; they are sometimes longer than the *Book* it self.

PUBLISHER. BUT to the *Purpose*! I am in Hast for my *Preface*.

AUTHOR. I DECLARE to you once again, I have nothing farther to say.

PUBLISHER. HERE! read over the *Prefaces*, I have *publish'd* these seven Years last past: You'll find *Matter* enough, I warrant you!

AUTHOR. I HAD rather *write* you another *Book*.

PUBLISHER. CAN'T you tell the *World*, as several others have done, that you have not been able to rest Night, or Day, for the *Importunities* of your *Friends*,
who

EPICURE.

who wou'd needs see your *Labours* abroad; that it is entirely against your *Consent*, that they appear at last; that you are under terrible *Apprehensions* of those *just*, and *rigid* Judges, the *Criticks* of the *Age*; that you shall never be able, to bring your self to write again; that—

AUTHOR.

HOLD! why wou'd you amuse the *Public* with such a Parcel of *Stories*?

PUBLISHER.

Wou'd you have me *publish* the *Truth*?

AUTHOR.

WHAT is't you mean?

PUBLISHER.

THAT you have ever had an *Itch* for scribbling *Verses*; that you can no more help it, than—that you have never employ'd your self in any Thing else;

P R E F A C E.

else; that the *Muses* have run away with you; that——

AUTHOR.

THESE are no Reasons for *publishing*. In one Word, I am resolved I will give you no *Preface*. So you may e'en take your Course.

PUBLISHER.

VERY well! if you don't *repent* of this *Obstinacy*, I am mistaken! I'll go instantly, and *publish* all your Works, good, or bad; *finish'd*, or *unfinish'd*; all that have been *already publish'd*, or not *publish'd*; *ludicrous*, or otherwise; *Verse*, or *Prose*; nay, could I *recover* those you have *burnt*, I wou'd *publish* them too; and, if I can't do better, I'll *publish* our *Conversation* into the Bargain; for I tell you again, that I must, and will have a *Preface* in some Shape, or other!

THE

else; that the Muses have run away
with you: that

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THE

THE
MUSE'S INVITATION;
A
POEM.

*Musis amicus, tristitiam, & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis —*

Horat.



T H E

Muse's Invitation, &c.



ISE! said the *Muse*, and bid adieu
To *Worldly* Thoughts! My *Flight*
pursue!

When once resolv'd to follow me,
Far *happier* thy *Life* shall be,
Than his, who, on a *peaceful* Throne, 5
Beholds extended *Realms* his own;
Who boasts of *Triumphs*, and detains
His trembling Enemies in *Chains*:
For him shou'd rich *Pactolus* flow,
No *Bliss* like thine he e'er shall know. 10

B 2

I'll

I'll bear thee on my *Wings* on high
 Thro' the *bright Wonders* of the Sky,
 'Midst *Crouds* of *Worlds*, and form thy Ears,
 To reach the *Music* of the *Spheres*.

From thence with rapid Flight we'll go, 15
 And *fathom* all the *Depths* below;
 See all that *Pluto's* Kingdom yields,
 And tread the blest *Elysian* Fields
 With *Heroes* and the *Bards* of old,
 Of whom such wond'rous Things are told: 20
Charon his *Bark* will not refuse,
 Or *Cerberus* oppose the *Muse*.

We then may visit *Neptune's* Court,
 Behold the *Nymphs*, and *Tritons* sport;
 Make *Proteus* hidden Truths disclose; 25
 And pluck the *Coral*, as it grows.

Or, weary'd with our hasty Flight,
 We'll seek some *Promontory's* Height,
 Whence we may view the *Ocean* smile;
 Or with a Storm the *Ship* beguile, 30

While

While his big Waves run Mountain high,
And lift the *Pinnacle* to the Sky.

Here, while the *Winds* and *Billows* roar,
Secure, this *Elemental* War
To *restless* *Mortals* we'll compare, 35
Who, in *Ambition's* Tempest toss'd,
Insatiate, labour, 'till they're lost.

But now thou'd rising Stars invite,
And *Phæbe* glad the silent Night,
We'll haunt the Plains, where may be seen 40
The *Fairy Revels* on the Green.

Or if the *Sun* enforce his Ray,
In cooling Shades we'll lose the Day,
Where *Dryads*, *Satyrs*, *Fauns* resort,
And *Pan* receives his *Rustic Court*. 45
When *Bacchus*, still his *Poet's* Friend,
His *mystic Fury* deigns to lend,
Here often in thy *sacred Trance*
The *Forest* shall appear to dance;

The *Thracian* Hills thou'lt fancy nigh, 50
And *frantic Mænads* rushing by.

Th' *Entbusiastic Madness* stay'd,
In *Slumbers*, thou shalt be convey'd
To *Helicon's* inspiring Rill,
Where thou may'st *bathe*, and *drink* thy Fill, 55
Hear all the *Muses* in a Quire,
And *Phæbus*, with his golden *Lyre*,
While *Venus*, and the *Graces* meet,
Our charming *Numbers* to repeat,
Or, Hand in Hand, in measur'd *Rounds*, 60
Dance to our soft, melodious *Sounds*.

Thus wilt thou live, from *Danger* free,
Happy with *Cloë*, and with *me*,
While *Mars* on troubled *Europe* frowns,
And *Victory* prepares her *Crowns*. 65

Answer

Answer to the Muse.

PLeasing Goddess, I obey!

In your *Fane* I hang my *Arms*!

What should *tempt* me, here to *stay*?

Free from all, but *Cloe's* Charms,

To your *Summons* I, resign'd,

Follow with a *docile* Mind.

NEPTUNE'S *Remonstrance.*

Written in 1715.

TWAS calm, and *Neptune* on the Main
With *Amphitrite*, and his Train,

Thro' *Britain's* Channel took his Way;

Zephyr alone had Leave to play:

The Voice of *Discord* in his *Isle*

5

He heard, and stay'd his *Car* awhile.

From *Albion* what strikes my Ear?

He cry'd, my favour'd *Sons*, I fear,

Your past *Contentions* are forgot,

Whilom so fatal, and so hot,

10

When *Civil* Rage the Sword display'd,

And *Brother* *Brother's* Wrath essay'd!

Does no sad Memory remain

Of bleeding *Charles*, and *Naseby's* Plain?

To Arms again your *Trumpets* sound,

15

As tho' ye trod on *foreign* Ground.

What Havock, *Mars*, do you prepare?

Why do ye rush, my *Sons*, to War?

Blind, stubborn Race, as tho' I meant,

When *Britain*, from yon Shoar I rent,

20

Of old, by this Earth-shaking Arm,

That ye alone your selves should harm!

With me my *Kingdom* ye divide,

And scourge *remotest* Nations Pride;

Where

5 Where e'er my *Billows* I controul, 25
 From *Thule*, to the *Southern Pole*,
 Your dreaded *Fleets* unrival'd go,
 Conquer, restore, destroy, bestow;
 10 Join'd by your *Ships* the *Indies* meet,
 And heap their *Treasures* at your Feet. 30
 More cou'd I grant? rash *Sons* unite!
 These *Feuds* your former *Foes* invite:
 Wou'd ye your *ancient Lords* invoke,
 And try once more the *Norman Yoke*?
 15 Are ye so weary of your Ease? 35
 Can *Liberty* so much displease?
 Inslav'd, and conquer'd must ye be,
 To learn in *Chains* ye once were free?
 Shou'd ye raise * *Fifty Temples* more,
 20 Nay, to the *Church* her *Lands* restore, 40
 What would avail these pious Deeds,
 If *Britain* by her *Children* bleeds?

* Alluding to the Fifty new Churches then building.

The Patriot.

WE'll venture all in *Virtue's* sacred Cause,
 Proud to expire for *Liberty*, and *Laws*!
 Thus *nobly* shall we *fall*, and, like the *Sun*,
 Set *glorious*, when our bold *Race* is run.
 But O *vile* Age! produce us, if you can, 5
 Another brave, sincere, well-meaning Man,
 Who of his proper *Garb* is not afraid,
 Tho' the whole World appears in *Masquerade*;
 But dares *expose* to all his *honest* Face,
 As fearless of its *Danger* as *Disgrace*; 10
 Whose *purser* Soul admits of no *Allay*;
 But spurns the *Dross* of *Interest* away;
 Who, unacquainted with a *selfish* End,
 Is justly call'd a *Patriot*, and a *Friend*;
 Who knows at once how to be *Good*, and *Great*, 15
 And joins his *Fortune* to his *Country's* Fate:

Who

Who *partially* maintains no *Faction's* Cause,
 And follows only, where his *Conscience* draws;
 Whose gen'rous *Heart* scorns to be *blest alone*;
 But for his *Nation's Good* impairs *his own*. 20
 Show such a *Man*, so excellent, so rare,
 Whose *Soul* is dealt out in so large a share;
 We then no more will absent *Justice* mourn;
 But hope to see the *golden Age* return!
 Thus *Alcibiades* has often said 25
 On either Side and each alike betray'd.

B E D L A M.

— *Peccatur & extra.* Hor.

YOU who like *Proteus*, in all Shapes appear,
 And every Hue, like the *Camelion*, wear,
Phantasia, airy *Pow'r*! in humbler *Lays*
 We sing your *Triumphs*, and your *Temple* raise.

There

There, far from *Reason*, absolute you reign, 5
 And scorn your proud unequal *Rival's* Chain:
 A thousand restless *Forms* around you sport,
 A thousand busy *Dreams* your *Throne* support;
 Vain *Terrors* your severer Orders wait,
 And gay, delusive *Hopes* attend your State. 10

In *Britain*, still for some new *Madness* fam'd,
 When *Madmen* long had rag'd, and unrestrain'd,
 Near Old *Augusta's* Walls the spacious *Seat*,
 The wretched, wandering *Lunatick's* Retreat,
 Arose Majestic to the *Founders* Fame, 15
 And * *Bedlam*, from its Purpose, is its Name.

Here every *Error* of the lawless Mind,
 The *Monsters* of distemper'd Thought we find,
Madness in all Extremes: Serene, and mild;
 Where † *Euclid's* Sons run regularly wild; 20
 Where patient *Chymists* still their Labour ply;
 And where the frantick *Dead* supinely lie.

* *Bedlam*, *Bedlem*, or *Bethlem*, signifies the House of Bread.

† *Mathematicians*.

5 Or loudly raving where *Ambition* reigns,
 O'er prostrate Foes, and wide-extending Plains,
 With *Tyrants* of all Kinds, and each Degree 25
 From *Pedagogue* to Eastern *Majesty*.

10 Or the pale *Wretch* in one sad Posture found,
 With fix'd, and hollow Eyes surveys the Ground,
 For ever dwells on the Consuming Care,
 And every Thing he turns to his Despair: 30
 Now tells of adverse *Fate*, and fondly dreams
 Of troubled Oceans, and contending Streams;
 15 Or weeps, like *Niobe*, and weary strays
 O'er false, enchanted Ground, and thorny Ways;
 Or threatning *Ghosts*, arising to his View, 35
 On lonely Sands, and Shoars the *Wretch* pursue;
 Or all around a thousand *Furies* glare,
 20 And shake their fiery Brands, and snaky Hair.

For grateful *Errors* some their *Reason* change,
 And in the gaudy Fields of *Fancy* range: 40
 Magnific to their wild, delighted Eyes
Peruvian Roofs, and *Parian* Columns rise;

Beneath their Thrones the *Nile*, and *Ganges* meet,
 And waft unbounded Riches to their Feet;
 Kind *Nymphs* around with gay *Lyæus* dance, 45
 And not one *Fear* invades the *golden* Trance,
 Happy till envious *Art* the Bane restore,
 And sad, returning *Reason* finds 'em poor.
 Nor here alone are these *Delusions* kind,
 Nor to our *Age*, nor to our *Clime* confin'd: 50
Athens of old a famous *Beggar* knew,
 Who rich, and happy in *Distraction* grew;
 Loud thro' the throng'd * *Piræum* he commands
 The Trade of mighty Nations in his Hands,
 Till taught his long neglected Rags to own, 55
 And curse the † *Hayles*, and *Shadwell* of the Town.

Near these the sage Observer of the Skies,
 Imp'd with *Icarian* Wings, attempts to rise,
 The World of *Lunar* Nations to surprise;

* A Haven at *Athens*.

† Physicians, the first for *Bedlam*.

Impatient to possess the distant Ground, 60
And plough the * *fertile Plains* himself has found.

Damn'd *Authors* next the tasteless *Age* deplore;
Many in humble Prose; in Meeter more.
These, *Phæbus*, did your wholesome *Laws* disclaim,
And fondly hop'd with *Ease* to purchase *Fame*: 65
Here oft in sweet *Confusion* they excel;

Or mighty Deeds in mighty *Madness* tell,
While Seas of Crimson Gore the Plain o'erspread,
" *And Heaven turns pale to see us look so red.*
Or *Nature's* general Wreck they bravely dare, 70
The whirling *Globe* from off its *Axle* tear,
Hurl Worlds at Worlds, eclipse each heav'nly Spark,
" *While Gods meet Gods, and juggle in the Dark.*

With you, † bright *Queen* of *Error*, unconfin'd
They soar, and leave the *Weight* of Sense behind, 75
Thus on your wanton Wings supinely ride,
There most secure, where most they want a Guide.

* Alluding to *Terra Fertilitatis* in the Lunar Maps.

† *Phantasia*

With you, and Art of old the tuneful Quire
 To Heav'n itself with Safety could aspire,
 Sing the blest State of the immortal *Pow'rs*, 80
 Their *Loves*, their *Nectar*, and their golden *Bow'rs*.
 Or else descending they the *Deep* explore,
 And thro' the World of Waters find a Shoar,
 Visit the *Nereids* crySTALLINE Retreats,
 Their Groves of Coral, and their Ouzy Seats. 85
 Or farther does your restless *Pow'r* invite
 To Realms of *Chaos*, and eternal *Night*?
 Tuneful amidst the horrid Wreck they soar,
 And celebrate the Elemental War.
 Or in a milder *Region* wou'd they tread? 90
 Behold the quiet *Mansion* of the *Dead*!
 Silent, and fleeting *Shades* compose the Song,
 And *Lethe* rous his lazy Wave along.

Turn, *various* Goddess, turn your *beauteous* Face!
 We sing your Triumphs, you your Triumphs grace! 95
 O! cou'd you here your kindly Aid impart,
 And lend your animating *Pow'r* to Art,

Propitious, as when every *Grace* you bring
 To *Congreve's* Art, when *Congreve* deigns to sing,
 While *Echo* pleas'd conveys the Charm around, 100
 And Envy's self, compos'd, devours the Sound!

Yet why, tho' artless all, do we delay
 Your Sport, insulting * *Venus*, to display?
 Unequal *Forms*, and *Hearts* you here unite;
 Or *Nature's* Laws reverse in wanton Spight, 105
 While *Corydon* laments his absent *Swains*,
 And flighted *Sappho* of her *Nymphs* complains.

But see a love-sick *Maid*, with Sighs oppress'd,
 Shines with superior *Grace* amidst the rest!
 Romantic *Tales* in Heaps compose her Bed, 110
 And vast † *Cassandra* props her pensive Head.
 Sigh to her Sighs, and long to share her Pains,
 And thus the fond, distracted *Fair* complains,

Sprung from a Royal Race of high Renown,
 The wandering *Heiress* of an Eastern Crown 120

* *Vide Horat. Ode 33, Lib. 1.*

† A Famous Romance.

You here behold! a miserable *Maid*!
 By hapless Love to endless Care betray'd!
 Early my *Fame* to distant Nations flew,
 And wondring Crouds from every Nation drew,
 Shining in Arms for *Myra*'s Love they vie, 125
 And many in pursuit of *Myra* die.
 Ador'd by all, one only I approve,
 And him, and him alone I vow to love:
 But e'er the holy *Priest* might joyn our Hands,
 A fatal Task my Royal *Sire* commands. 130
 Proud of the gen'rous Toil, the *Hero* goes
 In Quest of Glory, and our Country's Foes.
 Three tedious *Moons* his Absence I deplore,
 And watch, solicitous, the well known Shoar,
 The Way where then the brave *Orlando* pass'd, 135
 When these o'erflowing Eyes beheld him last.
 At length I vow, impatient of Delay,
 To find my Love, or wander *Life* away.

'Twas

'Twas in the solemn *Noon* of silent Night,
 When guided by *Diana's* doubtful Light, 140
 Along the winding Coast I took my Flight.

An Age o'er Plains, o'er Forrests I'm convey'd,
 And Wafts, where yet no human Path is made,
 Spells, Monsters Rage, and Tyrant's Threats endure,
 And Pains *Orlando's* Love alone can cure. 145

Tell me, ye courteous *Knights*, whose gen'rous Care
 Protects the *Injur'd*, and relieves the *Fair*

Tell me what Magic *Pow'rs*, what *Circe's* Charms,
 Detain *Orlando* from his *Myra's* Arms,

Tell me, O, tell me this, and, O, invade 150
 The *Giants* Tow'rs, and free a Captive *Maid*!

Love has a thousand more fantastic Slaves,
 And each by Turns a different *Madness* raves,
 Triumphant now, and now again distress'd,
 By *Hope* elated, or by *Fear* depress'd. 155

Religion next, and *Politicks* combine,
 And in one friendly League of *Madness* joyn
 The wild *Projector*, *Patriot*, and *Divine*.

Of *Schisms* yet untaught, unpractic'd *Schemes*,
And *Credit* still to fall the Frantic Dreams. 160

Here *Cynthia*, once a fam'd *Coquet*, retires,
And burns with Manly Rage, and *Roman* Fires,
Scorns the malicious *Art*, her Beauty past,
And changes *Love* for *Politicks* at last.

Loud from her *Cell* the raging *Sibyl* screams 165
Mysterious Errors, and portentous Dreams;
War horrid *War*, and *Peace* by turns she sings,
And *Bedlam* with the Fate of *Europe* rings.

For these our sacred *College* chiefly stands,
And half our Lodgings are in *Statesmen's* Hands; 170
Tremendous Croud! with various Rage possess'd,
And ever more tumultous than the rest.

Yet few of all the raving *Herd* are found
So loud, as he, who wou'd be thought most sound.

Pity, he cries, a sad, but wholesom Mind, 175
A *Wretch* by false impatient *Heirs* confin'd!
Bedlam, at least, one reas'ning *Slave* contains,
And many yet without deserve these Chains:

Amidst

Amidst his shining Hoard *Avaro* wants,
 Hoarse *Stentor* sings, and bright *Aurelia* paints. 180
 On these let *Bedlam's* just Correction fall,
 On these and on my impious *Prodigal*!

Not far from hence, and in obscurer *Cells*
Spleen with her meagre, faded *People* dwells.
 A hundred Heads the gloomy *Monster* bears, 185
 Each Head by Turns a hundred Faces wears,
 Inspiring all the Train of needless Cares.
Phantasia, you the deadly *Pest* of Yore,
 On *Albion's* Chalky Cliffs to *Eurus* bore:
 She still her *Sire* attends, and haunts the cloudy
 Shoar. 190

Near these the *Lunatick*, in fond Despair,
 Of to th' inconstant *Moon* directs his Pray'r,
 Sollicitous observes her Nightly Way,
 As thro' the pathless Heav'n she seems to stray,
 To her of short liv'd *Intervals* complains, 195
 And feels already the approaching *Change*.

'Twas here, amidst the Croud of gaping Fools,
 A celebrated *Member* of the Schools
 Pafs'd gravely on, with flow, majestick Pace,
 The Pride of *useless Learning* in his Face. 209

Tir'd of the noisy Croud, away, ye rude,
 Away, he cry'd, obstreperous Multitude!
 Hence! your unseasonable Mirth give o'er!
 Or learn of me lost *Reason* to deplore,
 Profane, illiterate *Herd!* who joy to see 205
Man fallen from his *native Dignity*.

Man! Lordly *Creature!* for whose only Aid
 The *Earth* and all th' *Ethereal* Lamps were made.
 To these, sublime, his stately *Front* he rears,
 And Majesty in all his *Form* appears, 210
 And *Heaven* to that Glorious *Form* has join'd
 A quick, discerning, bright, capacious *Mind*,
 And plac'd him next to the *Angelic* Kind. }

The surly *Lunatic*, whose *Cell* was nigh,
 Observ'd the canting *Pedant* stalking by, 215
 And thus accosts him: Hift, Sir *Gravity!* }

When

When his own *Form* the *Painter* wou'd express,
 He seldom *flatters* more, or *means* it less.
 To me this *Lordly Creature* Man appears
 The empty, idle Sport of *Hopes*, and *Fears*, 220
 Flying the Thing he did but now adore,
 And now pursuing what he fled before;
 Of *Nature's* more unfinish'd Draughts the worst,
 And of all *Nature's* Wretches most accurs'd,
 If *Flattery* and *Pride* had not conspir'd 225
 To make his *Imperfections* still admir'd.
 At mighty Things he aims with restless Strife,
 Beyond the *little Purpose* of his Life;
 Base in *Oppression*, and in *Pow'r* severe;
 His Glory *Arrogance*; his Justice *Fear* : 230
 For Fear of human *Nature* Laws are made,
 For Fear of human *Punishment* obey'd.
 And his *sublimest* Knowledge seems design'd
 To prove the *narrow* Limits of his *Mind*.
 Some, whom, at least in Silence, all revere, 235
 Like *Gods*, we own, amidst the Croud appear;

These, tho' they must admire, they basely hate,
 Or *starve* the *Worth* they dare not *imitate*.
 Yet more ungrateful *Truths* Mankind must own,
 Was Man but to himself *sincerely* known; 240

But from the Dawn of *Light* they turn away,
 And fly, like Birds obscene, the *bated* Day;
 Virtues in human *Vanity* devise,

Which human *Weakness* ne'er can exercise,
 And sooth their *Wretchedness* with pompous
 Lies. 245

Thus *Reason* is their boasted Attribute,
 The mighty difference 'twixt *Man*, and *Brute*!
 The *Flatterer* of all; the *Guide* of none,
 And late *Reflection* of the *Wretch* undone,
 An *Armour* which in *Peace* for *Pride* they bear; 250
 But never of Defence in Time of *War*.

A *Pilot* who in *Calms* alone can guide,
 Stem *easy* Currents, and a *gentle* Tide;
 Who, insolent, and vain, in *Safety* braves
 'The *sleeping* Tempest, and the *smiling* Waves; 255

But

But when *strong* Winds arise, and Billows roar,
 The idle *Boaster* is of Use no more,
 And the poor *Vessel* breaks upon the Shoar.

Love's Progreſs.

FROM the *Cradle* to the *Grave*

Mighty *Love* does all inflave.

First in *Miss*, and *Maſter's* Brain

He begins his *idle* reign:

Nymphs, and *Swains*, and purling *Streams*,

Rival *Knights*, and rival *Queens*,

Dreams of *Pleasure* pure as they,

(Symptoms of approaching Day).

In their dawning *Fancies* play;

Wishes, which in forming dye,

Tender *Sighs* they scarce know why.

Sighs

Sighs, at length, awake *Desire*,
Love becomes a *raging Fire*,
 Strongly seizes every Part,
 Warms the Blood, and wounds the *Heart*.

Vows to wounded *Hearts* give Ease;
 They profess, *believe* and please:
 Happy, might they here have stay'd!
 Soon, believing, they're *betray'd*:
 Prudent, cou'd they yet give o'er!
 Each betrays a hundred more,
 Still believing, or believ'd,
 Still deceiving, or deceiv'd,
 Till, at last, the roving *God*,
 Squeamish, whimsical, and odd,
 Flying from each empty Vein,
 Triumphs in the *Head* again.

To AMINTA wounded.

TIS just, *Aminta*, you are paid
For all the cruel Wounds you've made:
The *Bee* with arrow keen, tho small
Has on your *Lip* reveng'd us all.

No wonder with their dazzling Light.
Your Eyes deceiv'd the *Wand'rer's* Sight,
While, by your Breath inform'd to steer,
Some fragrant Flow'r it fancy'd near.

It rages! but how faint the Smart
To that of my tormented Heart?
O, let me heal the Wound! O, joyn,
Afflicted *Nymph*, your *Lip* to mine!

From

From what, *Aminta*, do you fly?
 No Danger in my *Kisses* lye:
 An *humbler* Aim I mean to take,
 And heal, and charm the *wound* I make.

Resist no longer——now, I swear,
 Your *Articles* are too severe!
 The *Insect* paid but Life, of me
 You ask yet more, my *Liberty*.

*To a Spider, making its Web upon
 a Statue of MINERVA.*

I.

ARACHNE, dar'st thou place thy *Loom*
 Between those chaste, immortal *Thighs*,
 Where none of *human Race* might come,
 Or more prevailing *Dietys*?

II.

II.

E'en in the *Quarters* of thy *Foe*?

Is she no better known than this?

Away, or thou may'st undergoe

Some heavy'r *Metamorphosis*.

III.

Or shou'd she in her *Wisdom* find,

To pour a *Deluge* from before,

Or blow a *Tempest* from behind,

Thou, and thy Labours were no more.

To GERON

SO prudent, and so young a Wife!

Old Geron, thou art blest for Life.

So kindly careful of your *Health*;

So close a *Steward* of your *Wealth*;

Still railing at th' expensive *Town*;

Fond of your *Seat*, when you are down;

At home in *London* before *Nine*,
 And ready *Dress'd* at *Noon*, to *Dine*;
 Tho' blooming, fair, belov'd, a *Prude*,
 To *Beaux*, and *Coxcombs* almost *rude*.

I cannot, happy *Man*! conceive,
 What the illnatur'd *World* believe,
 That all this *Care* she's pleas'd, to take,
 Is not for her *old Geron's* sake;
 But for those *Twenty Thousand Pounds*,
 Rich *Jewels*, and new purchas'd *Gounds*,
Unsettled yet by *Deed*, and *free*,
 That you may leave to *her*, or *me*.

Written on a Glass of Tokay

HAD e'er *Anacreon*, or *Flaccus*
 But tasted of divine *Tokay*,
 They had ador'd *Hungarian Bacchus*,
 And cast their *Chios* Wine away.

I. Hymn

I. *Hymn to VENUS.*

I.

VENUS, favour my *Desire!*
You the raging *Heat* inspire.

Hark! a *femal* Step I hear!

See the bright *Corinna* near!

See the *Nymph* whom I admire!

Venus, ever kind, and just,

Goddeſs, ſtill in you I truſt.

II

Hail! *Corinna* Child of *Love*,

Sent by *Venus* from above,

Tender, blooming, full of *Charms*,

Welcome to a *Lover's* Arms:

All that's mortal *Blifs* we'll prove.

Venus

Venus, you these *Raptures* give,
Who can greater *taste* and *live*?

III.

Venus, subject of my *Lays*,
Goddeſs, ſtill I'll ſing your *Praiſe*,
And, in this dark, ſilent *Grove*,
Sacred now to *You*, and *Love*,
To your *Name* a *Temple* raiſe :
Ceres with gay *Bacchus* joyn'd
There their *Altar* too ſhall find.

II. *Hymn to VENUS.*

Occaſion'd by ſome late *Perſecutions*.

I.

GODDESS of the *Cyprian Plains*,
Where, in *Ages* bleſt, and free,
Willing *Nymphs*, and happy *Swains*
Own'd your great *Divinity*!

II.

While, to idle *Mars* resign'd,
You indulge his softer Fire,
Lo! your *Matrons*, whipt, and fin'd,
At your slow *Revenge* admire.

III.

Still shall Impotence, and Age,
Under *Virtue's* rigid Face,
Nature's Laws, and yours ingage,
And your sacred *Rites* disgrace?

IV.

While, like hunted *Thieves*, at Night
Your poor, trembling *Vo'tries* meet
In some wretched *Garret's* Hight,
Or some *Cellar's* vile Retreat.

V

Venus, haste; exert your Sway,
Leave your *God*, and golden Bow'r:

D

Heav'n

Heav'n and *Earth* did once obey
Cytherea's mighty *Pow'r*

VI.

Where are all those *Altars* now,
With a thousand *Offsprings* crown'd,
Where no *Mortal* paid his Vow,
But your *Aid* propitious found?

VII.

Rise! o'er hated Foes prevail!
Left your former *Glories* seem
Or some drunken *Bedlam's* Tale,
Or some wanton *Poet's* Dream.

III. Hymn

III. *Hymn to the Goddesses of* SILENCE

ALL Hail! O awful, sage *Divinity!*
Goddesses of Silence! hail! eternal *Pow'r,*
 Who knowest how the *Universe* was form'd,
 How *Nature* first began! for thou wast then,
 And startedst at the dread, creating *Voice,*
 E'en then thou wast; and still thou wilt endure,
 When wearied *Time,* and *Nature,* are no more;
 At *Desolation* thou again must start,
 And the vast *Globe* shall fright thee with its Fall.

Thee, solemn *Being!* venerable *Queen!*
 Whose Charms the busy *Vulgar* never know,
 Thee the wise *Ancients* justly did revere,
 And *Temples* to thy Name devoutly raise.

Thee, *Goddesses!* thee, at the still *Noon* of *Night*

When all is hush'd, delighted, I adore,
And the pale *Moon* is witness to thy Rites.

Thee, pleasing *Deity!* the *sacred Nine*,
Daughters of *Jove*, the blest *Pierian Maids*
Pursue, and find thee oft in inmost Groves:
On Rocks remote, on shady Banks they meet
Thy kindly Aid, while *Phæbus* ever young,
Immortal *Phæbus* wakes his golden *Lyre*;
Thy tender Ear can brook the heav'nly Sound:
Thou'rt Friend to *Music*, and harmonious *Verse*;
For tho' thou shun'st the noisy, loud *Resorts*
Of restless Man, resounding *Palaces*,
The clam'rous *Camp*, and dire, tumultuous *Field*,
How awful yet o'er-crowded *Theatres*
Dost thou preside, when *Johnson's* manly *Scene*,
Shakespear, or moving *Otway* warms the *Stage*?

O thou, propitious to the tuneful *Quire!*
Where'er thou dost reside, receive my Vows!
Whether in Deserts wild, or Woods remote,
Where yet no Path is made, nor *Echoes* rude

Frighten

Frighten their *Dryads* from the lov'd Retreat;
 Or whether, lonely, thou delight'st to stray
 At *Noontide* on the solitary Plain,
 While Flocks, and Herds, and all the rural Rout
 Of *Nymphs*, and *Swains* are hid in cooling Shades;
 Or is the *Gothic* Temple's gloomy Isle,
 The dusky *Cloister*, or dark *Cypress* Grove
 Thy lov'd Abode? Or dost thou choose to haunt
 (Hard by old *Memphis*, and the fabled *Nile*)
 The empty Vaults of lofty *Pyramids*,
 Vain Monuments of antient *Ægypt's* Pride?
 Or, haply, farther from the World remov'd,
 On *Pindus' Top*, or *Atlas' hoary Crown*,
 Or some vast Promontory thou dost stand,
 Whence scarce the angry *Ocean* is o'erheard,
 To lash the hollow, far-resounding Shoar.

Where'er thou'rt found, great *Pow'r*, vouchsafe
 thy Aid!

Deign visit our Retreat! the sacred *Muse*,
 The sacred *Muse* with me your Help implores;

Of *War*, and *Sports* by turns we mean to sing,
 Of mighty *Heroes*, and of mighty *Love*.
 In vain the *God* of *Numbers* doth inspire,
 In vain *Apollo's* Sons attempt to soar
 Without thy Influence. Come, *Goddeſs*, come!
 Bring with thee *Quiet*, *Contemplation*,
 Poetick *Viſions* bright, and *Dreams* ſublime,
 Such as of old great *Homer* did inspire,
 Such as the *Gods* above themſelves may dream,
 Still *Dreams* indeed; but *Dreams* of mighty *Jove*.

Thus well attended, bleſs our *Solitude*!
 There nothing ſhall ſuſpend thy gentle Reign,
 Save the low Murmur of a diſtant Stream,
 Except by chance ſweet *Philomel* complains,
 Cloë tunes her melting *Voice*, and *Lyre*.

I. To CLOE

CLOE, blooming, sweet as *May*,
We must tempt *Mamma* away;

Still the *jealous* Dame destroys

All our *Schemes* of future Joys:

All the *Projects* we have try'd,

Vainly yet have been apply'd;

At my *Bait* she now must bite,

If I guess her *Temper* right:

She shall have her *Lover* too;

Trust me, *Cloë*, this will do.

II. To CLOE, with an Ovid's Art of Love

CLOE, as *sweet* as *vernal* Flow'rs,
Lov'd Partner of my *softer* Hours,

As *Venus* fair, as *Turtles* kind,
Airy, and wanton as the Wind;
That you may still more charming prove,
Behold soft *Ovid's Art* of *Love*!

But who, that to the *Combat* goes,
Against himself e'er *arm'd* his Foes?

If you are *true*, as you profess,
This ne'er can make you; *love* me *less*;
If, *false*, you wou'd in *Art* excell,
'Twill teach you to deceive me well,

III. To Cloë.

MY Cloë, still be *only* mine!
 My faithful *Heart* shall still be *thine*!

As *Vines* around the *Elm* entwine,

So will we *meet*, so closely *join*,

And *Envy* at our *Joys* shall *pine*.

In *Gold*, and *Gems* my *Love* shall *shine*,

On the most *costly Dishes* dine,

And drink the *richest, purest* Wine.

Thus on each *Pleasure* we'll *refine*,

Our *Lives* one *smooth*, one even *Line*;

And when those *Lives* we must *resign*,

One *Tomb* shall both our *Hearts* in*shrine*,

One *Verse* record our *Loves* divine,

IV. To

IV. To CLOE

Pleasing the Harbour *Sailors* find,
 Long tofs'd, and blown by Waves, and Wind;
 In Praise wise *Authors* take Delight;
 Tyr'd *Pilgrims* in Repose at Night;
Laura in a well fancy'd Gown;
 The *Victor* in his *Laurel* Crown;
Drunkards in Liquor stout, and old;
 And *Misers* in their Hoards of Gold;
 Keen *Sportsmen* in the Woods, and Plains;
 In fleecy Flocks the rural *Swains*;
 But we, my charming *Cloë*, prove
 No Joy so sweet as that of *Love*!

O D E I.

To CLOË.

TO *Venus, Bacchus, and the Nine*
Our future Moments we'll resign,
Sincerer Pleasures can we prove?

Glory, and Riches we disdain,
While, with the *Muses, and Champagne,*
We fill the Intervals of *Love.*

II.

Let *Heroes* quarrel for Command,
Let *Merchants* toil by Sea, and *Land,*
For Favours fawning *Courtiers* bend,
While, *Cloë,* we contented live,
With whate'er *Fortune* deigns to give,
Nor *fear, or wish* our days may end,

III.

III.

And since both you, and I, and All
Must *Sacrifices* surely fall

To *Age*, devouring *Time*, and *Fate*,
Say, can we be too much in haste
To *live*? this *very Hour* we waste;
The next perhaps, may come *too late*.

IV.

I've heard the *Muses* in a *Quire*,
I've heard *Apollo's* golden *Lyre*,
Propitious in their *sacred Grove*.
Now *Bacchus* waits; then hast away,
My charming *Cloë*, while we may,
Let's spend the *Night* in *Wine*, and *Love*.

O D E II.

To CLOE, on the Death of ****

I

YOU saw, my Cloë, t'other day
How *Phillis* by untimely Fate
From *Corydon* was snatch'd away,
From *Corydon*, once happy, Mate.

II.

How frightful did pale, gastly *Death*
Sit in each Feature of her Face?
So must you once resign your Breath,
Depriv'd, like her, of ev'ry Grace.

III.

That *Beauty*, so divinely bright,
Which with such Ardour I adore,

Those

Those *Eyes*, that seem the *Source* of Light,
O horrid Thought! must be no more.

IV.

The proudest *Fair*, each Sex, and Age
Before the cruel *Tyrant* fall;
Like *Love* himself in his blind rage
Indifferent he strikes at all.

V.

Then let's enjoy the little while
The *Pow'rs* allow, e'er hence we move:
Nought can the Cares of Life beguile
Like *Mirth*, and *Truth*, and *equal Love*.

ODE III.

O D E III.

To Death.

I.

WHAT sudden *Damp* invades my Heart
O *Death!* who can thy Pow'r withstand?

No matter! I *embrace* the Dart,

Prepar'd, to follow thy Command;

For I have *liv'd!* each Hour employ'd!

Thou canst not *take*, what I've *enjoy'd*.

II.

No! 'twas a false Alarm! he flies,

Amaz'd, we have been found so brave,

His *boasted Terrors* to despise,

And view, unmov'd, the *op'ning* Grave.

Go, *Tyrant*, range the Earth, and make

Base, miserable, Mortals shake!

III.

III.

Visit some *gouty Miser's* Bed,
Or *guilty Dungeon's* vile Retreat,
There thy devouring Rage be fed!
Or end th' *Ambition* of the Great:
These dread thy Shaft! the *Hero* knows,
Thou art, at worst, a *long Repose*.

IV.

Yet we'll not call thee back again,
While *Cloë* loves, or thus *deceives*,
Or while this generous *Champagne*
So well the *Cares* of Life *relieves*.
No! by the *Desperate* alone
Thou'rt to be *wish'd*; but *fear'd* by none.

V.

But since 'tis *Nature's* Law we fall
One day by thy unerring Spear,
Whene'er in *earnest* thou dost call,
Deign, *unexpected* to appear,

And

And *mild* as Sleep; as quick thy Stroke
As *Lightning* on the blasted Oak.

O D E IV.

To DAPHNE.

I.

WHY, *fantastic Beauty*, why
Grant *so much*, and give *no more*?
Rather *Daphne*, let me dye,
Scorn'd by her, whom I adore.

II.

Still your *kind consenting* Eyes
Mine with *equal Ardour* meet,
While unhappy *Damon* lyes
Fondly fighting at your *Feet*.

E

III.

III.

But when I your *Bosom* press,
 Tho' it *pants* with *soft Desire*,
Flying from my warm *Carefs*,
 Pale, and *frighted* you retire.

IV.

Yet that *Bliss*, you *fear* to taste,
 Is the *highest* we can prove;
And that *Youth*, which thus you *wast*,
 Will not always *stay* for *Love*.

ODE V.
To ARTEMISA.

I, in lonely *Shades* complaining,
Still must *love*, and must not *tell*;
You, o'er crouded *Circles* reigning,
Laugh at *Love*, or *hide* it well.

II.

If, indeed, you *never* languish,
Tell me, how you *shun* the *Dart*;
If, like me, you *feel* the Anguish,
Teach me to *conceal* the Smart.

III.

Say, what courtly *Art* in fashion
Hides the *language* of the *Eyes*?

Learn a simple *Swain* his Passion,
When offensive, to disguise,

IV.

Or will *Absence* quite disarm her?
How shall *Absence* be endur'd?
Can I e'er forget the *Charmer*?
Can so deep a *Wound* be cur'd?

V.

Absence yet is least offensive,
Since I cannot *hide* my *Pain*;
Then forgotten, pale, and pensive,
In these *Shades* I'll still complain.

VI.

And, while the new *Wonder* raises,
And *in*slaves, where e'er she goes,
Here alone I'll sing her Praises,
Till some *Pow'r* shall end my Woes,

O D E VI.
Advice to P H I L L I S.

*P*HILLIS, imprudent *Nymph*, forbear
 To squander, what you earn'd so dear,
 While in old *Geron's* Arms you lay.

Time swiftly flies, and on his Wings
 Ruin to *Youth*, and *Beauty* brings,
 And you, like *Geron*, soon must pay.

II.

Then when your darling *Youth* complains
 Of empty *Purse*, and empty *Veins*,
 And hints at fifty *Pieces* more,
 How will you curse *Basset*, and *Dice*,
 And long, in vain, to low'r the *Price*,
 Your own *Extortion* rais'd before.

III.

Decay'd, and fleec'd, you'll hardly find
The future Race of *Fools* so kind

As those, your present *Charms* insnare:
No *Fops* shall then around you croud;
But pass in *hast*, and whisper *loud*,
Our Fathers once beheld her Fair.

O D E VII.

Occasion'd by P H O E B E 's consenting.

LET's sing to *Cytherea's* Praise,
And grateful *Altars* to the *Goddeſs* raise:

For *Phæbe* is at length grown *kind*,
Phæbe, in whom all *Beautys* are combin'd.

Methinks already in this lonely Shade,

This unfrequented, pathless Glade

New, sudden marks of Joy we find:
 The Zephyrs fan with *softer* Wings,
 The Brooks with *sweeter* Murmurs flow,
 The warbling *Lark* more cheerful sings;
Roses with *brighter* Lustre blow.

II.

Look down, ye *Monarchs*, and behold
 A Treasure, richer far than *Gold*,
 A *Nymph*, thrown out in *Nature's* Pride,
 Form'd in her *perfect* Mould,
 And bred up, artless, by the green *Wood* side,
 Whose *Heart* can ne'er be *bought*, or *sold*,
 Who shines, without the help of *Gems*,
 Far brighter than your *Diadems*:
 With her, remote from anxious Strife,
 On Banks of Flowers I repose,
 And joke, and kiss, and quaff, and doze,
 And lead an idle, lazy, happy Life.

III.

So, *Fortune*, let us still be *humbly* blest,

And we'll remit you all the rest :

We want no *Titles*, ask no *Place*,

Nor at *high* Things endeavour ;

He never can be in *Disgrace*,

Who never was in *Favour*.

Thus while the *Great* a thousand *Toils* endure,

And *Monarchs* sweat beneath the *Crowns* they bear,

Here in our *native* Shade we'll live secure,

And *free*, as were the first created *Pair*.

O D E VIII.
To P H I L O M E L *.

I.

AS lovesick *Damon* lay along
Beneath a melancholy *Shade*,
Sooth'd by the nightly *Warbler's* Song,
Thus the unhappy *Shepherd* said,

II.

Sweet *Philomel*, who haunt the *Grove*,
Where I lament my wretched *Fate*,
Our joint *Complaint*, alas! is *Love*,
The Diff'rence of our *Fortune* great.

* An imperfect Copy of this was publish'd not long since, by Mistake, amongst some Pieces of the late Mr. *Booth*.

III.

Relief to me no Seasons bring,
For ever doom'd, to fight in vain ;
But you, sweet *Bird*, who mourn in *Spring*,
In *Summer* Pleasures lose your *Pain*.

IV.

Already from yon bloomy Spray,
Your willing *Mate* your *Plaint* returns ;
Already seems to chide your Stay,
And with an *equal* Ardour burns.

V.

Go, *Philomel*, accomplish all
The Joy, that happy *Love* bestows ;
Obey the tender *Warbler's* Call,
And leave poor *Damon* to his Woes.

VI.

And when the next returning Year
Again invites you to the *Grove*;

Sweet

Sweet *Philomel*, you'll find me here,
Complaining still of *hopeless Love*.

O D E IX.

The Foolish Shepherd.

I.

AS at the solemn *Noon* of Night,
Guided by pale *Diana's* Light,
Sad, lovesick *Damon* stray'd,
Thus on the solitary Plain
The poor, unhappy, wandering Swain,
In doleful *Accents* said.

II.

Witness, O *Moon*, who gaily shine,
Ye *Stars*, who make sad *Night* so fine,
Be witness to my *Care*!

I see

I see ye rise, and set again;
But find no *Rest*, unhappy *Swain*!
For thinking of my *Fair*.

III.

When *Morn* returns, I look about,
In haste to find my *Charmer* out
Amongst the *Nymphs*, and *Swains*;
And if her *Flock* I can unfold,
I'm pleas'd, as if my *Crook* was *Gold*,
And blest, as *He*, who reigns.

IV.

The newest *Airs* to her I sing,
The earliest *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits* I bring,
The *Virgin* Honey-Comb;
And if, by Chance, a *Sheep* shou'd stray,
Tho' mine the while run all away,
I seek, and bring him home.

V.

For *Game* I range the *Hills* of Snow,
And beat the woody *Vales* below,
And drain the purling *Brook*;
And if the lovely, charming *Maid*
Accepts the *Prey*, I'm more than paid
With one dear, smiling *Look*.

VI.

Thus do I *sacrifice* my *Youth*,
My *Flocks*, and *Herds*, my *Time*, and *Truth*
To an ungrateful *Fair*,
While happy *Strephon*, true to none,
Possesses *Cloë's* Heart alone,
Who laughs at all my *Care*.

O D E X.

To BELINDA,
Upon her asking What is Love?

I.

'TIS strange, *Belinda*, you shou'd ask,
To learn, what you so oft *bestow*!
You now impose too hard a *Task*,
And I my *Weakness* needs must show.

II.

What *Love* is not, I know full well:
Blind *Mortals*, when they talk of Pain,
And Joys of *Heaven*, or of *Hell*,
By *Negatives* the *Theme* maintain.

III.

III.

True *Love* is not that *rash* Desire,
That sudden Start of *Grief*, and *Joy*,
Which soon becomes a *raging* Fire,
And does as soon it self destroy.

IV.

Who call this *Love*, that Name disgrace,
Or never felt the noble *Flame*:
Before I saw your heav'nly *Face*,
I too imagin'd *Love* the same.

V.

No! tis a *Passion* so divine,
The strongest Words elude our Pains,
When we this *Ardour* wou'd define;
The *Image* uncompleat remains.

VI.

'Tis what your charming *Eyes* inspire;
'Tis what I *feel*; but can't *express*:

To *know*, like me, what you desire,
Belinda, you must *feel* no less.

To BELINDA;
On the Death of her Turtle.

CEASE, soft *Belinda*, to deplore
Your favour'd *Dove*, who feels no more,
Nor can your *Grief* the Loss repair;
Rather compassionate your *Swain*,
Who *lives*, and loves, and sighs in vain,
And longs for *Death* to end his *Care*.

Written on her Glass.

BEhold your self, and *pity* me,
 Who languish for that *Face* so fair:
 Into my *Heart* cou'd you but see,
 You'd find the same *bright Image* there.

Answer to STREPHON,

O*Strpehon!* how useless your Counsel must prove,
 Who fights for *Belinda* for ever must love;
 For thus the dread *Power* of *Love* has decreed!
Who once wears her Fetters shall never be freed,

F

On

On absolute *Beauty* an absolute *Sway*
Is justly bestow'd, and with *Pride* we obey.

*Sent to him, as he whisper'd *****

SWAIN, give o'er your fond Pretension!
Wit's above her Apprehension:

'Tis no *Merit* to excell.

Any powder'd *Thing* in *Breeches*,
Who can make *soft, simple* Speeches,
Pleases *Myra* full as well.

The Disinterested Swain.

WHILE *Whig* and *Tory* clash, and jarr,
 These cry, we're *blest*! and these, *undone*!

Which *Party*, *Damon*, dost thou *bate*?

For neither *side* I can *declare*;

Malice, *Ambition*, I have none.

I leave the mighty *Feuds* of State

To the *Decisïon* of the *Great*:

To be *unknown*, was still my *Fate*;

The *Muse*, and *Cloë* all my *Care*.

Stay, take this *Fable* *Æsop* told

Of the dull *Ass*, and *Man* of old,

Who, when the *Enemy* he spy'd,

Thus to the *careless* *Creature* cry'd,

When *Kicks*, and *Blows* in vain were try'd.

Why stand'st thou? *Fool?* why this Delay?

Is this a time to *piss*, and *bray*?

Our armed *Foes* are all around:

Hark, how their Drums, and Trumpets sound!
Stir, *stupid Beast!* let's haste away!

Why, let them *come*, or let them *stay*,

Quoth the well-meaning, lazy *Ass*,
Good Master, 'tis not my *Affair*;

I still must crop *coarse*, *wither'd* Grass,
And my two *loaded Panniers* bear.

The Turtles ; a Fable.

SAY, why, *Companion*, thus confind,
And to your *Fortune* so resign'd?

Venus, to whom I did belong,
Gave me to *Damon* for a *Song*,
Where, *artless*, in his *bumble* Lays
Adonis he attempts to Praise.

In sport by *Cloë*, t'other day ,
From *Damon* I was *stole* away :

The *Shepherd* begs, and prays, and fain
Wou'd have her give me back again ;
But *Cloë* I to him prefer,
And wish, to lead my Life with her ;
For here I *sport*, and *feed* at Will,
And think, I dwell with *Venus* still,

On her fair *Hand* I sit, and eat;
 'Tis she her self *prepares* my Meat;
 When I wou'd drink I mount, and sip
 Pure Nectar from her fragrant Lip;
 Then, overjoy'd, I spread my Wings,
 Soon as she *Talks*, or *Plays*, and *Sings*,
 But when she *sleeps*, I take my Rest
 Upon her warm, and downey Breast.

Wou'd you not give, for her *Carests*,
 The *savage Freedom* you possess;
 The *musty* Grains which *Chance* must yield
 On *Mountain* Tops, or in the *Field*;
 Amidst *Alarms* of *Guns*, and *Kites*,
 Expos'd to *Cold* and *stormy* Nights?

Adieu, *Companion*, I'll away;
 It may not here be *safe*, to stay:
 I own, you are a *happy Dove*,
 While you your *gilded Cage* can love;

Yet give me still my *musty* Grains
 On *barren* Hills, and *fallow* Plains,
 With *Danger*, *Cold*, and *storms* of Wind;
 But let my *Flight* be unconfin'd.

APOLLO's Stratagem: or
 BUTTON Unmasqued.
 T A L E I.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora—— Ovid. Metam.

APOLLO, kindly looking down
 On *Wit's* Decay in this dull *Town*,
 Its further *Ruin* to prevent,
 Resolv'd on this *Expedient*.

To Him he call'd an *Emissary*,
 Whom he employ'd to fetch, and carry;

A *lackquay Spirit*, sent sometimes
 To coſtly *Bards* to whiſper Rhimes,
 To eaſe deſponding *Sonneteer*,
 Or twitch *Lampooner* by the Ear.

Fantome, ſaid he, you've now a Task,
 Which does no little Labour aſk;
 'Twill try your Skill, and Duty, more
 Than all your Errands heretofore:
 Know, I intend to make you *Warden*
 Of all the *Wits* of *Covent-Garden*,
 And, by that means, to give new Birth
 To Ingenuity on Earth.
 Haſte then, unto your *Ward* repair;
 Assume ſome *heavy Mortal's* Air;
 Let your pretended Buſineſs be
 Retailing *Coffee*, *Snuff*, and *Tea*:
 Tuck a blue Apron by your Side;
 Pots, Cups, and Kettles ſtrait provide,
 With all your neceſſary Ware;
 Put leave their filling to my Care.

Your

Your Water daily will I bring
 From *Helicon's* inspiring Spring;
Bards shall no sooner taste, but *Sing*.
 From thence e'en *Ideots* shall grow wise,
 And they who scarce cou'd Spell, shall rise
 At once, to *Write*, and *Criticise*.
Dunces shall lay out *Tragic* Plots,
 And *Comedies* be penn'd by *Sots*,
Songs, *Madrigals*, and all that Train
 Of lesser Infants of the Brain,
 Spontaneously from every Head
 Shall spring, like Flies on Dunghills bred,
 All who are *Wits*, or wou'd be so,
 To taste your wond'rous *Springs* will go,
 And I shall be rever'd below.
 Let *Button* be your Earthly Name;
 * *Button's* shall be *Apollo's Fane*,

* When this was first publish'd, *Button's* Coffee-House, near *Covent-Garden*, was famous for the Resort of the *Wits* of the Town.

The curious Maid.

T A L E II.

Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ —

BEAUTY's a gaudy *Sign*, no more,
To tempt the *Gazer* to the *Door*;

Within the *Entertainment* lies,

Far off remov'd from *Vulgar Eyes*.

Thus *Cloë* beautiful, and gay,

As on her *Bed* the *Wanton* lay,

Hardly awake from *Dreaming* o'er

Her *Conquests* of the *Day* before.

And what's this *bidden* Charm? (she cry'd)

And spurn'd th' embracing *Clothes* aside

From *Limbs* of such a *Shape*, and *Hue*,

As *Titian's* *Pencil* never drew,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd the dark Abode to trace,
 Of Female Honour, or Disgrace,
 Where *Virtue* finds her *Task* too hard,
 And often *Slumbers* on the Guard.

Th' Attempt She makes, and buckles to
 With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
 Still, as She bent, the *Part* requir'd,
 As *conscious* of its *Shame*, retir'd.
 What's to be done; we're all a-ground!
 Some other Method must be found——
 Water *Narcissus* Face cou'd shew,
 And why not *Cloe's* Charms below?
 Big with this Project, She applies
 The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs;
 But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck 'is here, we're foil'd again!
 The *Devil's* in the Dice, that's plain!
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd;
 No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd;

Thus

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand!
 For lo! the *Glass*—ay, that indeed!
 'Tis ten to one we now succed!
 To this Relief She flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the shining Plain,
 The shining Plain reflects at large
 All *Damon's* Wish, and *Cloe's* Charge.
 The *curious Maid* in deep Surprize,
 On the *grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes;
 Far less amaz'd *Æneas* stood,
 When, by *Avernus* sacred Flood,
 He saw *Hell's Portal* fring'd with Wood.

And is this all, is this (She cry'd)
 Man's great *Desire*, and Woman's *Pride*;
 The *Spring* whence flows the Lover's Pain,
 The *Ocean* where 'tis lost again,
 By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
 The *Nursery*, and grave of Love?

O Thou

O Thou of dire and horrid Mein,
 And always better felt than seen !
 Fit Rapture of the gloomy Night,
 O, never more approach the Light !
 Like other *Myſt'ries* Men adore,
 Be hid, to be rever'd the more.

The Judgment of TIRESIAS.

T A L E III.

—*Placuit quæ ſit Sententia docti*
Quærere Tireſiæ— Ov. Met

WHEN willing *Nymphs*, and *Swains* unite
 In Queſt of amorous Delight,
 Which *Sex* does *Venus* moſt befriend,
 Which *Party* beſt obtains its End,
 Which does the *greateſt* Pleaſure prove,
 And taſte the *ſweeteſt* Joys of Love?

'Twixt *Jove* and *Juno*, we are told,
 This was a fam'd Dispute of old:
 Long the Debate with equal Strife
 They held, like mortal Man, and Wife:
 The *God* in Reason cou'd not yield,
 The *Goddeſs* scorn'd to quit the Field.

At length, quoth *Jove*, thus rudely cross'd,
 His Breath, and Patience almost lost,
 If by your *Sex*'s Appetite,
 Proud *Queen*, we measure your Delight,
 'Tis plain the *Goddeſs* does diſpenſe
 To them her kindeſt Influence.

Juno the Inference deny'd,
 And with deciſive female Pride
 Wou'd have it ſtill o' th' other Side.

I'll lay, ſays *Jupiter*, I'm right
 Three Storms, with Clouds as black, as Night,

Three Peals of Thunder, mixt with Hail,
 And Lightning Shafts, which never fail;
 Win 'em, and use 'em at Command
 Against your Foes, by Sea, or Land,
 For Vows forgot, or Rites neglected,
 My Friends of *Crete* alone excepted.

'Tis done, the cry'd, and *Argus* Eyes
 I stake against your troubled Skies,
 Those watchful Eyes so much you dread,
 When wand'ring from our *Nuptial* Bed.

Enough, quoth *Jove*, by *Styx's* Flood
 The Wager's ratify'd and good!

But who can this Affair decide?
Tiresias, can, the *Thund'rer* cry'd:
Tiresias either Sex has try'd.

Tire-

Tiresias summon'd, strait appears,
And thus the knotty *Question* clears.

Parent of *Gods*! tremendous *Jove*!
Great *Monarch* of the Realms above!
And you, dread *Queen*! in *Samos* known,
Invok'd by *Matrons* when they groan,
The *Judgment* you require, attend,
Nor may th' impartial *Judge* offend:
An abler sure you ne'er had found
In Heav'n, on Earth, or under Ground;
For I've done all that's done by *Man*,
And suffer'd all, poor *Woman* can,
Have made my self the bold Attack,
And fought, like *Tygres*s, on my back,
Now press'd the *Fair* within my Arms,
Now dy'd beneath the *Hero's* Charms,
Still greatly blest; for what Degree
'Twixt Extasy and Extasy?

And who will venture to compare
 The mighty Raptures, none can bear?
 The *happy Moment* is the same
 To *active* Man, or *passive* Dame:
 The Diff'rence lies, with due Submission,
 Not in *Degree*, but *Repetition*.
 That *Sex*, which ofttest can renew
 Those *happy Moments*, still too few!
 That *Sex* does *Venus* most befriend,
 That *Party* best obtains its End.

The Shades.
T A L E IV.

IN the *Elysian* Fields, they say,
As *Virgil* crost in *Homer's* Way,
Young *Shade*, quoth *Homer*, why so proud?
You might, methinks, at least, have bow'd,
Since from my *Labours* you have stole
Full half your *Book*, or near the whole.

Warm, little *Horace*, passing by,
Made *Homer* this severe Reply.

We own, Friend *Virgil* wisely drew,
From your great *Beauties* not a few;
But whence you *thiev'd*, we cannot know,
Who writ so many Years ago.

Anacreon, and *Sappho* mute
 Listen'd, to hear, these three dispute,
 And, finding good, old *Homer* prefs'd,
 Made up, with *Pindar*, to the rest.

Horace, quoth they, give back our own,
 And let this awful *Shade* alone !
 If what you've borrow'd, we shou'd take,
 Think, what a naked *Bard* you'd make:
 There's little new; young *Asses* bray
 Like old. They smil'd and slid away.

The Fair Penitent.

T A L E V.

THE Powers, who our Honour guard,
Cannot be *always* on their Ward,

Cloë was taught this Secret well,
When into *Damon's* Arms she fell:
The Shepherd watch'd the lucky Hour,
When *Venus* put her in his Pow'r;
The blest *Occasion* close pursues:
The fated *Nymph* cou'd not refuse.

But Oh! too soon the *Swain* was gone!
When *Cloe*, on her *Bed* alone,
Reflecting what she *did*, and *say'd*,
And that she was no more a *Maid*,
In these complaining Words began
To mourn her *Fate*, and rail at *Man*.

Ruin'd!

Ruin'd! undone! O fatal *Night*!
 O how I dread the *Morning's* Light!
 Where shall I hide my guilty Head?
 Far better *Cloe* had been dead!
 Why did I *listen* to his Tale;
 Why did the *Flatterer* prevail?
 These *Cheeks* that tempted him, I'll tear!
 Pluck out these *Eyes*! pull off this Hair!
 No! yet the *horrid Deed* is known
 To the *triumphant* Youth alone.
 Alas! shou'd he the *Crime* conceal,
 These *Blushes* must my *Shame* reveal!
 O lov'd *Companions* of the *Plain*!
 Chast *Virgins* of *Diana's* Train!
 Forgive!——Ah! no; the *Maidens* pure
 Polluted *Cloe* wont endure!
 O curs'd Mankind! detested *Name*!
 O *Love*! dire *Foe* to Woman's *Fame*!
 Cupid, who all the while stood by,
 Appear'd, and made her this Reply.

Young, happy *Nymph*, dry up your Tears!
 Dispel your *Anger*, and your *Fears*!
 Learn, these blest *Moments* to improve!
 You're but a *Novice* yet in *Love*.
Damon has kindly set you free;
Diana's well exchange'd for *Me*!
 The *Fruit* was ripe, nor long cou'd stay;
 It must have drop'd some other Day;
 Better thus *early*, than too *late*:
 What's *done*, was so ordain'd by *Fate*.

The Apparition.

T A L E VI.

Visa mihi ante oculos, & notâ major imago.

Virg.

THE *Guardian Pow'rs* are ready still,
To keep the *honest Man* from Ill;

For, as by *Dian's* friendly Ray

To *Cloe's* Arms I took my Way,

To *Cloe*, ever kind, and gay,

Cloſe by the Mansion of the *Fair*,

Whose eaſy Chains with Joy I wear,

I ſaw, *Syriſca's* Ghoſt appear.

How chang'd from her, whom we of late

Beheld, accompliſh all her Fate,

A *Martyr* to the *common* Cause,
 A *Victim* to too rigid Laws!
 Majestic now she seem'd to stand,
 Her *quondam Fasces* in her Hand,
 With Leaves, and Blossoms spangled o'er,
 Tho' *Rods* of wither'd *Birch* before.
 Not *Venus* self on *Dido's* Coast
 Cou'd more refulgent Glory boast,
 When to her *Son*, a while conceal'd,
 At once the *Goddeſs* stood reveal'd.

Trembling with Fear, amaz'd, oppress'd,
 And pale, the *Phantom* I address'd.

O say, departed *Matron*, say,
 Why we again that *Form* survey?
 Why from *Infernal Realms* you rove,
 Or leave th' eternal *Bow'rs* above?
 What *Wealth* conceal'd, what *Debts* unpaid
 Disturb your venerable *Shade*?

Nor *Debts*, she cry'd, nor *Wealth* conceal'd,
 To rightful *Heirs* to be reveal'd,

The

The Business of each common Ghost,
 Call me from th' illustrious *Post*,
 Where under *Venus* I command,
 Distinguish'd in the *Paphian* Band.
 For you alone, a *Guardian Spright*,
 I travel thro' the Gloom of Night;
 However rais'd, I cannot grow
 Unmindful of old Friends below:
 Fly then, lov'd *Mortal*, or ingage
 A furly, illbred *Cuckold's* Rage;
 The charming *Cloe* you adore,
 The willing *Nymph* is free no more:
 From Winds, and Waves, all Dangers past,
 Rough *Triton* is return'd at last,
 Caresses now his wanton Spouse,
 And half believes her faithless Vows,
 Jealous, as *Heroes* of their Fame,
 And watchful, as the am'rous *Dame*:
 Shun the late hospitable Gate;
 One gentle *Tap* proclaims your *Fate*.

Prostrate

Prostrate I fell, and, O kind *Shade*,
 What Thanks, said I, thou'd here be paid!
 What's the Reward of Love so true,
 What to immortal *Friendship* due?
 Now by those *Rods* you still confess,
 Those *Emblems* of your late Address,
 Pow'rful as *Love* to pain, and please,
 Inspiring as *Cantharides*,
 E'en by those *sacred Rods* I swear,
 And by your now *Ambrosian* Hair,
 If on the *Muse* we dare rely,
Syrisca's Name shall never dye!
 With Flow'rs your *Shrine* shall still be crown'd,
 And Midnight *Brawls* your *Praise* resound,

The INDIAN.
T A L E VII.

A *Priest in Mission* went from *Spain*,
The blind *Americans* to gain,
Gravely converted, bad, or good,
All the poor *Savage Souls* he cou'd;
His wild *Parishioners* confess'd,
Absolv'd, exhorted, marry'd, blest;
Labour'd, to let his *Converts* see,
How far *enlighten'd* Man might be
By *Faith*, and Books of *Saints* inspir'd,
And preach'd, till either Side was tir'd,
On moral *Virtue*, *Sin*, and *Grace*,
Expounding all Things in their Place.

A sly bold *Savage*, hard of Heart,
Beckons the holy Man apart.

Father,

Father, your *sacred Truths* are clear;
 Your *Morals* just, and sound appear;
 I here embrace them for my own:
 I'm puzzled at *one Thing* alone.

My *Son*, your Doubt;——I must confess,
Father, I'm at a loss, to guess,
 How 'tis, each *Pair* of human Kind
 You here in *Marriage* Bonds have join'd,
 Become one *Flesh*, as you ordain?

My *Son*, give Ear, the Case is plain.

Hold, *Father*, first I fain, wou'd see,
 Why I, who ever have been *free*,
 And whom you *Lord* of all declare
 On Earth, in Water, and in Air,
 Shou'd yet be forc'd, to take a *Wife*
 For *better*, and for *worse*; for *Life*;
 Keep all the *Children*, she provides;
 Renouncing all the *Sex* besides?

The *Father*, staring in his Face,
 My *Son*, you yet are void of *Grace*:

The *Devil* baffles all I say!

The *Savage* sneer'd, and ran away.

The Escape.

T A L E VIII.

IN *Naples*, famous for *Delights*,
Where the soft *Air* to *Love* invites,
Strephon, o'ercome with *Wine*, was led,
By chance, to some vile *Strumpet's* Bed,
In the lone *Suburbs*, where she lyes,
Fatal, as *Spider* to the *Flies*.

At Night, when all was hush'd, she rose
To stab the *Youth*, and seize his Cloaths;
But, as she meant, to give the *Stroke*,
Her lifted *Hand* with *Horror* shook,
A Trembling seiz'd her *Limbs* all o'er:
A *Dread*, she never felt before!

And

And, as he slept by her *false* Side,

Thus the *relenting* Syren cry'd.

Awake! awake! and fly with Speed,

Left by this fatal *Steel* you bleed!

Many fond *Lovers* here have lain,

Many this *murd'ring* Arm has slain;

But you are safe: Arise, and go!

Remorse for the first Time I know.

Of some *Divinity* above,

Or *Phæbus*, or the *Queen* of Love,

You surely now must be the Care

Thus strangely to avoid my *Snare*!

No! base, rapacious *Mother*, use

Your loudest *Threats*, I'll now refuse!

Let her try all her *Rage* and *Spells*!

My soften'd *Heart*, at length, rebels.

Hence, favour'd *Mortal*! while you may,

Before th' approaching Dawn of Day;

Diana lights you on your Way.

Fly,

Fly, to convince the *World*, you find
A *Harlot* once *sincere*, and *kind*!

Zephyr.
T A L E IX.

ZEPHYR one Day, unlucky *Wind*!
To old *Philemon's Tail* confin'd,
Struggled, and bounc'd, like mad, in vain,
To frisk in open *Air* again.

Swell'd with his *Rage*, *Philemon* struts,
And to his *Dame* the *Question* puts.
Good *Baucis* smil'd at what he said,
And shook, in *Scorn* her aged Head.

Nay, I'm in *earnest*, and in *haste*
Philemon cry'd, the *Time* we waste,
Baucis obeys, tho' she disdain'd.
Th' *unequal* Foe: *Philemon* strain'd;

Fly,

While

And, as he slept by her *false* Side,

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Fly,

While

While *Zephyr*, breaking *Prison*, flies,
And all this Rout in *Thunder* dies.

CUPID *recruiting.*

FROM *Paphos* I'm flown, by my *Mother's* command,

To raise new *Recruits* for the *Goddeſs's* Band.

To *Venus's Standard* the *Sex* I invite;

Our *Pay's* ready *Mony*; our *Service* Delight.

Come, all ye gay *Nymphs*, who are blooming, and
fair,

Leave your *Blushes* behind, to her *Colours* repair!

All you, who love *Pleasure*, and ha'nt wherewithal

To *flirt* at the *Play*, or to *frisk* at the *Ball*;

All you, who by *Parents*, beyond the *twelfth* Year,

Are kept in Submission, vile Bondage, and Fear;

All you, who no *Offers* of *Marriage* have found,

And, like *mellow Pippins* must fall to the Ground;

All

All you, whose *slow* Lovers have promis'd, to wed,
 And then from their *Words* with *Dishonour* have fled;
 All you, whose old *Spouses* are gone to decay,
 Grown jealous, or cross, or are out of the way;
 Come, in your *clean* Linnen, and *strip'd* for the *Fight*
 To H-y--d's, or W--d's any *Hour* of the *Night*!

The Alarm.

WHAT is't, good, *prying* Friend, you say?
 A *Hair* or *two* just turning *Grey*!

Quick, *Boy*! for the next *Barber* send;

This *Sight* my *Cloë* may offend;

I'll pass for *Twenty five*, no more,

Tho' I have seen *seven Lustrems* o'er.

Go, tap the *oldest* Cask of *Wine*;

Invite those *merry Blades* to *Dine*;

H

Bid

Bid *Arrigoni* bring his *Lute* ;

And brush my best, embroyder'd *Suit* !

This mighty *Hurry*, *Friend*, forgive ;

Tis *Time*, to be *in haste*, to *Live* !

APOLLO, and a Poetaster.

D I A L O G U E.

APOLLO,

S Hame to *Parnassus* ! why for Bread
With *Rhimes* wou'd you prophane the *Dead* ?

POETASTER.

His *Lordship* was intomb'd last night;
What harm his *Epitaph* to write,
Or with an *Elegy* to wait
At his sad *Widow's* lofty Gate?

Wha

What can I do? I have no *Meat*:
 I needs must *Rhime*! for I must *Eat*.

APOLLO.

My *Lord*, I own, was *wise*, and *brave*;
 But leave him quiet in his *Grave*.
 You ask in *Alms* my *sacred Fire*;
 In *Charity* shall I inspire?
 Go, seek some fitter *Trade* to *live*:
 This vile *Affront* I'll ne'er forgive!

POETASTER.

Homer cou'd *Write*, tho' he was *Poor*,
 And beg in *Verse* from door, to door,

APOLLO.

'Tis granted; but he never writ
 In spite of *Nature*, *Sense*, and *Wit*;
 But to obey the *Muses* call,
 Kindly *invited* by us All.

Still stupid, profligate, and poor,
 Turn *Pimp*, or *Bully* to a *Whore*,

Jailor, or *Hangman*; but forbear,
With great *Apollo* thus to war!

MINERVA, *and an Author.*
D I A L O G U E.

MINERVA.

AUTHOR, your *Productions* seem
Like a sick *Man's* troubled *Dream*;
Neither Middle, Tail, or Head;
Stole unfinish'd, cold, and dead.

AUTHOR.

Goddeſs of fine *Arts*! forgive!
I've no better *Trade*, to live;
And muſt ſuit my *ſtupid Page*
To the *Genius* of the *Age*:

This, I'm certain, will go down,

Get me *Money* and *Renown*.

Pallas, read this long *Essay*,

Made in a short *Winter's* Day;

And this *Book* I sweat, to *Write*,

A whole *Summer's* sultry Night;

Nothing now but these *succeed*:

None my *finish'd* Labours read.

MINERVA.

From the Garret, Cellar, Plough

Authors I'll excite enough:

Crouds of *Scriblers* shall prevail,

Rise, like *Mushrooms*, thick as Hail!

Ægypt's resty *King* of *Yore*

Ne'er was plagu'd with *Vermin* more,

Than they shall the *Town* torment,

Till these *tasteless Rogues* relent,

Till I am ador'd, and see

Captiv'd *Arts*, and *Nature* free.

To NEPTUNE, in a Tempest.

I.

N*Eptune*, whose *Trident* shakehe Ground,
Why all this mighty *Rage* to those,
By whom your *Altars* still are crown'd?
Why are we treated like your *Foes*?

II.

The *Trojan* Race we never knew,
Who did your *Godhead* once beguile:
No! We are *Britains* bold, and true,
Free *Natives* of your favour'd *Isle*.

III.

Then *Neptune*, let our *Pray'rs* prevail,
Nor with our *Ship* thus rudely sport:

Send *Zephyrus* to fill our *Sail*,
 And safely *guide* us to our *Port*.

To Love.

'TWAS in that *Month* which follows *May*,
 (I never can forget the *Day*!)

When first I gaz'd on *Phæbe's* Eyes,
 When first my *Heart* became her *Prize*
 In *Sighs* the tedious *Summer* past:
 We cheerful *Autumn* saw at last;
 But still I *figh'd*: rude *Winter* came;
 In *Frost*, and *Snow* I burnt the same:
 Now *Spring* returns; still, still I burn!
 When, *Love*! must *Phæbe* have her *Turn*

E P I S T L E I.
To SYRISCA.

V ICE-Gerent of the *Queen* of Love,
Who with *persuasive Arts* remove
Coy Maidens *Scruples*, and inspire
The *hardest* Hearts with *soft* Desire !
Thy Aid, *Syrisca*, I implore !
My once lov'd *Phillis* is no more :
Repair the Injury of *Fate* !
'Tis fad, to live without a *Mate*,
The *widow'd* Bird still hangs its Wings,
No longer sports, no longer sings,
Till the new season brings along
Another *Partner* in his Song.
O, lure by thy inticing Charms
Some fair *Companion* to my Arms !

Give

Give me no painted, gaudy *Thing*,
 New dress'd like *Flora*, in the Spring,
 To haunt the *Park's* licentious Grove,
 Trick'd up for *adventitious* Love,
 Noisy, and vain, affecting Wit;
 A *Nymph* admiring Fools might hit,
 Or *eager* Mariners adore,
 Just landed hot from *Africk's* Shore.

Nor let my Chance, *Syrisca*, be
 Some *oft-restor'd* Virginity,
 First bought at an excessive Rate
 By some *grave* *Pillar* of the *State*.

Or *fallen* *Matron* in distress,
 With *awkward* Fears, and *forc'd* Caress;
 Reduc'd to what, poor wretched *Dame*!
 Is acted ill in *Want*, and *Shame*:
 For *Love*, effeminated Boy,
 In Indolence, and Ease must toy,
 From *Poverty* affrighted flies,
 Or in the *House* of *Sorrow* dyes,

May

May she, who shares my *softer* Hours,
 Be fresh, and sweet as *vernal* Flow'rs,
 Still gayly smiling, and excell
 In *loving*, or *deceiving* well!
 Such as, *Syrisca*, we are told,
 Thou to our *Fathers* wast of old.

E P I S T L E II.

To a Friend going abroad.

THO' *Matters* go not to your mind;
 Tho' *Britain* you ungrateful find;
Belinda false, and *Fortune* blind,
 Leave you for this your *native* shore,
 As *wand'ring* cou'd your *Peace* restore?
 Alas! this *Toil* you well may spare;
 You cou'd not, *Friend*, out-travel *Care*,

Around

Around all *Europe* shou'd you strole,
 Or visit either distant *Pole*:
 Tho' all her *Sails* the *Vessel* crouds,
Sorrow will sit upon her *sbrowds*,
 Swift as the strongest *Gale* that blows;
 And in all *Climes* Affliction grows:
 The *Cure* must in your *self* be found,
 In a *firm* Mind, *serene*, and *sound*.

From the bright *East* whence *Sol* ascends,
 To where his rapid Journey ends,
Wretches in his *Carreer* he fees
 In ev'ry *Land*, of all *Degrees*,
 From *Monarchs* to the *Slave*, who waits
 Obsequious at their lofty *Gates*.

Yet *Nature* none to want design'd:
 Vain *Man* on *Nature* has refin'd;
 His fond *Desires* breed *Discontent*,
 The kind *Creator* never meant.

Turn o'er our *Annals*, or the *Page*,
 Which paints the *Greek*, and *Roman* Age,

Ambition's

Ambition's dire Effects you'll find,
And how *Excesses* make us *blind*.

Content is in the golden *Mean*,
And *Fortune* but an arrant *Quican*:
Still make the *best* of what you have,
And you'll no longer be her *Slave*;
But live, a *quiet, happy Man*,
Here, or at *Thule*, or *Japan*.

E P I S T L E III.

Reasons for not writing Satire.

To R. D. Esq;

WRITE *Satires*! no good, moral Friend,
Whom Man's *Disorders* so offend!
How shou'd I think, the *Race* to mend,
When *Horace*, *Pope*, and *Young* in vain
Of their *Enormities* complain?

Can

Can my *low* Voice e'er pierce the *Croud*!

Alas! their *Follies* are too loud!

Bid me go wash the *Negro* white,

Or *read* without my *Lamp* at night:

My weak *Advice* will not go down,

Besides, I find their *Faults* my *own*:

Physic from me wou'd *Men* endure,

Who my *own self* cou'd never *cure*!

But let's suppose, that I cou'd *write*,

The *World* from their *Offences* fright,

Wise, serious in earnest grow,

And *tell* them, all they ought, to *know*;

I still, well meaning *Friend*, have thought

This *Preaching* never worth a *Groat*,

One might as well lay down, and sleep;

The *Roots* are *fix'd*, the *Stains* lye *deep*.

I judge from all I've seen, or read

Of *Mortals* now *Alive*, or *Dead*,

That *Vanities* were still the same,

And *Man* had still this *Itch* to *blame*.

Yet

Yet might we ev'ry *Folly* glean,
 And *purge*, my *Friend*, the *Lepers* clean;
 Some think, the *Cure* wou'd do more harm,
 And that their *Errors* keep them warm.

Better, they cry, to steal away
 One's *Mantle* in a *frosty* Day,
 Than thus *inhumanly* succeed:
 Of all our *Follies* we have need;
 Our *Vanities*, however great,
 Scarce serve us, to *support* our Fate:
 Shou'd we behold our selves *undress'd*;
 No *Creatures* wou'd be more *distress'd*!

For all these *Reasons* I refuse,
 To tempt, good *Friend*, my wanton *Muse*,
 In *Satire* her *low* Flight to prove,
 Contented still to sing of *Love*.

E P I S T L E IV.

To B. B. Esq;

FRRIEND, whether it be *wrong*, or *right*,In *Verse*, or *Prose* I needs must *write*;

You may as well oppose the Stream,

For I am doom'd, to blot a *Ream*,Or two of *Paper*, e'er I dye.Then to some *Purpose* write you cry;Strive to be *useful*: what avails,To sing of *Love* in wanton *Tales*?Do something worthy of the *Age*,Or for the *Church*, or for the *Stage*.Translate anew old *David's* Lays;Or rival *Otway*, *Young*, or *Bays*;

Or

Or else, in a *severer* Tone,
 Tell the *mistaken World* their own.
 Suppose you back some *Party's Cause* !
 You're sure of *Readers*, and *Applause*.

My *Friend* , I never cou'd take Pains,
 Still sporting in light, idle Strains;
 I'm Stranger to all *State Affairs*,
 And leave *Ambition* to my Heirs;
Satire, I've too good *Cause* to *hate*,
 Nor have I *Patience* to *Translate*:
 What e'er I send you, is *my own*.
 So much the *worse*, you say, and frown.

E P I S T L E V.

To C. F. Esq;

W Hether the *French*, ally'd with *Spain*,
 Or *German* Troops the *Battle* gain;
 Whether the *Bards*, in former Days,
 Writ better than our modern *Bays*,
 What matters it to us, my *Friend*?
 Shall we in vain *Enquiries* spend
 Our *Moments*, as they ne'er wou'd end?

While rapid *Time* drives on our *Hours*,
 our *Claret* in the Country *sow'rs*.
 When at your *Villa* shall we dine,
 And taste your rich *Hungarian* Wine?
 The ruffet *Autumn* now has past,
 And *Winter*, since we saw it last.

Once more the teeming *Spring* we prove;
 Kind *Nature* calls for Mirth, and Love.
 Your *Groves* no longer bend with Snow;
 Your thaw'd *Canals*, and *Fountains* flow:
 Yet think, when *Age* the Blood congeals,
 No *second Spring* the Body feels.

Say, sweet *Cuzzoni*, shall I bring,
 With Rival'd *Philomel* to sing?
 Or will you ask the *Sisters* fair,
 And *Laura*, with her *auburn* Hair?
 But let not *Mentor* be your Guest;
 His *Politicks* will damp our Feast.

Epistle VI.

E P I S T L E VI.

To Dr. P***** at T. W. with *****

WHILE you the *Sick* to *Health* restore,
Like your *Hippocrates* of yore,

On *Thames's* Banks I court the *Muse*,

Blest, when her *Aid* she don't refuse,

And, careless, no *Ambition* prove,

But humbly thus to *Sing*, and *Love*;

Not *wishing*, what I can't *possess*;

Content, cou'd *Fortune* give me less,

So I your *Friendship* still may share,

And fancy *Cloë* true, and *fair*.

When I my *artless* *Lays* impart,

You show your *Candour*, and your *Heart*,

To all my Errors *just*; but *kind*;
 Rather to *Praise*, than *blame* inclin'd;
Indulgent, *tender*; yet *sincere*:
 I need a *Critick* more *severe*.
 Lay by the *palliating* Friend;
 I only ask *Advice*, to *mend*.

Say, am I *truly* now inspir'd,
 Or with *delusive* Ardour fir'd?
Hid from my self, I want your *Light*;
 'Tis you, my *Friend*, must set me right;
 Resign'd before my *Judge* I stand,
 And wait *Correction* from your Hand.

The *God* of *Med'cine*, we are told,
Apollo's skillful *Son*, of old
 Wrought *Wonders*; but with all his *Art*,
 He only reach'd the *mortal* Part:
 Your *Talents* are not so confin'd;
Phæbus his *Pow'rs* in you has join'd:
 You make th' *afflicted Body Whole*;
 You can *inform* the *Poet's Soul*.

E P I S T L E VII.

To ***

Concerning Travel, and Education.

—*Tali Auxilio*—

Tempus eget—

YOUR Son near eighteen Years of Age,
Too tall for *School*, or a Court *Page*,
(Tho oft your *Neighbour*, his good *Grace*,
Promis'd his *Godson* such a *Place*,
Sets out: no matter; you have *Friends*,
And something better *Ned* attends
At his Return from *foreign Land*,
Where now he's sent by your *Command*.
He's gone; but, with an aching *Mind*,
To leave his darling *Hounds* behind;

'The weary *Task* performs in haste,
 And thinks his *Time*, and *Labour* waste,
 Impatient, restless, and in pain,
 Till he can *bunt* at *home* again ;
 Remembring nothing that he sees,
 But Rivers, Steeples, Hills, and Trees ;
 For how shou'd the raw Country 'Squire
 A *Taste* for the *fine Arts* acquire,
 Or *Rome*, or *Raphael's* Hand admire ?

His *Tutor*, a *meer Scholar* bred,
 With *College Mutton* duely fed,
Stranger to all *Fatigue* before,
 Consents to post half *Europe* o'er,
 And guard the *Lad* from foreign Vice,
Lewd Women, *Popery*, and *Dice*,
 So that your *Parish* be his Prize,
 When the good, old *Incumbent* dies ;
 All his *Ambition* a good Stock
 To plough *Church Lands* ; a docile *Flock* ;

A fruitful *Spouse*; a House, that's clean;
 Perhaps in Time to be a *Dean*:
 With *Thoughts* like these, all *Tongues* unknown,
 But *Classic Latin*, and his own,
 He went, and grudges all his Pains,
 Till *Cam* or *Iſis* he regains.

This *Mentor*, this *Telemachus*,
 For one another fitted thus,
 In all the *Inns* where they have lain,
 The wish'd *Politeness* needs must gain.

Thus, while *retir'd* with your good Wife,
 You lead a *frugal*, Country Life,
 And *mortgage Farms* for *ready Pelf*,
 To keep *young Master* like himself.
 The *Yout h* in Search of *Knowledge* goes,
 And ev'ry *Road* exactly knows;
 Learns how *wild Boars* the *Germans* take;
 What *Fishes* fill *Geneva's Lake*;
 Each *Prince*, or *Post-Boy* that he meets
 Can name, and all the *Paris Streets*.

This is the best you must expect;
 For, shou'd our *Guard* his *Charge* neglect,
 Things may go worse,—the 'Squire suppose
 At his *Return* without a *Nose*;
 Or forc't on *Marriage* to some poor
Coquet, or cast *Venetian Whore*;
 Or to a *Coxcomb* from a *Clown*
 Improv'd, 'twill add to his *Renown*!

Had it not better been to stay,
 And *Educate* the good, old Way,
 With *solid Learning* store his Mind
 From *Books*, he left unread behind,
 The *Structure* well contriv'd *within*,
 Th' *external Ornaments* begin;
 Nor, like a vain, fond *Architect*,
 A *gaudy Frontispiece* erect,
 And all the *useful Rooms* neglect,

Thus when he came *indeed* of *Age*,
 Grew *curious* himself, and *sage*,

You might have chose your *Heir* to send
Abroad with our *experienc'd Friend*,
 Who, like *Ulysses*, has been out
 Some Years, and rang'd the *World* about,
 To read Mankind, their *Manners* know,
 Nor Vice's *Slave*, nor Pleasure's *Foe*:
 Of Him he might have learnt to *live*,
 And form a *Taste*——but you'll forgive.

The dark'ning *Age* declines apace:
 With Tears I think upon the *Race*
 Our future *Progeny* must breed,
 And fear, our *Grandsons* will not read,

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E VIII.

To * * * *

After receiving a Present of Wine.

P Amper your *Steed* with *Oats* and *Beans*,
The *Creature* guesses strait it means,
That for some *Journey* you prepare,
And *neighs* aloud, and *snuffs* the *Air*.

Or take your *Gun* in Hand, and say,
Hy to the Woods! and cunning *Tray*
Will wag his *Tail*, and know your *Heart*,
Spite of the *Doctrine* of *Des Carte*,
Who writes, that *barking* nothing means,
And that all *Beasts* are mere *Machines*.

As shrewdly, *Friend*, did I divine,
When *Tom*, your *Butler*, brought the *Wine*,

You

You meant it, to *inrich* my *Brain*,
And take it out in *Rhimes* again.

Unless to *mend* her *Milk*, who leads
His *Straw-fed Cow* to *flow'ry Meads*,
Or *fattens* her, when old, with *Clover*,
But hopes, to *sell* her to the *Drover*?

Nought in this *Age* is done for *Nought* :
E'en *Votes*, like *Verses*, now are bought;
Honour, and *Freedom* may be fold,
And *Ilia* be had for *Gold*.

'Tis just, good *Friend*, you have your *Will* :
The *Chymist* sure may use his *Still*.
Evaporated, not *refin'd*,
Thro' the *Alembic* of the *Mind*,
Behold your *Drink* !——nay, never curse!
My own dull *Port* had turn'd out worse.

E P I S T L E IX.

To S. W. Y.

*From the Country, in Answer to
some Verses.*

WHILE I, as *Faunus* us'd of old,
The awkward, rural *Nymphs* pursue,
Who sometimes *kind*; but oftner *cold*,
Now *bugg*, and *kiss*; now *scratch*, and *scold*,
And make me *black*, and *blew*.
While thus in *Ditch*, or under *Hedge*
Of *Love* we give the surest *Pledge*,
Expos'd to *Wind*, and *Weather*,
May you, and bright *Lavinia* play
On *Velvet Couches* all the Day,
And toy at *Ease* together!

Still

Still may the charming *Nymph* inspire
 New *Vigour*, new *Poetic Fire*,
 While we the tuneful, happy *Swain* admire.

S O N G I.

FOrbear, God of *Love*, torment me no more!
 Enough I've endur'd, give your *Tyranny* o'er!
 Still must my *fond* Heart be for ever the *Prize*
 Of *Cloë's*, or *Daphne's*, or *Phillis's* Eyes?

Must every *Beauty*, and every *Grace*
 For me have a *Charm*? must you *haunt* ev'ry Place?
 In *Country*, in *Town*; in the *Park*, at the *Play*
 You lead, mighty *Power*, my *Fancy* astray.

Of all the *deep* Wounds you e'er gave me before,
 None *deeper* than this, since I *Phæbe* adore:

Men

Men say, thou art *blind*; but, alas! can it be?
For still I am *wounded*, and she's ever *free*.

Since then it is plain, you ne'er shoot in the Dark
O *God of Desire!* be coy *Phæbe* your *Mark!*
The *Pains*, she *despises* so much, let her know,
That once she may *feel*, what her *Slaves* undergo.

S O N G II.

I.

SILLY *Nymph*, no more *Airs* I desire,
Nor think with that *Face* to trepan:
Time has *rifled* your *Eyes* of their *Fire*:
You must hope never more for a *Man*.

II.

Yet, as *Age* hurries on, you grow proud,
Gay, airy, coquetish, and smart,

Still

Still ogling, and talking aloud,
And wou'd fain make a *Slave* of my *Heart*.

S O N G III.

I Envy not the mighty *Great*,
Those pow'rful *Rulers* of the *State*,
Who fettle *Nations* as they please,
And govern at th' Expence of *Ease*.

Far *happier* the Shepherd's Swain,
Who daily drudges on the *Plain*,
And nightly in some *bumble* Shed
On *Rusky* Pillows lays his Head.

No curs'd *Ambition* breaks his Rest,
No *factious* Wars divide his Breast:
His *Flock*, his *Pipe*, and artless *Fair*
Are all his *Hope*, and all his *Care*.

S O N G I V.

I.

PHILLIS, sure the *Pow'rs* above
For our Joy did you compose
Graceful as the *Queen* of Love,
Wanton as the billing *Dove*,
Fragrant as the blowing *Rose*.

II.

Wit, and *Beauty*, both we find
Striving, which shall arm you most :
Doubly, *Phillis*, thus you bind ;
Had not *Nature* made you kind,
We, alas! were *doubly* lost!

S O N G V.

I.

Attend, ye coy *Maidens!* of *Love* is my Song,
And *Phæbe* the cruel, reform'd in a Dream,
As in a sweet Slumber she lay all along
In the midst of her *Flock* by a murmuring Stream

II.

Now by Chance or Design arch *Cupid* was nigh,
And pleas'd, a sad, desperate *Lover* to save,
His *Dart* at this barbarous *Beauty* let fly
In Favour of *Damon*, her amorous Slave.

III.

“Soft *Dreams*, cry'd the *God*, come, and melt her
hard Breast,
“And may the fond *Shepherd*, poor *Damon* suc-
ceed,

K

“Who

“ Who watches, all Night, by her *Rigour* oppress’d,
“ And tends, all the Day, on her *Herd* in the Mead!

IV.

Soft *Dreams* in a Moment croud into her Head,
She fancy’d rude *Colin*, that ugly, old *Swain*,
Carefs’d her so long on a *Violet* Bed,
That she woke with the *Pleasure*, yet blush’d with
Disdain.

V.

Then, stretching, she cry’d, yet o’ercome with the
Joy,
If *Colin*, in *Dreams*, can so gladden my Heart,
Farewel to my Frowns, I’ll no longer be coy,
What *Bliss*, while I wake, must young *Damon*
impart?

SONG

S O N G VI.

To the Tune of *A famous Vaudeville.*

I.

WHEN I was a *Lover*,
How I whin'd, how I cry'd,
How I sigh'd, how I dy'd,
All to flatter her Pride?
For in vain still I try'd
By all my Arts to move her.

II.

I treated, presented, went finely array'd,
Spent my Time, and Estate,
While I early, and late
For my *Sentence* did wait,
'Till quite tir'd of my *Fate*,

Thus to the *God* of Love I pray'd,
Humble a haughty, cruel *Maid* !

III.

Love heard my Petition,
And strait, mov'd by my Smart,
His kind Aid did impart,
To recover the Dart,
That stuck deep in my Heart,
And sav'd me from Perdition.

IV.

Then free, when I laugh'd at this *Beauty* so coy,
Tho' so long us'd to reign,
To frown, and disdain,
She herself wore my *Chain*,
And she sighs still in vain;
So let her still sigh on, *blind Boy* !
While I my *Freedom* still enjoy.

CHIRON to ACHILLES.

— *Res est severa Voluptas.*

OLD Chiron to his Pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into Man.

Accomplish'd Youth! well worthy of my Pains,
You now are free, and guide your self the Reins:
Yet hear, *Achilles*, hear, before we part,
A few, short Precepts from a faithful Heart.

What tho' the *Gods* a *Nestor's* Age deny?
Let *Management* a longer Life supply,
And learn, at least, to *live*, before you die.
A little Tract *well Till'd*, more Profit yields
Than Realms of wild, uncultivated Fields.
'Tis not from length of Years our *Pleasures* flow,
Nor to the *Gods* alone our *Bliss* we owe;

Our *Happiness*, and Pain depend on us :

Man's his own good or evil *Genius*.

Great Ills by *Art* we lighten or remove,

And *Art* our meanest *Pleasures* may improve :

Much to our selves is due, tho' much to *Jove*.

Think not, young *Prince*, your elevated State,

Birth, Honours, or the empty Name of *Great*,

Can fix your Joys! they're ill secur'd, unless

You know your self, to form your *Happiness*,

Which in the *Shepherd's* humble Hut is found,

While *Palaces* with Discord still resound.

Fortune to Industry is ever kind,

And, tho' by the blind *Vulgar* painted blind,

Is still more equal than the Croud suppose,

Who judge of *Happiness* by outward Shows;

She smiles on all Conditions, each may be

A *Man* of *Pleasure* in his own Degree.

Yet few with *Art* their *Happiness* pursue,

Tho' all Mankind have *Happiness* in view,

And

And ev'ry Sense seems made by *Nature's* Skill
For giving *Pleasure*, and avoiding Ill.

Nature, our common *Mother*, has been kind,
And for a Race of *Joy* her *Sons* design'd,
Who long to reach the Goal, yet lazy lag behind;
Or wholly *blind*, or *doubtful* how t'advance,
They leave the Work of Industry to Chance,
And of those few who with more *active* Strife
Pursue this great, important *End* of Life,
Some too *impatient*, know not how to wait;
Or aim at things *beyond* their *Humane* State:
These last thro' too much *Delicacy* fall
And, by *refining*, rob themselves of all.

Shun then, *Achilles*, shun the Faults of such,
Who still propose too little, or too much.
Stretch not your *Hopes* too far, nor yet despair;
But above all, of *Indolence* beware.
Attend to what you do, or Life will seem
But a meer Vision, or fantastick Dream,

Pass'd in *Ideas* of Delight at best,
 While real *Pleasure's* lost in doubtful Rest.
 In short, learn when, and how to bear; in vain
 He *Pleasure* seeks, who is afraid of Pain;
Pleasure's a serious Thing, and cheaply bought
 By Labour, Patience, Management, and Thought.

But you, aspiring Youth, by *Nature* seem
 Addicted to an opposite Extreme,
 Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam'd,
 And, like a gen'rous *Courser*, hardly tam'd;
 In all things violent: but, O! disdain,
 Brave *Prince* to let usurping *Passion* reign,
 In one rash Moment sacrificing more
 Than Years of sad Repentance may restore.

As *Thracian* Winds the *Euxine* Sea molest,
 So Wrath, and Envy, from a Humane Breast
 Drive *Halcyon* Peace, and banish kindly Rest.
 And no Security for *Joy* is found,
 But in a Mind that's tractable, and sound,

Suppress the first Emotions of your Ire,
 And smother in its Birth the kindling Fire.
 Ere Anger yet possesses all your Soul,
 Ere yet your Bosom heaves, and Eyeballs roll,
 Think on the useful Precepts, I have taught,
 And meet the rising Heat with wholsom Thought,

Or seek the sacred *Muses* with your *Lyre*,
 Who with sweet Peace to lonely Shades retire,
Gods, and the Sons of *Gods*, the *Heroes* sing,
 While Hills and Vallies with their Praises ring,
 These learn to imitate, and Those adore,
 And sweetly to your Self, your Self restore;
Musick, and *Verse*, and *Solitude* controul
 Impetuous Fury, and compose the Soul.

For this, I early taught you how to sing,
 And form'd your Fingers to the trembling String;
 For 'tis not all sweet *Pleasure's* Paths to show,
 The *Arts* of *Consolation* Man shou'd know:

Our Joys are short, and broken; and in vain
 To constant *Bliss* wou'd Humane Race attain:
 Be oft' contented to be free from Pain.

There is a *Deity* ordain'd by Fate
 To damp our *Joys* immoderately great,
 That none on Earth from Sorrow shou'd be free,
 But ev'n our Blessings taste of Misery.

If *Fortune* gives, what rarely we obtain,
 An equal Share of *Pleasure*, and of *Pain*,
 Our *Portion* is o'erpaid, the rest you'll find
 But fond *Ideas* of the wanton Mind,
 Which now vain Scenes of Godlike *Pleasure* shows,
 And now creates *imaginary* Woes.

When sad, your Ills examine, and compare,
 Judge of your own by what another's are.
 Consider greater Wretches, and the Fates
 Of mighty *Heroes*, and of mighty States;
 Thus real Evils in their proper Light
 Appear, the false thus vanish out of Sight.

Nor aim at *Pleasures* difficult to gain,
 Choose rather such you may with Ease obtain.

Who scorns to *trifle*, is by *Pride* abus'd:

I pity him, who ne'er can be amus'd,

But, slighting *Pleasures* moderate, and small,

Must live in Rapture, or not live at all.

Great *Pleasures* still are near ally'd to Pain:

Who quits the peaceful Shore, and ploughs the main,

Big Waves, and mighty Tempests must sustain.

Let not such fond Ambition to be blest,

The humbler *Pleasures* in your Pow'r molest;

Yet cherish Hope; for without Hope there's none:

Taste Hope! but be not fed with that alone.

Some their whole Lives in *Expectation* spend,

As Life were not begun, or ne'er wou'd end,

Fondly from Day to Day themselves deceive,

Not *living*, but intending still to *live*,

While they neglect the Joys, they might possess,

For empty *Dreams* of future *Happiness*.

Let

Let *Nature* in your *Pleasures* be your Guide,
 Nor suffer *Art* her genuine Charms to hide;
 Her Beauties with unwearied Eyes we see;
 The *Truth* of Beauty is *Simplicity*.

Live not by *Imitation*, servile State!
 Nor on the *Fashion* for your *Pleasures* wait,
Man otherwise so selfish, and so proud,
 Submits his Taste to the fantastic Croud,
 And *lives* not for himself: do you pursue
 Your own Desires, and to *your self* be true.

As *Bees* extract their Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r,
 So you your Joys, from all things in your Pow'r,
 With Industry and Management produce:
 The meanest Trifles are sometimes of use.

Yet know well *what* you do, and *when* 'tis done,
 Nor at all Hours to ev'ry *Pleasure* run;
 But mix with *Art* your *Pleasures*, and your Toils,
 For *Pleasures* have their Seasons, and their Foils

Thus when the earliest dawn of Eastern Light
 Proclaims the finish'd Empire of the Night,

Haste

Haste to the Field, *Achilles*, nor disdain,
 To chace the foaming *Monster* o'er the Plain,
 Or teach the untam'd *Steed* to feel the Rein;
 Or let your *Car*, and *Arms* your Nerves prepare,
 Or for *Olympic* Games, or future War:
 Then whether Arts, or Glory fire your Mind
 With Thoughts more generous, or more refin'd,
Aurora to the *Muses* still is kind.

At Noon, a simple short Repast be made;
 A shorter Slumber in the cooling Shade:
 What's gay and light, th' unbended Mind employ,
 Or Sports, or past Delights, or future Joy.

But when the Ev'ning-Star begins to rise,
 When *Phæbus*' fainting Steeds forsake the Skies,
 Still chearful at the well-spread Board be found,
 Amidst bright Friends, and with fresh Garlands,
 crown'd,

While Wine, and *Thais* with her Voice and Lyre,
 Banish old Sorrows, and new Joys inspire.

Thus

Thus when from Toils of Empire you are free,
 Nor Camp, nor Council claim your Liberty,
 The Morn to *Labour*, and the *Muses* give;
 At Noon with *Temperance*, and *Quiet* live;
Ceres', and *Bacchus'* Gifts at Ev'ning prove:
 Divide the Night with *Somnus*, and with *Love*.

Thus, thus, *Pelides*, drive your Cares away,
 Nor feel the Evil, till the evil Day.
 What tho' on *Simois*, or *Scamander's* Shore,
 Far off from Home, the *Greeks* your Death deplore?
 No matter where, or when; it once must be,
 And nothing can revoke the firm Decree.
 Tho' *Thetis'* Son, tho' third from mighty *Jove*,
 Eternal Monarch of the Realms above,
 Nor *Jove*, nor *Thetis*, can your Days recall,
 Or for an Hour defer your destin'd Fall.

Mean while, a looser Rein to *Pleasure* give;
 Time flies in haste, be you in haste to live:
 Seize on the precious Minutes, as they fleet;
 Your Life, however short, will be compleat,

If

If at the fatal Moment you can say,
I've *liv'd*, and made the most of ev'ry Day!

One Precept more I fain wou'd recommend,
And then old *Chiron's* tedious Lessons end.

Learn, gen'rous *Prince*, what's little understood,
The Godlike Happiness of doing good.

How glorious to defend, and to bestow!

From nobler Springs can Humane *Pleasure* flow?

A solid *Good*, which nothing can destroy,

The best Prerogative the *Great* enjoy.

For this remember, *Monarchs* first were made,

For this, young *Prince*, be lov'd, and be obey'd,

At once your self, and mighty Nations bless,

And make *Humanity* your *Happiness*.

But now *Aurora* ushers in the Day,

And fond, expecting *Peleus* chides your Stay.

Go then, brave Youth, where'er the Fates may call;

Live with *Design*, and fearless wait thy Fall.

Whatever

Whatever Space of Life the *Gods* decree,
Thy Name is still immortal ; for I see
More than another *Peleus* rise in thee.
Thy *Fame* the * *Prince* of sacred *Bards* shall fire,
Thy Deeds the † Conquest of the World inspire.

* *Homer*.

† By *Alexander*, who had *Homer's Iliad* always with him, proposing *Achilles* for his great Example.

EPITAPH I.

E P I T A P H I.

On Mr. A. H. a great Traveller.

FROM *Orcade* Isles to *Ægypt's* Coast
His Travels *Sauny* still wou'd boast,

And lov'd about the *World* to roam,

Howe'er, at the last *Trumpet's* Sound

He promis'd, he wou'd here be found,

And tarry *quiet* now at home.

L

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H II.

On DELIA.

HERE *Delia's* buried at Fourſcore:
When *young*; a leud, rapacious *Whore*,
Vain, and expenſive; but when *old*;
A pious, fordid, drunken *Scold*.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H III.

On Mrs. BEATA F*****.

STAY, *Youth*, and o'er this *Marble* weep,
Where now *alone*, and fast *asleep*

Beata lies, poor *Sinner*!

Alive, so *tempting*, so *resign'd*,

She ever *charm'd*, yet *spar'd* Mankind

The *Time*, and *Pains* to win her.

E P I T A P H. IV.

On my Lady *****.

Beneath this *Marble* lays a Load
 Of Earth, which once was *Flesh*, and *Blood*,
 Warm'd with a *Spirit* strangely prone
 To hate all *Notions*, but her own :
 Her *Person* fair, of moderate *Size*,
 Her *Mind*, as moderately wise ;
 Not very *dull*, nor mighty *smart* ;
 But hated *Wit* with all her Heart :
 Not very *silent*, nor a *Scold* ;
 Extremely *chaste*, extremely *cold*,
Loyal, and *pious* to Excess,
 And truly *humble* in *Distress*,

She

She liv'd in *Fear*, and dy'd in *Hope*,
Renouncing *Satan*, *Whig*, and *Pope*.

E P I T A P H V.

On ****.*

TIMON of *London* here is laid,
Who was a close rich, testy *Blade*:
Left any *Mortal*, now alive,
Shou'd by his mighty *Treasure* thrive,
'Tis by his *Will* to *Heirs* convey'd,
Still to be gotten, born, and bred.

Providence.

PLATO, and *Socrates* were not
 So happy, as the empty *Sot*,
 Whose *Vanity* still *pleads* his *Cause*,
 Who never *doubts*, or makes a *Pause*;
 But firmly thinks that *best*, he *has*,
 And *smiles* at ev'ry Thing, he *says*.

 If *Hamor* finds, his *Voice* is good,
 His wretched *Daubs* well understood;
 If *Bays* will ne'er *suspect* his *Wit*,
 Spite of the *Hisses* from the *Pit*,
 Must it not fairly be confest,
 Whate'er we think, that these are *blest*?

 Thrice happy *Fools*! whose bare *Pretence*
Supplies the Want of *Excellence*:

And

And who, tho' *Nature* gave ye none,
 Can stamp *Perfections* of your own,
 Which, like *base Coin* in some *poor State*,
 Passes *at home*. O equal *Fate*!

Philosophers deduce, from hence,
 The *Mildness* of your *Providence*;
 For shou'd you let these *Coxcombs* see
 Their *naked*, true *Deformity*,
 They'd *break* the *Mirrour*, like the *Ape*,
 Who *started* at his *filthy Shape*.

*To a Friend, who turn'd Roman
Catholic upon Marriage.*

STrange Force of *Beauty* to controul
The Mind, and *catch* the *sinking* Soul!

Fond *Profelyte*! you plainly prove
No *Jesuit* can *preach* like *Love*,
Nor all the *Doctors* of *Sorbonne*
E'er do, what *Laura's* Smiles have done.

PHILLIS

PHILLIS *waking.*

I.

WHO wakes me from a *Dream of Love*?
Whose gentle *Whispers* do I hear?

Whence comes the balmy *Kiss* I prove?

Who sighs?—my *Strephon* sure is near!

II.

What panting *Bosom* presses mine?

Who kills me with *Delights* unknown?

'Tis *Strephon*, or some *Pow'r* Divine!

Strephon! it cou'd be thee alone!

ÆNIGMA.

Æ N I G M A.

S O F T Dream of *Virgins*! happy *Matron's* Pride!
 You *Peace* restore, you *Empires* can divide,
 More *powerful* than Friendship's *sacred* Tye,
 Riches, Ambition, or Philosophy!

Tho' *blind*, yet *bold*; tho' *dumb*, you teach to *speak*,
 In *Action* strong, and thro' your *Triumphs* weak;
Eager, as hasty *Torrents*, when *controul'd*;
 When *unresisted*, whimsically *cold*.

That you are *just*, your very *Foes* agree,
 Partial to neither *Sex*, and no *Degree*;
 But *visit* both the *Wealthy*, and the *Poor*,
 And *knock*, like equal *Death*, at *ev'ry* Door.
 Nor do you *swell*, vain glorious, with *Success*;
 But, *after Conquest* still *retir'd*, and *less*,
 The *Hero*, and the *Sage* at once confess.

ÆNIGMA;

Æ N I G M A.

*V*ILE Instrument ! but *useful* still;
 A *Damp* to Joy, a *Guard* from Ill;
Scorn'd by the Bold; by Sages *priz'd*;
 But, when most *friendly*, most *despis'd*.
 As *Monarchs*, in Intrigues of State,
 Are forc'd to *trust* the *Knaves* they hate,
 And, when the *dirty* Work is o'er,
 Regard the *sordid* Tools no more;
 E'en so, when thou hast serv'd our Turn,
 We *cast* thee forth, or let thee *burn*.

To

*To S. D***.*

HAD I the *Eagle's* piercing Sight;
The rapid *Dove's* unwearied Flight:
Cou'd I my *Love* to love excite;
Like her *receive*, and *give* Delight:
Cou'd I be *secret* as the Night;
Convince all *Parties* of the Right;
For ever quell my *Foes* in Fight;
Dare, all I cou'd; say, all I *might*;
Like you, renowned *Poet*, write;
I then shou'd be a *happy* Wight!

*To two young Ladies, who retir'd
to live together.*

WHAT strange *Device* is this ye've made,
The *Bonds* of *Hymen* to evade,
And drive alone a *sep'rate* Trade?
Mourn then, ye *Beaux*, mourn every *Swain*!
The *Arts* of *Love* ye Learn in vain:
The *Fair* are to the *Fair* grown true,
And *Beauty* does it self subdue!

To DAPHNE.

DAPHNE, you'd fain be *cross* and *rude*,
And pass *in earnest* for a *Prude*;
Still calling on the *Pow'rs* above,
To hinder you, from what you *love*.
Fond *Self-Tormentor*, 'tis in vain!
You was not born for *Virtue's* Chain!
Your *heaving Breast* too well reveals
The *Struggle* which poor *Honour* feels.
So ill you act th' *affected* Part,
With so much *Truth*, so little *Art*,
That 'tis meer *Folly*, to *delay*
What you *must grant* another Day.

L' Allegro.

L' Allegro.

HAIL, *Comus, God of Feasts!* severe
Minerva shall not enter here.

Who wou'd be *sage*, since *Fools* are blest,
For ever *smiling*, and *carefs'd*?

Hence, *Doubt!* curs'd *Reason's* worst *Disease!*
Ridiculous Desire to Please!

Pale *Diffidence*, and modest *Shame*,
Be gone! we'll not be *Slaves* to *Fame*
For an uncertain, empty *Name!*

Philosophers! who *Learning* prize,
And hold, 'tis *happy*, to be *wise*,
Why in *vain Arts* wou'd ye excel
Since *Ignorance* will do as well?
Why all this *Labour* to *succeed*,
These *needless Pains*, since 'tis agreed,

That
:

That thoughtless *Hamor's* empty *Brain*
 Affords him, what ye'll scarce obtain
 From all these *Books*, on which ye pore?
 Believe me, never *Trust* them more,
 And give your *fond Inquiries* o'er.
 Far better 'tis like him to pass
 Your cheerful Mornings at the *Glass*,
 And *doat* upon an ugly Face.
 Throw by these *Volumes*! spread the *Board*
 With all the *Elements* afford!
 Bid *Cloë*, blooming *Nymph*, advance,
 To lead, with *Smiles*, the sprightly *Dance*,
 And let the *useful Follies* reign,
 Ye strive so *madly* to restrain!

They *cheat* Themselves, who wou'd be *Grave*;
Seneca was a *wealthy Knave*,
 His *Morals* a proud *Stoick's* Tale:
Self-Love, and *Pride* can never fail.
 Who wou'd his *Vanities* redress,
 But steals from his own *Happiness*,

If to *true Wisdom* ye'd aspire,
Implicitely your Selves admire!

This, *Friends*, is to be *wise*, and *blest!*
Meer *Imposition* all the rest.

Then welcome, *Comus!* bring along
Your *Torch*, and serenading *Song*;
And shou'd the *Fair* refuse to rise,
We'll *force* our *Way*, and *seize* the *Prize*.

M

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M I.

O *Love!* what *Pains* do I endure?
Have *Patience, Swain,* they'll soon be pass'd,
Your very *Passion* bring its *Cure,*
Since all *Philosophers* assure,
Nothing that's *violent,* can *last.*

E P I G R A M II.

COME, throw your idle *Rhimes* away!
Get something for a *rainy Day.*
Alas! my *Friend,* bid *T-l-nd* pray;
Teach *Cork* to *sink,* or *Time* to *stay!*

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M III.

YOU think, in yon enchanting *Dome*,
Cupid, and *Psyche* have their Home:

Alas! my *Friend*, 'tis no such case.

Draw nigh, and hear the Strife and Din,

My *Lord*, and *Lady* have within,

You'll swear, *Love* never knew the Place.

E P I G R A M IV.

CORINNA dies for *Grief*; but still
She frets, her *Weeds* are made so ill.

E P I G R A M V.

YET in a *Sling* you bear your *Arm*?
The *Duel*, Friend, was close, and warm,
Nor is my *Wound* so very flight.
Good *Captain*, do your *Honour* Right!
'Tis all *Pretence*, your *Foes* declare,
And that this *Scarf* you only wear,
That you may not be *forc'd*, to *Fight*.

E P I G R A M VI.

DO, what you can; say, what you will,
You must be *curs'd*, and *bated* still,
In spite of Fortune, Sense, or Wit;
While *Florus*, profligate, and vain,

Without

Without the least *Pretence*, or *Pain*
Does ev'ry Mortal's *Fancy* hit.

EPIGRAM VII.

PHILLIS, I a Plot discover!

You have *taken* a new *Lover*:

For his *Comfort* I can tell,

Let him use you ne'er so well,

You will *change* him for another.

EPIGRAM VIII

COLLIN, for *Love* expiring, crys,

To see the *Nymph*, before he *dies*.

She went in *Pity*, 'tis confess'd,

She went; but *deck'd* in all her *Best*.

E P I G R A M IX.

WHY *Doctor*, cure that *pleasing* Ill?
He had been *Mad*; but *Wealthy* still;
He feels, and owns he now is poor.
Better for *Gripus* do as much,
Who *starves*, yet is *afraid* to touch
The uselefs *Hoards*, he keeps in store,

E P I G R A M X.

THO' your *Boy Charles* resembles *John*,
Your *Nose* is *short*, and his is *Long*,
Why can't you see his *Merit*?
Must *Ned*, who han't a Grain of *Wit*,

But

But *Like*, as you the *Child* had *spit*,
 Your *whole Estate* inherit?

EPIGRAM XI.

HERMIT, who with *Contempt* look down }
 From yon high *Mountain's* barren Crown }
 Upon the *leud, licentious* Town!
 Descend, and live with us *unmov'd*:
 Your boasted *Force* is yet unprov'd,
 While in that cold, sad, mossy Cell
 Untempted thus alone you dwell:
 See *Cloe* smile, and feel no Wound;
 Brave all the *Jays*, that here abound, }
 And we'll pronounce your *Virtue* sound. }

E P I G R A M XII.

PALEMON met me in his way,
And ask'd my *Counsel* t'other Day.

Excuse, said I, the *Case* is nice,
I never care to give *Advice*.

He took this flat *Denyal* ill,
And pray'd me in *Compassion* still.

I yet refus'd: he beg'd, and cry'd,
Must an old *Friend* be then Deny'd?
We to our selves are *blind, unjust*;
No Man alive but you I'd trust.

At length consenting, bad, or good,
I gave the best *Advice* I cou'd:
He seem'd convinc't; but since, I find,
Palemon follow'd his own Mind,
And thinks my *wholsom Truth* unkind.

EPIGRAM XIII.

TIMON, chagrin'd, and *sick* of Life,
To mend the Matter, takes a *Wife*.

Things still go *worse*: to ease his Pain,
Kind Heaven took his *Spouse* again.

Unhappy yet, he keeps a *Miss*;
But was no better *pleas'd* with this.
Court next, and *Camp* in vain he tries;
With like Success o'er *Europe* flies;
Marries once more. At length, resign'd,
Observes the *Evil's* in his *Mind*.

EPIGRAM

 VEPIGRAM XIV.

GOD knows, *Prudilla*, while you pray,
 Which *Saint* you chuse, what Words you say;
 But what you *wish*, we shrewdly guess,
 In your *Devotion*, and *Distress*,
 And this beyond all Doubt we know,
 None of your *Vows* to *Heaven* go;
 For still your rich, old *Aunt's* alive,
 And you're a *Maid* at *Thirty Five*,
 In Love, despis'd; in Debt, and poor:
 An *Atheist* scarce cou'd suffer more.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XV.

TITUS reads neither Prose, nor Rhime,
He writes himself; he has no Time.

EPIGRAM XVI.

IN *Anno Twenty*, it is clear,
You lost *Twelve Hundred Pounds* a Year:
You still have left *Twelve Hundred* more,
Yet *Irus*, who was born to none,
And found the Means to get but *One*,
Is *rich*, and *blest*, you *sad*, and *poor*.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XVII.

HAMOR in Six Months Time, no more,
Has almost travel'd *Europe* o'er :

Hamor must then be *chang'd*, no Doubt ?

No; he's come Home, as he went out.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

WHAT has this *Change* in *Myrtle* wrought;
He's grown reserv'd, and full of Thought;

Looks *odd*, and hardly seems to *know*

The Friends, he *lov'd* a while ago.

I'll tell you : *Myrtle* has, of late,
Inherited a good *Estate*,

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XIX.

WHENCE this strange *Bustle*, Friends, I
trow,

Of *Tory*, *Whig*; of *High*, and *Low*?

Zeal for the *Public Good*, no Doubt,

No; here's the *Cause* of all this *Din*;

They out of *Place*, wou'd fain *come in*,

They that are in, wou'd not *go out*.

EPIGRAM XX.

WHY weary of a *single* Life?
I wou'd advise you, *Charles*, to stay:

Friend *Limber* marry'd th' other Day;

You like his *Table*, and his *Wife*.

EPIGRAM XXI.

IN dismal *Weeds* you still appear,
 Melissa, tho' the *Time* is out,
And vow, your *Mourning* ne'er shall end :
 Excess of *Grief*, I make no Doubt,
For our departed, loving *Friend*;
Yet, since you have not shed a *Tear*,
 There are some People who pretend,
It can't be *Sorrow* for your *Dear*.
 'Tis true, this *Dress* becomes you more,
 Than any *Thing* you ever wore.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XXII.

HO W chang'd my *Phillis*? can it be,
You love so well, and only me?

The pleasing *Wonder* I'll believe:

But shou'd you change your Mind again,

And doat on any other *Swain*,

In Pity, *Phillis*, thus deceive.

EPIGRAM XXIII.

Detest'd *Plague* of human Race,
Who Nature's fairest Works deface,

And your malicious *Rage* disclose

On *Strephon's* *Shins*, or *Phæbe's* *Nose*!

To visit my *inconstant* Fair,

In pity to her *Youth* forbear;

Tho'

Tho' *thrice five* Years she cannot count,
To *five Times three* her *Lovers* mount.

EPIGRAM XXIV.

P Lague on your *dry Platonic* Love;
'Tis *fitter* for the *Blest* above,
Quoth *Joan*, still *burning* with Desire.
I swear, quoth *John*, the *Wench* is mad!
Of that same *vulgar* Sort we've had
Enough, to *quench* a *common* Fire!

EPIGRAM XXV.

SLY keeps a *Mistress* of his own.
You jest; she's *kept* for half the *Town*.

EPIGRAM XXVI.

GERON at *Fourscore* marry'd! 'tis too late.
No; he but wants an *Heir* to his *Estate*.

EPIGRAM XXVII.

WHY all this *Stir* at *Myra's* House?
She took last Night a *second* Spouse.
Then why that *Hatchment*, Friend, I pray?
Her *first* was *bury'd* but to Day.

N

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XXVIII.

WHY *Drums*, and *Trumpets* to excite,
Dread *Captain*, when you go to fight,
While *you*, and all your *Soldiers* swear,
Ye never knew, what 'tis, to fear.

EPIGRAM XXIX.

POOOR *Widower*! how he takes on?
Alas! 'twou'd melt a Heart of Stone.
Her *Jointure* was well paid, and clear
A good two thousand *Pounds* a Year.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XXX.

HOW! cost a *Week*, before you made it?
Yet *Damn'd* you say, the Night they play'd it?
Your Pardon, Master *Bayes*, I doubt it!
You cou'd not be *so long* about it.

EPIGRAM XXXI.

SLY *Dick* took his new *Spouse* to *Bed*,
And counted on her *Maidenhead*;
For she was scarce *Fourteen*:
But hear! the *Zone*, he judg'd so *tight*,
Was found *unt'y'd* and *loosen'd* quite.
What may this *Wonder* mean?

Poor *Sylvia*, who had her *Cue*,
 From his *Embrace* Frighted, with-drew,
 And beg'd, he wou'd not chide:
 With *Colin* romping th' other Day,
 The *Bird* got out, and fled away;
 No *Fault* of mine, she cry'd.

EPIGRAM XXXII.

'TIS strange, *Prudilla*, you accuse
 Of too much *Warmth* my wanton *Muse*,
 While you read on with all your *Spite*,
 And *Practise*, what I only *Write*.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM XXXIII.

TAR with *Beau Fopling* caught his *Wife*:
 He scream'd, and fled; she beg'd for Life.

Tar saw *Contrition* in her Eyes,

And thus the good, blunt *Sailor* crys.

Spouse, the *first Fault* we may forgive;

But ne'er *repeat* it, while you live!

EPIGRAM XXXIV.

Poetic Works, you say, are *vain*,
 Infants of a *distemper'd* Brain.

What then? my *Verses* still you *read*;

And I my *lab'ring* Mind have *freed*.

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EPICRAM XXXIII

TAR with Black Powder caught his Wife;
His friend, and he's the best of life.

The lady's passion in her eyes,
And thus the good, blunt soldier says.

Spoke, the 15 AL 5 forgive

But not of reason is, while you live!

EPICRAM XXXIV

Do not Works, you say, are vain,
Infants of a drowsy Brain.

What then? my Works will you read?

And my happy Mind have paid

THE

THE
Fatal Constancy.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the
Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Fortis, & infelix, &, plusquam fœmina Virgo.

Ovid. Metam.



To the HONOURABLE

Mrs. *MARY HOWE*;

NOW

Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

I HOPE, MADAM, there needs
no great *Apology* for present-
ing you in this Manner, with a
TRAGEDY, to which you have
already made a *Compliment* of
your *Approbation*, and where
there is a *Portraiture* of *Female*
Virtue; which, were it a finish'd
Picture, you wou'd resemble in
every

every thing but her *Love*, and her *Misfortunes*.

I flatter my self too, *Madam*, that the *Honour* I have, of being no very distant *Relation* of yours, may, in some Measure, excuse the *Liberty* I take, of appearing under the *Protection* of your *Name*, which is of *Authority* enough to support any thing, if possible, more unworthy of your Perusal than the following *Piece*. I am,

MADAM,

Your Obedient, Humble Servant,

Hildebrand Jacob.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the late Mr. BOOTH,

THIS Night we represent a modern Play,
Short, plain, and simple, in the ancient Way:
Instead of Ornament, and borrow'd Grace,
The Unities of Action, Time, and Place.
We raise no Ghosts, call down no gay Machines,
Nor tempt you with Variety of Scenes:
With no rich, pompous Pageantry surprise,
Nor, to secure your Hands, delude your Eyes:
On Thought we now rely, and hope Success
From easy Words, and natural Distress.
In early Ages with no Charms but these
The Fathers of the Drama sought to please;
By Nature Nature's Passions they refin'd,
Search'd their own Hearts, to gain the Hearer's Mind,
And from their own Emotions mov'd Mankind.
But, O, for such a Muse, and such a Fire,
As did of old the Grecian Bards inspire!
While Athens from the manly Scene grew Sage,
And sat whole Days attentive to the Stage.
When Theatres were Schools, and the pleas'd Youth
Was kindly cheated into Sense, and Truth.
Then might our Author too demand Applause,
And boldly trust in Aristotle's Laws,
Sure to instruct, as sure to give Delight,
And Art with Nature happily unite.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ZIMON, an <i>Athenian</i> General.	Mr. Mills.
OMPHALES, a young Nobleman of <i>Athens</i> , betrothed to Zimon's Daughter.	Mr. Booth.
TRYPHON, an Augur, retain'd by Zimon.	Mr. Cibber.
AMMON, an Orphan, depending up- on Zimon,	Mr. Williams.

W O M A N.

HESIONE, Daughter to Zimon.	Mrs. Porter.
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A Herald, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, a large Hall in Zimon's Villa, adjoining
to *Athens*.

*Time of the Action no longer, than that of the Repre-
sentation.*

THE

THE
FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter AMMON.

THE Shades of Night retire, and infant Day
Looks doubtful in the East, the Day which
bears

My Happiness, or my Destruction.

And you, infernal Ministers of Wrath,

Ye *Furies*, who delight in human Ills,

Hear, and attend! to no light Purpose call'd!

This Day shall be the Parent of such Deeds

As well deserve your Aid! — soft; — who comes
there? —

Tryphon!

SCENE

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S C E N E II.

Enter TRYPHON to AMMON.

TRYPHON.

The same.

AMMON.

The same I would have met.
But say, sage Prophet, why, e'er well 'tis Day,
Thou'rt searching here alone for Prodigies,
And ominous Portents? thou ne'er art wont
So early to forsake thy easy Down,
And venture on th' inclement Breath of Morn.

TRYPHON.

Hallow'd I come, and recent from the Temple;
Big with Prophetic Truth, in mystic Dreams
Reveal'd e'en now before the sacred Altar.
If thou art pure, approach.

AMMON.

Fly from thy self,
If thou dost fear Pollution—I am free!

TRYPHON.

Ammon, thou may'st repent this impious Mirth.

AMMON.

'Tis now no Time of Sport.
Canst thou be bold?

TRYPHON.

Ay, in a worthy Cause.

AMMON.

AMMON.

Haſt thou a free, and enterprizing Spirit,
That for the Sake of doing ought that's Great,
Will do't! and make no cold Reflections?
If ſo, thou haſt a Soul for my Deſign.

TRYPHON.

Why this is ſtrange! Say, is my Aid requir'd
In what concerns thy Peace; or to advance
The gen'ral Growth of Piety, and Truth;
To dry the Widow's Tears; or to relieve
The Orphan's Wants?—If thus I am of uſe,
In brief propoſe thy Will: Some previous Rites
To theſe intended Nuptials call me hence.

AMMON.

I am, thou know'ſt, an Orphan; nobly born;
And a Dependent ſtill.

TRYPHON.

I mourn thy Fate.

AMMON.

The wealthy *Zimon* has an only Daughter,

TRYPHON.

Which Child our gracious Benefactor gives
This Morning to thy Friend.

AMMON.

An Heireſs, *Tryphon*,
Beſt on a ruin'd Noble is beſtow'd,
To mend the Breaches angry Fortune makes,

And

And cleanse that Blood, Contempt, and Poverty
Have well-nigh tainted.

TRYPHON.

Hah!——no more of that!

Is this thy Aim?

AMMON.

My Love, and Int'rest both
Demand the beauteous Treasure. Didst thou not discern

The Joy, I vainly labour'd to subdue,
When *Zimon* twice, in th' Error of his Zeal,
Defer'd the Rites, protracting so my Hope
To this important Day!——Shall I endure
To see *Omphales* bear away the Maid?
Can I, as Friends are wont, join in the Mirth?
Mix with the sprightly Dance, and Nuptial Song?
Nay more; when slow, and long expected Night,
When every smiling Planet to their Joy
Shall call the happy Lovers, even then
Shall I, with others of the chearful Throng,
Unto my Rival's Bed, their Scene of Bliss,
Usher the blushing Pair? Not e'en in Thought
Can I support it!

TRYPHON.

Fond Presumption!

AMMON.

No! You can construe Omens as you please,

And

And either way expound the Will of Heav'n,
As Inclination, or as Int'rest leads.

I know thou can'st: 'Tis so thou dost delude
The Superstitious *Zimon*, practising
Upon his credulous, and easy Nature.

TRYPHON.

Unheard-of Insolence! Am I chose out
To aid thee in thy Crimes! Thus dost thou treat
The sacred Seer of Heav'n, whose hallow'd Breast
Th' Immortals deign to visit, and inform?
Away, thou Prophanation! Vex no more
My holy Ears with thy Impieties!

[Going off.

AMMON.

No! Thou shalt hear me on, and aid me too!

[Detaining him.

TRYPHON

Aid thee! To rob thy Patron of his Daughter.
Is *Zimon* thus repaid? Is this the Meed
Of his Protection, and indulgent Care?
Had he not sav'd thee, Fate had cast thee forth
To all the ling'ring Pains of shameful Want.
But when thy Father fell, this gen'rous Friend
Held thee an helpless Infant in his Arms,
And fondly told thee — Yet thou hast a Father!
So took thee home, and rank'd thee with his fair
Hesione, where, like a tender Plant

O

Plac'd

Plac'd on the Brink of some refreshing Stream,
You flourish'd thro' his kindly Influence.
This, *Ammon*, is the Man thou wou'd'st abuse!

AMMON.

His Gifts are, as a Step-Dame's Largeesses,
But cold, and given with a grudging Hand:
No more than to support my Misery,

TRYPHON.

Methinks, I see *Omphales* too inrag'd,
And ready to accuse his perjur'd Friend
On thy own Head be all thy Treachery!

[*Going off.*

AMMON.

I have a Lure shall bring thee back again!
Tryphon, behold! this Gem contains the Sum
Of all my present Fortunes.

[*Discovers a Jewel, while TRY. turns and pauses.*

TRYPHON.

Be it so;—

Thou dar'st not bribe me sure?

[*Approaching.*

AMMON.

Impossible!

TRYPHON.

I think, thou dar'st not!—'Tis, in Size and Lustre,
Second to none my Eyes have yet beheld—

[*Observing the Jewel.*
Wou'd'st

Woud'st thou to any of the heavenly Pow'rs
Present, and dedicate this precious Treasure,
I'll recommend it with my warmest Pray'rs.

AMMON.

I now conceive thee — here! — may *Paphian*
Venus

Accept this Gem as *Ammon's* Offering!

[Gives him the Jewel

TRYPHON.

I take it, as 'tis meant!

AMMON.

I trust you do.

TRYPHON.

A Sacred Off'ring to the Queen of Love,
I've no sinister Ends! I take no Bribes!

AMMON.

To thee no Bribe; but to the *Paphian* Goddess!
Venus, in Pity to her Votary's Pain,
May blast these Lovers hopes, turn all their Signs
Of Peace, and Joy to ominous, and bad,
Inspiring thy Prophetic Tongue to prove,
That I alone was born to bless the Maid.

TRYPHON.

The Deities delight in Offsprings!

Venus is present, and accepts thy Gift.

—A num'rous Offspring, and a constant Love
Shall bless thy future Days! — but this not yet!

Nor is *Hesione* the promis'd Fair!
Not *Jove* himself can alter Fate's Decrees!

[*Spoken as tho' he then laboured with the Deity.*

AMMON.

Practise thy Arts on Fools!

[*Endeavouring to recover the Gem.*

TRYPHON.

O Sacrilege!—

Dar'ft thou retake what to th' Immortal Powers

Thou'ft offer'd up, and sanctify'd to Heav'n?—

I tremble for thee! [*Going off.*

AMMON.

Stir! by this good Sword,

Thy Fate pursues!

TRYPHON.

Fond Man! I'm arm'd from Heav'n!

AMMON.

Hold! — I have yet a stronger Argument!

[*Recollecting.*

TRYPHON.

No more? it is not in the Pow'r of Man

To tempt me!

AMMON.

No? nor Woman, Dotard?

TRYPHON.

Hah! —

[*Discovering Signs of Surprise.*

AMMON.

AMMON.

The kind, young Slave, the beauteous *African*,
Swears thou'rt a very *Paris* in thy Courtship!

—Is it not Death for any of thy Tribe
To break his solemn Oath of Chastity?

[*In a threatening Tone.*

—Nay, blush not, nor deny it, holy Seer!

You but prepar'd her for more youthful Arms!

She told me all your Love, e'en from the time

When you pursu'd her faltring, to the Grove,

And mutter'd Curses on your aged Limbs.

'Twas then, that, lavish of your Sighs and Pray'rs,

You pour'd out all your tender Artifice!

Why all this Fear you cry'd, this coy Disdain!

Can chirping Birds reveal? can Winds complain?

Will yon, soft, murm'ring Brook our Loves upraid?

Or Myrtles tell what's done beneath their Shade?

The stoln Delight with me you safely prove;

For who suspects the sacred Seer of Love?

—Thus eloquent thou wast! then, to confirm

The wav'ring Maid, thou needs must make it clear,

That Vice, and Virtue are Opinions!

That the Discovery only is the Crime!

Till she—nay, frown not! it avails thee nought!

TRYPHON.

[*After a Pause.*

Ammon, thou know'st me well:

O 3

and

and I know thee.

The Masks are off, and we convicted stand
To one another.

AMMON.

Then our wisest Course
Is to secure each other's Interest.

TRYPHON

Grant me but one thing more, I'll follow thine
Thro' all the Labyrinths of close Deceit.
Thou art not now to learn our Patron's Fortunes,
His endless Treasure, his unnumber'd Stores,
The Gifts of *Athens*, and the Spoils of War;
Enough to weary the most lavish Hand,
And even make a Virtue of Profuseness.
Nor need I tell thee, by th' *Athenian* Law
'Tis all *Hesione's* Inheritance.

AMMON.

Enough! I can imagine thy Request.
——Now, by the equal Powers who preside
O'er mortal Contracts and revenge their Fraud,
I swear! and thus confirm the Oath! *——succeeds

[* *Giving his Right Hand, according to the Grecian
manner of plighting Faith.*]

The Fourth of all her dowry shall be thine.

TRYPHON.

No more! I'll call up all my Artifice!
——Behold! the Morning gilds th' *Athenian* Towers.

Zimon

Zimon will soon awake, and bless the Day.
 Then will I fill his Superstitious Mind
 With holy Scruples, and religious Fears;
 Invent new Prophecies; confound the old;
 Be wond'rous dark and doubtful——

AMMON.

And in haste:
 Matters of this Consistence must not hang.

TRYPHON.

The very Banquet, If I aim aright,

[*After a Pause.*

Made for thy Rival's Nuptials, graces thine.

AMMON.

My Soul will labour for the wish'd Event!

TRYPHON.

Fear not! the Man we purpose to deceive,
 Thou know'st by Nature moulded to our Use.
 Hast thou forgot what in the Front of War
 Th' Enthusiast did, when either Host prepar'd,
 In dreadful Silence stood; 'twixt Foe, and Foe
 A narrow, but an horrid Interval!
 While Ruin in a thousand threatening Shapes
 Ruin oppos'd; and grinning Death o'er all
 Shook his dire Shaft, impatient for th' Alarm,
 To let loose all his Furies, and commence
 The wild Destruction? it was at that time
 That Victim after Victim madly fell

By his own Hand; for still in vain they bled,
 Nor promis'd to his Arms the wish'd Success:
 When suddenly, behold! th' impatient Foe
 Rain on our Host a Storm of missive War.
 Yet wou'd he sacrifice? None dare t'advance,
 He cry'd, till Heav'n commands! our Ranks grew thin;
 Reluctant, unreveng'd th' *Athenians* fell.
 At length the Omens of Success were found,
 Then strong with double Fury, on he led
 His conquering Army! his devouring Sword,
 Thus licens'd from above, and edg'd with Zeal,
 Fell keen, and heavy on the *Persian* Pride!

AMMON.

Such is the Force of superstitious Fire!

TRYPHON.

But why to thee need I unfold the Man?
 'Tis Time I practis'd on th' Enthusiast.
 Farewel; thy Rival comes!

AMMON.

Smiling in Hope!

TRYPHON.

Why smile thou on him too: meet Smile with
 Smile,
 And safely in the Form of Truth deceive.

[*Exit TRYPHON*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter OMPHALES to AMMON.

AMMON.

Welcome from *Athens*! this good Morning's Hopes
Have brought you early to your Happiness.

[*Embracing him.*

No longer be the promis'd Bliss delay'd!

May every Omen now propitious prove,

And every Joy that *Hymen* can bestow

Reward *Omphales* Truth!

OMPHALES.

Thou'rt ever kind!

AMMON.

So be the Fair you love!

OMPHALES.

Possess'd of her.

Not Jealousy it self might doubt my Bliss.

O *Ammon*, she was made without Allay!

Perfection's fairest Pattern!

AMMON.

So compleat,

That you alone are worthy of the Maid.

All *Greece* shall joy to see *Omphales* blest:

Unenvy'd you shall call that Beauty yours,

Her Wealth, this happy Mansion too, your own,

This lov'd Retreat, which proudly from its Height

Looks

Looks down on *Athens* as it wou'd contemn
The busy Croud, and frown on the vain World:
Is, and is not of *Athens*.

OMPHALES.

O, my Friend!
Name not those Trifles with *Hesione*!
From Beggary, and Want! e'en from the Chains
Of Slav'ry I had ta'en her to my Arms,
And glory'd in her Smiles! when thou art told,
I doat with Fondness never known before;
Am dead to all Delights but those she gives,
Her Arms my World, Her Bosom my Retreat;
Yet think me Just! it shall be strange, indeed,
When thou'rt forgot! were Fortune in my Pow'r,
Thou shoud'st outshine thy glorious Ancestors.
Had'st thou Ambition, it might serve thee now:
War threatens us; (but thou'rt a Slave to Ease)
War is at hand, and calls our Youth to Glory.

AMMON.

I thought the World at Peace: th' *Athenian* Arms
Hang idly up, and rust within our Temples.
Whence is this Storm?

OMPHALES.

It blows from *Persia*.
Th' Invaders, like a Deluge, come upon us,
Exulting in their Barb'rous Multitude,
And pompous War. It is not yet abroad:

This

This Morning will unfold it to the State.

AMMON.

Zimon will head our Pow'rs.

OMPHALES.

Most certainly:

His Name's a Terror to the *Persian*,

Thrice has the daring Chief o'erthrown the Foe.

O, cou'd he but as well himself subdue;

His only Error! turn But from that Side,

And thou may'st look with Wonder at the Man!

By Heav'ns, it galls my Heart, when I behold

These Prophets lord it o'er a gen'rous Spirit!

I tremble at their Pow'r! our common Cause,

The Fate of *Greece* it self is in their Hands!

Under their Omens we go forth to War,

And with their Omens sheath the Sword in Peace;

For them we conquer; for the holy Drones

Batten upon the Harvest of our Toil,

And laugh to see our Labour! — fain I'd learn,

Which was their Hour of Danger; or the Time

When to themselves they prophesy'd of Ill!

But this is not enough! they now become

Our private Guides, and rule our inmost Souls!

Influence every Circumstance of Life!

Our Reason; nay, our very Passions too

They wou'd inflave! and we must love, and hate

At their Direction! — Insolence, and Craft!

AMMON.

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AMMON.

Delays have vex't thee! I'll engage, at least,
For *Tryphon's* Faith!

OMPHALES.

No more; the Time draws on
I'll in, and at the Altar see perform'd
What previous Rites th' *Athenian* Law requires;
I wou'd not seem remiss in Duty here.
Come! thou shalt witness to my Offering.

Then with a Bridegroom's Joy I'll meet the Fair,
And in her Arms elude all future Care.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END of the FIRST ACT.

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AMMON

THE
FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

ZIMON, *and* TRYPHON.

ZIMON.

AN awful Dread, a Parent's fond Compassion
Contend within me—— and this midnight
Dream——

TRYPHON.

No airy Dream of Chance! not vainly bred
Of midnight Vapours, and unkind Repose;
But with Lustrations sought, and Sacrifice!
Presented at the Time when no false Dream
Deludes the Sense; in the last Watch of Night,
While on the Victims Skins I slept before the Altar.

The

The Priests, who in the outward Temple held
 Their solemn Vigils, say the Pavement shook,
 The Altars groan'd, and strange amazing Sounds
 The while re-echo'd thro' the vaulted Dome——
 The dreadful Interdiction too resounds
 Still in my Ears, like the low, murm'ring Noise
 Of distant Thunder.

ZIMON.

And will Heav'n divide
 A Pair which Nature seems herself to join?
 A Pair whose Loves have from their Childhood grown,
 And strengthen'd with 'em?

TRYPHON.

Yet the Gods are just!——

Let us consider well of this Design,
 E'en from its Birth. Now twice the full-orb'd Moon
 Has wasted, since our first Attempt was made;
 And now the third sends forth its Influence,
 Propitious held to *Hymen's* Votaries.
 Think, when the first appointed Day was come,
 And the young Pair before the Altar plac'd,
 How suddenly the Sun withdrew his Beams,
 And vail'd him from the Sight, while Night in Clouds
 Seem'd to return in haste upon the Morn.
 How *Jove* from forth the wat'ry Stores of Heaven
 Pour'd down a second Deluge on our Heads;
 Nor ceas'd his livid Shafts of sulph'rous Flame,

Nor

Nor ceas'd his dreaded Voice 'till we retir'd!

ZIMON.

The Day was horrible!

TRYPHON.

Again the Moon

Grew to her highest Pride: fondly again
Thou did'st presume! for what, alas, avail'd
Thy Hecatomb, and pompous Sacrifice?

Think how unwillingly the Victims fell;
How they were dragg'd into the holy Place.
How, when the Intrails were explor'd, in one
The Heart was sought in vain, and from the next
A stench of foul Corruption issued forth:

How from the sacred Altar, Clouds of Smoak,
Black as *Tartarean* Vapours, roul'd around,
And hung like Night upon us: nor aspir'd
The Flame towards Heav'n; but, dividing, seem'd
To steal, as in Disdain, from what it fed on.

Rank was the Incense, and the holy Wine
Imbitter'd as with Gall: with these compare
What now has happen'd. Urge not Heav'n too far!

But rather thank th' indulgent Pow'rs, who deign
To lighten up our dark, uncertain Ways.

Heaven, the tender Parent of Mankind,

At first informs us gently, and in Smiles;

But with an heavy Hand Correction comes,

If we neglect the kind Admonisher.

ZIMON.

ZIMON.

May not repeated Sacrifice avail?
Not the pure Vows of the unspotted Maid?

TRYPHON.

Then know'st thou not, that tho' all Heav'n combine,
To turn the steady Course of Fate, 'twere vain?
— Yet when I reason with my self, 'tis strange,
[*After a Pause*

That you, my Lord, who are the very Head,
Or, as it were, the Helm of this Design,
Shou'd find no private Information;
(As oft it happens on the like Occasions)
Nor yet are self-instructed from above;
Nor from within, by Doubts, Misgivings, Fears,
Involuntary Motions, such as seem
Impos'd upon the Sense; nor from without,
By Objects, or confirming Accidents.

ZIMON.

Now, *Tryphon*, thou awak'ft my Memory,
Which Age, and a long Care for *Athens'* Good
Have worn to frequent Slumbers. Some Days fince,
As thro' the folemn Cloifter of the *Temple*,
And round its hallow'd Grove, where awful Shade
And Silence teach us Adoration,
All bent on Heav'n, I took my wonted Way ;
A fudden ftrange Emotion fir'd my Soul ;
I grew enlighten'd, and the Book of Fate,

Methought

Methought, was opening to my Mind: When, lo!
 Forth from the Thicket rush'd a monstrous Boar,
 The Terror, and the Tyrant of his Kind,
 In Horror, and in Size surpassing far
 All that our *Attic* Mountains yet have bred.
 He stop'd! e'en in my Path he stop'd!— I paus'd!
 He glar'd awhile, and, foaming, as in Rage,
 With hideous Yells betook him to the Forest.

TRYPHON.

How? glar'd he on thee?

ZIMON.

With an Eye of Death
 As tho' we had encounter'd in the Chase,
 And with my Spear I had fix'd him to the Earth!

TRYPHON.

And came he on the Left, my Lord?

ZIMON.

He did.

TRYPHON.

O, how industrious are the pitying Pow'rs,
 To guide aright the wand'ring Steps of Man!
 Think! has ought else occur'd?—

ZIMON.

The other Morn,

[*After a short Pause.*

As tow'rds the East I bow'd my self to Heaven,
 Begging Success on this our Enterprize,

P

A lonely

A lonely Turtle on the Left I spy'd.

TRYPHON.

The social Bird of *Venus*, and alone?

This boads a Separation? or by Death,

Or what is worse than Death, Domestic Jarrs.

Far off be all such Strife from *Zimon's* Walls!

ZIMON.

I know thou lov'st me, know thou fear'st the Gods!

TRYPHON.

So fearing, I obey their Heav'nly Wills.

ZIMON.

'Tis plain thou dost—but oh, ye awful Pow'rs!

How to the tender Maid may I make known

Your harsh Resolves? how tear her from his Armes?

Oh, 'twill be worse than Death! a Love so true!

So deep ingrafted in each other's Heart!

Oft have I mark'd with Joy their growing Passion,

And thought 'twas happy! first in Infant Smiles

It broke, and strengthen'd into Sighs from thence;

Sighs almost made in Ignorance of their Cause:

At length Maturity awakes Desire;

They Hope, they Fear; they Vow, and call it Love.

And now to part! in reach of either's Arms!

Cut off, divided at their Noon of Hope!

TRYPHON.

Alas 'tis hard! but Sense of Duty sure

Will mitigate the Pain. *Hesione*

Knows

Knows what is due to Heav'n, and to her Sire:
 Early you painted to her tender Mind
 The Monster Vice in all its ugly Forms;
 The flow'ry Paths of Virtue next you drew,
 And peaceful Innocence: she was all Ear:
 Her happy Disposition met you Care,
 And half prevented your Instruction.

ZIMON.

True, my good *Tryphon*! but so great a Tryal!
 So difficult a Task for Patience!
 Tho' nurs'd amidst the Horrors of the Field,
 Bred in Alarms, and intimate with Danger,
 I'm not so steel'd against Compassion,
 That I conceive not what such Lovers feel
 At such a Separation: nor has Age
 So sower'd my Nature, that I wish not Youth
 Its innocent Desires—— nor can't thou feel
 A Father's Tenderness.

TRYPHON.

A Father's Love
 Shines clearest in the Duty of a Father!
 Shall Man, shall narrow-sighted Man declare,
 This is my certain Path to Happiness?
 Here will I tread? but that I'll surely shun;
 For Danger, Care, and Pain are ambush'd there?
 When even then the kind, indulgent Pow'rs
 Expose the wildness of his fond Desires,

P 2

And

And Thunder loudly tells him, he is wrong?
 —— Then let all-knowing Fate provide no more!

ZIMON.

Mistake me not! I am not all subdued:
 The Will of Heav'n is fervent at my Heart!
 Had yet th' all-equal Pow'rs been more severe,
 And to their Altars doom'd the spotless Maid;
 Destin'd her Virgin Blood a Sacrifice
 To the sad Manes of th' unburied Foes
 This Arm has slain——shou'd I with-hold my Child?
 Nay more was this her Parent's Sword decreed
 Death's sacred Instrument——shou'd I yet pause?
 Withdraw my Hand, and spare the beauteous Victim?

TRYPHON.

No! in Compassion thou wou'dst Sacrifice!
 Nor meant I ought to thee: but there are some,
 Shou'd even the Guardian Goddess of our State
Minerva's self from her high Heav'n descend,
 And in th' *Athenian* Streets declare her Will,
 Yet some, I fear, there wou'd be found, to close
 Their impious Ears against her loud Commands!

ZIMON.

If any such there be, forgive 'em Heav'n!

TRYPHON.

Heav'n is forgot! our Altars are grown cold!

ZIMON.

Behold my Daughter! Joy, and Innocence

Bloom

Bloom in her Face. Alas *Hesione*,
 Thou know'st not yet how near thou art to Pain!
 That the rich Robe, gay *Hymen's* Livery,
 Which, foil'd by thy own Lustre, fades upon thee,
 Now only serves to decorate thy Sorrows.

S C E N E II.

Enter HESIONE to ZIMON, and TRYHON.
 Welcome; O welcome to thy Father's Arms!

[*Embracing her.*]

Pledge of my youthful Love! thou fairest Flow'r,
 Which with a Planter's Care I still have guarded,
 Cherish'd, defended from invading Storms,
 That when my Winter shou'd draw on, when Age
 Shou'd sadden all things to me, thou alone
 Might'st bloom, and flourish in my faded Eyes,
 And smoothe the last, sad, rugged Stage of Life.
 ——O may'st thou yet, yet answer all my Hope!

HESIONE.

Doubt you *Hesione*, whose grateful Heart
 Ne'er knew a Wish, that came not first from yours?

ZIMON.

O, gaze not on me thus! but rather turn,
 And hide thee from me——Oh, *Hesione*!
 Say from thy Soul, hast thou not ever found me
 Kind to thy Will, and yielding to thy Pray'rs?

HESIONE.

Ever! and a whole Life of duteous Love

Will poorly recompence your tender Care.

ZIMON.

Can'st thou be rigid in Obedience?

HESIONE.

Duty, and Love stand ready to perform,
Whate'er my Father's Justice can command.

TRYPHON.

You think the Gods are just, *Hesione*?

HESIONE.

Let all my Actions testify I do.

TRYPHON.

Heav'n grant they may!

HESIONE.

Then I am doubtful still.

Say, my lov'd Father, I conjure you say,
Whence are these Sighs? why heaves your gen'rous
Breast?

ZIMON.

Think! canst thou bear the Storms of angry Fate?
Canst thou thy self subdue? and hast thou learnt
Of Patience ought besides its empty Name?

HESIONE.

With you the worst of Fates I cou'd endure!
Shou'd it please Heav'n, at once to pull us down
Even unto the last of Miseries!
That Bondage, Sicknes, Poverty, and Shame
Might seize upon us all, your Name, and House

Expung'd

Expung'd for ever from the Book of Fame!
 E'en then *Omphales*, and *Hesione*
 Cou'd least forsake you. All the weary Day,
 Tho' threaten'd, scorn'd, we'd beg for your Support;
 All Night by turns secure you in your Sleep,
 And with our wretched Weeds from the cold Dews
 Defend your reverend Head.

ZIMON.

Excellent Creature! —

Thou art alas! too tender for thy Fate. [*Aside.*
 Tell me, *Hesione*, when thou hast heard
 Some moving Tale of unsuccessful Love,
 Some sad, disastrous Story, full of Woe,
 Of tedious Absence, Pain, and Sufferance;
 When, thro' a strange variety of Ills,
 The constant Pair have met, have even reach'd
 Each others Arms, and then some angry God
 Has sever'd 'em for ever! say, my Child,
 When thou hast heard a moving Tale like this,
 How has thy Heart endur'd it?

HESIONE.

Oh, my Father!

Whence are these Words? why urge you this to me?
 — Where is *Omphales*?

S C E N E III.

*Enter OMPHALES and AMMON, to ZIMON,
TRYPHON, and HESIONE.*

OMPHALES,

See the happy Man!

Call'd by that Voice, were I an Age intomb'd,
Methinks, I e'en might force the Grave itself,
And struggle thro' the Arms of Death to meet thee!

[Embracing her,

Here every Fear is lost! this is the Hour
The Hour of Joy, and Heaven crowns our Wishes!
Thus let this happy Day begin with Blessings.

*[Kneeling with HESIONE, to ZIMON, who turns
from'em.*

Hah! why this Silence, and these signs of Mourning?
Are these our Nuptials?— Oh, *Hesione!*

[Rising.

E'en on this Day shall we converse in Sighs,
The sad Intelligence of hopeless Lovers?—
Oh, answer me! nor turn thy Face in Sorrow

HESIONE.

Learn there the Cause! a Tale too sad, I fear,
He labours to unfold,

[Pointing to ZIMON,

ZIMON.

Fain wou'd I speak

Of

Of Joy, and Comfort to your troubled Souls!

OMPHALES.

Whate'er your heavy Story is, at once
Declare it: For my Soul had rather prove
One certain Evil, than imagine all.

ZIMON.

Imagine what you least cou'd wish to hear.

OMPHALES.

Ha! how is this!—By Heav'ns it must be so!

It strikes at us, *Hesione*!—O, arm,

Arm thee with Patience, my prophetic Soul!

A third Delay!—how long must I endure?—

Thou honour'd Parent of *Hesione*!

I see thy gen'rous Breast is troubled for me,

Doubt not my Patience: I'm enur'd to suffer!

[*Pointing to HESIONE.*]

If yet the Gods wou'd prove my Constancy,

If it concerns thy Peace, that we again

Defer our promis'd Bliss, proclaim it now!

Name but the certain Time, th' appointed Day

When we shall meet in Joy, and tho' till then

Each Hour is loaded with an Age's Care;

Tho' no pale, lonely Ghost, deny'd its Rest,

Shall wish to wander out its Term so fast.

Yet point me out that Day! and mark how well

I've learnt to suffer for *Hesione*!

ZIMON.

ZIMON.

Oh, Nature!—oh, ye Gods!—how am I torn?
Tryphon, declare the Will of Heav'n, while I
 Withdraw, and mourn their hapless Destiny.

[Going off.]

OMPHALES.

Now, by the Gods, if 'tis of so much Weight,
 I'll learn it from no Tongue but thine!

ZIMON.

Know then—
 (But arm your Hearts; for you have much t'endure)
 Know you can never meet in nuptial Joy!

OMPHALES.

Never!

HESIONE.

Avert it Heav'n!

OMPHALES.

By all our Sufferance,
 They are unequal Gods that tell thee this!

ZIMON.

Rash Youth, beware! let me not hear the Pow'rs
 Revil'd in thy fantastic Passions!
 By their blest Mansions! by their awful Thunder!
 If in the face of Heav'n thou fling'st thy Slanders,
 Wert thou the dearest Issue of these Loins,
 I wou'd be first to practise Vengeance on thee!
 —Unequal Gods!

AMMON.

AMMON.

Heavens! that these shou'd part!
This wou'd not be believ'd in *Athens*.

TRYPHON.

Learn t'endure!——

[To OMPHALES: *who is fix'd in Astonishment, and in an Agony of Passion.*

Nor urge his Wrath!——waft thou not in the Field,
When at the Army's Head, an impious Foe
Traduc'd the Gods of *Greece*, while he inrag'd,
Rush'd forth, and pierc'd the proud Blasphemer's Heart?

OMPHALES.

Never! oh, never! not a distant Hope
To rest my Sorrows on! to turn away
Despair, and Frenzy, from my tortur'd Soul!

HESIONE.

O think, my Father, think 'twas you who first,
Approving blew the kindling Flame of Love!
Early you taught me to receive his Vows,
And form'd my tender Heart for him alone.
Why did you paint him Noble, Gen'rous, Brave,
Perfection all, as you wou'd have describ'd
Some Offspring of the Gods? why all this Care
To train me up to Sorrow? rather why
Distant as Pole from Pole were we not plac'd;
Or told 'twas Death to gaze? O, yet recall,
Recall thy Words, and save us from Despair!
Daughter,

ZIMON.

Daughter, trust Heaven with your Happiness!
You'll find the Gods are just.

OMPHALES.

Wou'd Man was so!

[Recovering from his Astonishment,

Now, by our glorious House! by the great Names,
And happy Souls of my brave Ancestors,
This matter wears a Face of Treachery!
'Tis all Deceit! an impious Artifice!
A studied Plot! a poor Conspiracy
T'illude my Hopes, evade the promis'd Rites,
And cheat me of my Love! by Heav'n's no more!

ZIMON.

Know, when thou wou'dst be busy with my Honour,
Thou aim'st at what e'en Envy cannot reach!

OMPHALES.

Say, hast thou found a Youth who loves her more?
If so best prove him, and it shall be found,
Who dares deserve her most! or haply Avarice,
The Curse, and cold Disease of Age has seiz'd thee,
And it repents thee of the proffer'd Dow'r:
Take then thy Off'rings back, and with them all
E'er Fortune gave me——Oh, *Hesione*!
We cannot pay too dear for one another!
Banish me to some desert Isle remote,
Where Int'rest, or Ambition never led
Inquiring Man, where yet no Path is worn;

But

But all things rude as at the Birth of Nature:
Contented there with her cou'd I sit down,
There build the Nuptial Bed, wear out Life's Date,
And in those Arms forget there is a World!

HESIONE.

But, oh, to live divided!

OMPHALES.

'Tis a Thought

My Nature starts at, and my Mind rejects,
As something Monstrous, and Impossible!

AMMON.

Compose thy Sorrows: Yet she shall be thine.

[*Apart to OMPHALES.*

OMPHALES.

O, Ammon, Ammon, I grow wild with Thought!

As soon thou may'st reclaim the angry North,

When in his Rage he bows the stubborn Forest.

She's mine! She's justly mine! My lawful Claim!

By Love, by Suff'rance and by Contract mine!

And now to give her up! tamely to part!

Let me be branded with a baser Name

Than Calumny has found, when that can happen!

Whatever desp'rate Man wou'd tear her from me,

Shall win her thus!——

[*Here attempting to draw, HES. obstructs his Hand.*

HESIONE.

Hah! whither art thou hurry'd?

Forbear

Forbear this Violence! raise not thy Arm
Against that sacred Head!——

OMPHALES.

'Twas impious!——
But thou hast chasten'd me——behold me now
Calm, and Repentance all!——O, thou hast Pow'r,
E'en with a Look to charm the wildest Frenzy!
There dwells a wond'rous Magic in those Beauties,
Which, even as the Voice of Harmony,
Comes o'er the Soul, and all is strait compos'd!
Thus lowly let us bend, and to his Heart
Send forth the moving Pray'r of Misery.

[*Kneeling with* HESIONE.

ZIMON.

No more! I must not, dare not hear you more!
Tryphon instruct the Priests, that they prepare
A Sacrifice. I'll to the Altar strait,
And thank the Pow'rs, who deign to guide our Actions.

S C E N E IV.

Manent ZIMON, HESIONE, OMPHALES, and AMMON.

HESIONE.

Yet think, my Father, think how much I owe
That wondrous Youth!

ZIMON.

Arise, Hesione!

Thou

Thou know'st me tender as thy Soul shou'd wish:
 Thou know'st me too, when Heav'n, and Duty call,
 Rigid as Death!—Thy Mother was a *Spartan*,
 And wou'd have dy'd, e'er she had own'd this Softness,
 No more of it, if thou wou'd'st hold my Love!

[*They rise.*]

'Tis thro' the best Compassion of my Soul,
 That I refuse to grant, what Heav'n forbids.

OMPHALES.

O barbarous Mercy of mistaken Zeal!
 How dreadful are those blind Enthusiasts,
 Who wound in Mercy, and torment, to save?
 I'm lost for ever! Famine, Exile, Chains
 Have none so deeply wretched!

ZIMON.

Let us hence!

[*To HESIONE.*]

I can allow no farther Conference.

HESIONE.

Hear me, *Omphales*, hear me, e'er we part!
 (Haply no more my Voice may reach your Ears)
 When we are banish'd far from one another,
 And thy poor Heart is breaking with its Sorrows,
 Call to thy Mind the solemn Vow I made,
 When, once conversing in the Myrtle Bower,
 We talk'd of Separation, then in Joy,
 And sporting as it were, with Misery.

Be

Bethat thy Comfort in the Hour of Mourning!

OMPHALES.

When'er 'tis said, *Omphales* loves thee less;
Mourns not thy Absence like a faithful Wretch;
Gives respite to Affliction; or receives
Comfort from ought but thee: when this thou'rt told,
Conclude Distraction has been busy here,
And I'm no more *Omphales*!

HESIONE.

Thou art true!

OMPHALES.

We both are true!

HESIONE.

Omphales will not rest;
Nor think of Peace without me!—Oh, farewell!

OMPHALES.

Farewel! and with thee all our Happiness;

[*Exeunt* ZIMON and HESIONE.]

S C E N E V.

Manent OMPHALES, and AMMON.

She's gone! And never to return to me!
Hide thee, *Omphales*, hide thee from thy self,
Nor dare inquire how wretched thou art grown!

AMMON.

I've found a Stratagem shall make her thine,
Yet thou shalt hope! Thy *Ammon* bids thee Hope,

OMPHALES.

OMPHALES.

Oh, *Ammon*, I am curs'd beyond all Hope!
 Lead me to some yet unfrequented Shade,
 Which Nature in Despight of Joy has made;
 The melancholy Mansion of Despair,
 Gloomy, and horrid as the Fate I bear;
 Where hollow Winds, where Springs invite to mourn,
 And Echoes sadly every Sigh return:
 There I'll grow wild thro' the Excess of Grief,
 And in Distraction only find Relief!

[*Exeunt.*]

The END of the SECOND ACT.

Q THE

THE
FATAL CONSTANCY.

A C T. III. S C E N E I.

Enter AMMON.

O *Mphales!* hovering still about this Place,
[*Discovering his Approach.*
And ling'ring in his Task!—'tis not so well,
I thought e'er this he had reach'd the Gates of *Athens.*

S C E N E II.

Enter OMPHALES to AMMON.

OMPHALES.

Am I on Earth? Or have the Gods receiv'd me?
A Summons, *Ammon*, welcome as the Voice
Which whispers Liberty to Dungeon Slaves;
Pleasing as Dreams of Health to the Diseas'd;
Or Hope to the despairing Penitent.

Th' in-

Th' indulgent Maid hastes to the conscious Bow'r,
The former Scene of more successful Love;
Thither invites me to a last Farewell!
But when again I find her downy Bosom,
Shall I forgo the happy, lov'd Retreat?
Return content that we have mourn'd our Fate?——
No!——'tis resolv'd!——

AMMON.

All's ruin'd if they meet!

[*Afide.*

OMPHALES.

Exile with her, or for her Death is pleasing!

[*Going off.*

AMMON.

No! You depart not thus!

[*Detaining him.*

OMPHALES.

Delay me not!

AMMON.

A Moment!

OMPHALES.

Moments are too precious now!——

This is too much!——

AMMON.

By the dear Name of Friend!

OMPHALES.

My Friend! and hold me from *Hesione*!

Away!——By Heav'ns, I can endure no more!

Q 2

AMMON.

AMMON.

By Heav'ns, I must detain thee! hear me speak!
You cannot meet!

OMPHALES.

Hah!—cannot:—by the Gods!
If any Tongue but thine had spoke these Words,
I wou'd have call'd it false!

AMMON.

Thou art too warm!
What I relate, I tell thee from her Mouth,
And learnt e'en now to save thee! Is it thus
Omphales pays my Care? Am I thrown off,
Spurn'd with Contempt, cast, like a fawning Slave,
From him, whose Wrongs I've labour'd to redress?
Whose Sorrows are my own?—Why then no more:
But hasten to Destruction!

OMPHALES.

Oh my Friend!
Forgive me! I'm become a froward Wretch!
Wearied beyond the Pow'r of Patience!—
Say, whence this sudden Change?

AMMON.

Her jealous Father
Has torn the Secret of your Meeting from her:
And since, before the Altar he has sworn,
If e'er again you're found within these Walls,
To treat you as a common Enemy!

A Robber

A Robber; or a *Persian*!

OMPHALES.

Mistaken Man!

Oh, how unequal is the State of Lovers?
A Moment's Hope elates us to the Clouds;
And in a Moment more some sudden Fear,
Some Disappointment pulls us down again
Lower than Envy's self cou'd wish to place us!
—But tell me, *Ammon*, tell me from thy Soul,
How does she bear our Separation?

AMMON.

You cannot doubt her?

OMPHALES.

That were impious!

AMMON.

Nor shall you fear th' Extremity of Grief:
Yet justly she bemoans her absent Mate.
Remote she sat; her Words were few and forc'd;
Her Eyes still fix'd; her Posture still the same:
Down either Cheek a Tear had made its Way,
Two more stood ripe, and ready to pursue 'em;
And had not Sighs inform'd me she cou'd breathe,
She'd ad seem'd the Image of despairing Beauty.
Not *Venus* look'd more lovely in her Sorrow,
When she beheld the Youth *Adonis* slain!
Yet she might raise her Head to speak of you!

OMPHALES.

By Heav'ns, I see her! — Oh, my tortur'd Soul! —
 So truly do I love her Happiness,
 I almost wish she might forget me now!
 Yet all my Comfort is — that cannot be!
 Oh, *Ammon*, if thy breast hath ever heav'd
 For Sorrows not thy own; if yet thy Heart
 Hath prov'd the anxious Pain of hopeless Love,
 Thou now must feel for an unhappy Friend!

AMMON.

I'm not to learn Love's Pangs — there was a Time!

OMPHALES.

And could'st thou truly love? and dost thou live
 To tell it, as an idle Dream that's past?

AMMON.

Thou art, indeed, a Lover!

OMPHALES.

I am true:

Nor blush to own it — Oh, *Hesione*!
 The Pain I feel, instructs me what you suffer!
 I fear! I fear! for you are all compos'd
 Of Tenderness! — O *Ammon*, tell me all!
 Deceive me not! Speak all her Sorrow out!
 The worst unfold! Her very Words impart!
 Hide her not from me!

AMMON.

O, she utter'd all

That

That Love in Pain, and Absence might conceive:
 Oft o'er, and o'er again she told her Passion;
 For Love, tho' in a thousand Modes it speaks,
 Says but one thing: the varied Eloquence
 Of Lovers means no more, than that they Love.
 'Midst other Things, she joy'd, you had receiv'd
 What I propos'd; for I had told her all.

OMPHALES.

And she approv'd it?

AMMON.

Wish'd it were begun!
 Urg'd its Performance! and my Fancy errs,
 Or she preferr'd it in her parting Words
 To thee! even here!—" *Omphales* will not rest,
 "Nor think of Peace without me!

OMPHALES.

Now, by Heav'n's
 Such were her Words!

AMMON.

And in the instant chang'd
 Her Sorrow into Frowns, as she had meant—
 There's need of Violence!—mark'd you not that?

OMPHALES.

Ammon, as there are Gods in yon bright Heav'n!
 I will not rest! I will not think of Peace,
 'Till I accomplish all! I've linger'd here too long.
 Farewel! be ready to perform thy Charge.

The beauteous Prize already chides my Sloth,
Stands at the Goal, and beckons me away.

[Exit OMPHALES,

AMMON.

Farewel, my Friend! if e'er we meet again,
And meet as Foes, I meet but with a Man.

S C E N E III.

Enter TRYPHON to AMMON.

Tryphon!——let me embrace thee! thou'rt, indeed,
A Match for this good Age! I read Success,
And Triumph in thy Face——what woud'st thou say?
Hast thou propos'd it? will he call me Son?
Tell me, my Oracle! for on thy Words
My Destiny depends.

TRYPHON

Hope, *Ammon*, hope!

All shall be well!

AMMON.

He has consented then?

TRYPHON.

Not absolutely given his Consent;
Nor have I grossly put him to the Test;
But only by Insinuations
Have yet obliquely touch'd upon the Subject;
Observing how he might be wrought upon;

How

How far we might proceed with Confidence.
 As thus;—supposing you had lov'd his Daughter!
 That Providence had thrown you in her Way!
 —I gag'd him so — He answers in a Sigh,
 And wish'd some Pow'r might guide him to her Good.

AMMON.

Excellent *Tryphon*! — we must lose no Time:
 While warm, he'll best be form'd to our Intent.

TRYPHON.

Fear not! I left him at the Sacrifice:
 Soon as 'tis ended, he appointed me
 To meet him here; then will I press it home,
 And in such Terms as shall not fail to move.

AMMON.

A Doubt yet haunts my Mind — *Hesione*,
 She bears her Disappointment heavily,
 And may be violent.

TRYPHON.

Her Father's Will
 Is sacred to her, as the Law of Heaven!
 How is she fam'd for her Obedience?
 I look not on her, as on one consenting:
 But, trust me, *Ammon*, many a stubborn Maid
 Softens like Wax in the Embracer's Hold,
 And yields to strange Impressions in his Arms.

AMMON.

O, let me feel the mourning Beauty there!

I'll

I'll kiss away her Tears, suppress her Sighs,
 Warm her, and find the Passage to her Heart;
 While, like a Flow'r reviving in the Sun,
 She shall look up, and bless her Comforter!
 Joy, like the Light, shall break thro' all her Sorrow,
 Cheer her sad Heart, and drive *Omphales* thence!

TRYPHON.

First he must hence! 'tis he whom we shou'd fear,
 'Tis him we shou'd suspect of Violence!
 Secure him instantly!—I've had a Thought—
 Suppose him Dead! it shall be after told,
 And with a shew of Reason, that Despair
 Drew his own Sword against him.

AMMON.

'Tis too late:

My Care already has diverted him.
 I took him in the height of Disappointment;
 Acted the Friend; discours'd his Injuries o'er,
 Told him I felt 'em all, and thus advis'd him.
 Get thee to *Athens*; to the noble Youth,
 Thy Friends, and Partners of the sacred Band,
 The Band, which by a solemn League are bound,
 To succour, and redress each other's Wrongs.
 Tell 'em, how *Zimon* has dishonour'd thee;
 Conjure 'em, to assist thee in thy Right;
 Select a resolute, and a faithful Few;
 Secure 'em in the Covert of yon Grove,

'Till

'Till, at my promis'd Signal, they rush in
 Impetuous, and bear away the Maid.
 Blinded with Love, he embrac'd the Enterprize,
 And, to confirm his Resolution,
 I told him, that *Hesione* approv'd it.

TRYPHON.

But how hast thou secur'd him from Success?

AMMON.

Know, it is thus contriv'd! this very Hour
 A Paper will be found before the Senate,
 Declaring the whole Purpose of *Omphales*;
 Their very Place of Consultation.
 Imagine the Result of this Attempt!
 Can such a Violence against this House
 Be known, and prosper? at a Juncture too
 When *Athens* must implore her Gen'ral's Aid?

TRYPHON.

True! Valour's ever courted in Distress.

AMMON.

Nay, more! our Law makes instant Banishment
 The Meed of such Offenders.

TRYPHON.

Yet whene'er again
 Thy Friend grows dang'rous, see him in his Tomb!
 So is he well secur'd! the Maxim's good:
 A sanguine Politician taught it me.
 It might have sav'd thee too from Calumny.

How

How will the rigid Votaries of Justice
Exclaim against thee, shou'd it e'er be known,
How you've deceiv'd this Friend? this Intimate?

AMMON.

Out on the subtle Herd! let me succeed,
And thou shalt find 'em loudest in my Praise:
The Fortunate were never in the Wrong.
Invest me once in *Zimon's* large Possessions,
My Faults shall die, and Flatt'ry will not fail
To picture Virtues for me.

TRYPHON.

Let, at left,
The Name of Friend be lost! contrive some Slight
Of which thou may'st accuse him.

AMMON.

Be it so!

TRYPHON.

'Twill set some Gloss upon this Action.
— Tho' if I fail not in my Stratagem,
Zimon shall even court thee to thy Wish.

AMMON.

Succeed what will succeed! — I'm well resolv'd!
Tho' poor, I'm proud; and cannot suffer Scorn;
Have Appetites, and want the Means to feed 'em.
Courage, Extravagance, and Luxury
Was all th' Inheritance my Father left me.
My Pride is my fond Mother's Legacy:

My

My young *Hippolitus*! she oft wou'd cry,
 My little *Theseus*! thou art nobly born!
 Sprung from a Race of Heroes, and of Gods!
 —Then in the Streets of *Athens* thus they have
 it——

Behold the Orphan! *Zimon's* Pensioner!——
 How is that House decay'd!——By Heav'n's a Dog
 Wou'd blush, and turn to be so pointed at!

TRYPHON.

No more of this! the happy Change is near!
 Learn to forget thy self, and thy old Friends.
 Henceforth thou shalt be reckon'd with the First;
 At Feasts, and Games be plac'd next *Zimon's* self;
 Shine in the *Tyrian* Dye; be gaz'd upon;
 Envy'd by many, yet caress'd by all.
 The Time draws on——thou hast a Part to act
 In my Design, which now thou art to learn.

AMMON.

But see! the Object of my Wish appears!
 And, like *Aurora* wrapt in fullen Clouds,
 Advances mourning. Yet so ripe she seems!
 Her Charms so ready! so compos'd for Love!

TRYPHON.

Let us not now be found in Conference!
 I wou'd retire.

AMMON.

To yonder Portico——

I will

I will but gaze awhile, and follow thee.

[Exit TRYPHON.

S C E N E IV.

Enter HESIONE to AMMON.

HESIONE.

It must be so! the Message which I sent
Has either misinform'd him of the Place;
Or thro' some Treach'ry never reach'd his Ears.
Hah! *Ammon* here!----he haply may inform me,

AMMON.

If 'tis the lost *Omphales* whom you seek,
The Man whose Fate I once sincerely mourn'd,
In vain you ask him of his old Companion:
Inrag'd, impatient he departed hence,
Loud against me, 'gainst Heaven, and his Fate;
And, when I would have been a Comfort to him,
He spurn'd me off; and bid me fawn no more!

HESIONE.

Forget it, *Ammon*; much he has endur'd,
And, like a wayward Infant, shou'd be sooth'd,
And soften'd into Temper. Thou'rt sincere,
And earnest, and too apt to think thou'rt wrong'd.

AMMON.

Thou art sincere, and earnest, and too apt

To

To think thou'rt——

HESIONE.

What?

AMMON.

Belov'd!

HESIONE.

I take thee not.

AMMON.

He swore that you, and all your Sex were false ;
That he had been at some appointed Place——
I know not where——but that you had contriv'd
T' abuse his Patience, and insult his Love.

HESIONE.

Unhappy Youth! his Troubles are too great,
And Reason fails beneath the Weight of Sorrow:
For he himself cou'd never call me False,
Ne'er doubt my Truth! his is a generous Soul,
Noble, and glorious as the Form he wears!
Love, and Suspicion dwell not there together.
You too forgive him, *Ammon*; 'tis too much
In one sad Day to lose his Friend, and me:
Nor wonder, you was treated with Disdain,
When I might not be spar'd.

AMMON.

This his Return
Of Friendship?——thus I blow such Friends away!

HESIONE.

Thou'rt lost with Ease.

AMMON.

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AMMON.

I am not won so soon!—
My Soul abhors the least Ingratitude! [*Exit* AMMON.]

S C E N E V.

HESIONE *sola.*

Omphales Breast is Stranger to such Baseness!
When Nature form'd him, she forgot 'twas Man,
And made him up of Virtues!—this his Friend?
The boasted, happy Sharer of his Heart?
My Mind informs me wrong, or he's deceiv'd.
This looks like Treach'ry—something I cou'd dread!
But what, alas! have Wretches left to fear—
Yes! to another's Arms I may be forc'd:
But then I know my Vow, and will prepare.
Oh my *Omphales*! whither art thou fled
From the lov'd Haven where thy Soul might rest!
Like some poor Turtle widow'd of her Love,
Anxious, I sought thee long thro' ev'ry Grove:
But oh! the restless, fond Pursuit is vain;
Pensive, I find my sad Retreat again,
Brood o'er my Care, and murmur out my Pain.
[*Exit.*]

The END of the THIRD ACT.

THE

THE
FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

AMMON, and TRYPHON.

AMMON.

NOR yet the Rites of Sacrifice are past.
I scent the Fat of Oxen from the Altar,
And snuff the Censer's fragrant Offering.

TRYPHON.

At length it ends. Behold the sinking Flame:
Zimon advances, and the busy Priests
Croud to divide their favourite Perquisites.
He comes in haste to meet me: now's our time:
Retire, and wait the Opportunity.

AMMON.

Now *Mercury* inspire thee!

[AMMON *absconds*.

R

TRYPHON.

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TRYPHON.

Peace! he's here.

S C E N E II.

Enter ZIMON to TRYPHON.

ZIMON.

How am I blest, to have been born in *Greece*,
Where every Pow'r is found with Sacrifice,
And every Action guided from above?
And now my Gratitude is paid to Heav'n,
To thee, the Instrument thro' whom the Gods
Convey their Wills, thou second Cause of Good,
Tryphon, to thee I bow, and thus I thank thee —

Embracing him.

Nor, trust me, sacred Prophet, shou'd I blush
E'en in our *Forum*, in the Face of *Athens*
To bend more lowly to those reverend Seers,
The Gods distinguish thus —

[Offering to kneel to him]

TRYPHON.

Alas my Lord!

[Obstructing him.]

The best of us are Men, and frail ones too!

ZIMON.

How shall I pay thy Care?

TRYPHON.

If other End,

Beside

Beside the secret Joy of doing Good,
 Its Authors have propos'd ; I'm Stranger to it.
 Wou'dst thou o'erpay what I've already done? —
 Let me do more! — I speak in a just Cause,
 And will be bold! my Duty makes me bold!
 Know, all is yet not right within thy Walls!
 This House is threaten'd with impending Dangers!
 The Wound is covered o'er ; but yet not cur'd!
 — Be strictly on thy Guard!

ZIMON.

Explain thy self!

TRYPHON.

Look to thy Daughter!

ZIMON.

Hah!

TRYPHON.

Observe her well!

Is she obedient in this time of Tryal?
 Does *Zimon*, or *Omphales* rule the Maid?
 If I presage aright, some Violence
 Against the Will of Heav'n is now conspir'd.

ZIMON.

What's to be done?

TRYPHON.

Best marry her.

ZIMON

To whom?

TRYPHON.

TRYPHON.

'Twere Mercy, tho' a shackled Slave possess'd her,
 To save her from *Omphales*! marry her!
 Secure her from her self, and suddenly!
 'Twill ease thy loaded Heart of every Care,
 And so thou shalt sit down again in Peace,
 And thank the Gods, thou'st done a Parent's Duty.

ZIMON.

Some Pow'r direct me!

TRYPHON.

Fix thy Choice on one
 Whom Heav'n shall seem to point at, tho' he's found
 As poor as Merit, and as much forsaken.
 Be Heaven still the Guide of all thy Actions,
 The fix'd, and certain Star, by whose sure Light
 Thou safely may'st direct thy doubtful Course.
 — Say, hast thou treasur'd in thy Memory
 What was reveal'd last Night? — observe it well!
 And so thou can'st not err.

ZIMON.

Heav'n best can tell,
 I wou'd not err! — renew it to my Mind.

TRYPHON.

Hear, and attend! thus spoke th' immortal Voice!

*The longing Youth, and sighing Maid
 For whom these sacred Rites are paid,*

The

*The Storms of adverse Fate shall prove
Whene'er they meet in Nuptial Love.*

*Seek, near the Maid, a Noble Youth,
In Treasure less; but more in Truth;
Who loves; yet wou'd conceal his Pain;
The Gods for him the Maid ordain!*

ZIMON.

Seek near the Maid! — near her — haply in Blood!
Let me reflect! — amongst our great Allies
Think'st thou *Lyfander* worthy of her Love?
Or rather *Mentheus*? —

TRYPHON.

Guard her from his Arms!
An Unbeliever! nurs'd in the loose Schools
Of *Epicurus*! — thou may'st recollect,
Before the Sacrifice I gave some Hints
Towards one I thought intended for thy Choice.

ZIMON.

I think thou did'st; and thou did'st speak of *Ammon*?

TRYPHON.

Ammon it was---and might I judge in this,
Ammon shou'd call thee Father — 'tis a Thought
Has often forc'd it self upon my Mind,
Intruding on my Meditations,
And, when I most have strove to bury it,
It still wou'd rise, and haunt my Memory:
And most of late. I am not credulous;

R. 3

Nor

Nor yet esteem it lawful, to resist
 The Hints of Heav'n, howe'er obscure at first
 And faint in their Beginning; so resolv'd
 To give it to Reflection, as I sat
 Retir'd, and musing in my hallow'd Seat,
 The sacred Place for Divination chose,
 Where oft the wond'rous, and resistless Pow'r
 Revisits, and informs my labouring Breast.
 There, while I thought, thus it occur'd to me!
 'Midst all the Blessings Heaven has granted *Zimon*,
 A Son has been deny'd his fervent Prayr's,
 A Son, to follow in his track of Glory;
 To pay just Honours to his sacred Tomb;
 And, by a noble, and illustrious Race,
 Transmit his Name e'en to the last of Time:
 But when he's summon'd hence, a Female Hand
 Must glad some Stranger's House with his Possessions.

ZIMON,

Nor have I murmur'd yet!

TRYPHON.

Thus thought I, pensive.

When lo! a secret Impulse from within
 Made silent Answer——then have *Zimon's* Prayers,
 His Gifts, his Off'rings no regard in Heaven?
 Or sees he not the Son the Gods provide?
 E'en him he feeds? the Son who wants a Sire?
 The Son whose Father *Zimon* wants?

ZIMON,

ZIMON.

My Friend!

The faithful *Cleon*!

TRYPHON.

E'en that very Friend!

The same who in the moment of thy Danger,
 Advanc'd 'twixt thee, and Death, and in his Heart
 (His honest Heart) receiv'd the fatal Weapon.

ZIMON.

While there is Warmth, and feeling in this Breast.
 That Action claims the noblest of its Sorrows!

TRYPHON.

I've heard too, that, expiring in your Arms,
 His Son he recommended to your Care,
 And in these Words breath'd out his gen'rous Spirit.

"As thou art more, or less a Father to him,
 "So lives the Name, and Honour of thy House!

Construe it thus——his Name shall be forgot;
 But thine shall live, and be maintain'd in him.

There's more than Sound! a Meaning in his Words!

Prophetic Strength!——the Souls of dying Men,

Breaking from Nature, feel Perfection near,

And, as Immortals, can look into Fate.

Let us not slight these Hints! thou wou'dst not err!

ZIMON.

Whene'er I do, my Heart intends it not!

R 4

TRYPHON.

TRYPHON.

Add then to these what Heav'n has now reveal'd!
Methinks, the Words direct us to the Man.

*Seek near the Maid [observe] a noble Youth,
In Treasure less——[Mark that]——but more in
Truth;*

Who loves, yet wou'd conceal his Pain!

ZIMON.

Who Loves! ——

TRYPHON.

I have observ'd his Looks of late,
Watch'd every motion of his Eyes, which still
I've found attracted to the lovely Maid.

ZIMON.

The Eyes are faithful Ministers in Love,
And ill disguise the Purpose of the Soul.
If thou might'st prove him ta'en in Beauty's Toyls——

TRYPHON.

Lo, where he comes! with weight upon his Brow.

ZIMON.

And seems to hold a Conference with himself.

TRYPHON.

Haply his Words may lead us to the Truth:
'Tis the Delight of Lovers to retire,
And tell their darling Sorrow to the Winds,
Here let us stand, and listen to his Talk.

[They abscond.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter AMMON.

O, for a Heart of true *Camelion* Temper,
To change, and turn, and shift to all Complexions!
Then might *Omphales* hence! then might I tell
What labours here, and beats for Utterance!

—Yet shall I hide from *Zimon* aught? from him
Thro' whom I breathe! ought of this Nature too?

—Yet sure 'tis vain! a Child of busy Fancy!
Or some delusive *Damon* haunts my Slumbers!

—But then again 'tis pow'rful in my Soul,
And something like a Duty bids me on.

Oh, I'm all War within!—some Pow'r direct me!—

[*Seems going off.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter ZIMON, and TRYPHON again to AMMON.

ZIMON.

Ammon?

AMMON.

My Patron!

ZIMON.

I conjure thee, stay——

If

If yet thou hold'st thy Father's Memory dear ;
 If *Zimon* merits ought of Friendship from thee,
 Unfold thy self? — what hast thou seen, or heard
 To shake thee thus? whence is it, I demand,
 Thou'rt haunted by thy self? I charge thee, speak!
 Tell this strange Secret, which so fears the Air,
 Yet struggles to be known!

AMMON.

What means my Patron?

ZIMON.

No more Evasions, *Ammon*! 'tis too late:
 I overhear'd thee — dost thou fear to trust me?
 Now by the sacred Guardians of my House!
 By my good Sword, and Fame, I'll do it right!
 Whate'er it be, it meets with Justice here!

AMMON.

'Twas but a Dream!

TRYPHON.

Remember, *Ammon*, Dreams
 Are sacred Things; for Dreams descend from *Jove*.

AMMON.

Forbid it, Heav'n, I shou'd resist thy Will!

ZIMON.

And thou conceal'st it yet.

AMMON.

Why then, my Lord,
 I will be bold, and open all my Soul ;

—— But

—But first resolve me this! thus on my Knees
 I beg, thou wilt resolve me from thy Heart;
 For it concerns my Peace——hast thou decreed
 Art thou irrevocably fix'd to hold
 Thy Daughter from my Friend?

TRYPHON.

Observe you that?

[*Apart to ZIMON.*

ZIMON.

Art thou to learn me yet? when am I found
 Irresolute, and wav'ring in my Duty?
 Tho' to these Eyes she's dearer than the Light,
 Whene'er he meets her in the nuptial Bed,
 May Nature err! and Monsters be their Offspring.

AMMON.

It is enough! and witness now ye Pow'rs, [*Rises.*
 By whose dread Names *Omphales* seal'd our Friendship!
 Witnesses! I've now been faithful to the Man
 Who scorns his sacred Vow!——no more! I'm free!
 And thus with Honour may unfold my self.

—Know then, my Patron, even at that Time
 When first your Daughter's Nuptials were deferr'd,
 In the last Hour of Night, when all was hush'd,
 And Sleep had shed its kindly Influence on me,
Hesione appears to grace my Slumbers.
 Not as she's wont by Day: but unattir'd,
 Unbound, and wild her Hair, her Garments flowing,
 And

And loosen'd all as for the Nuptial Bed.
 A while she gaz'd upon me, and in Smiles,
 Such as assenting Deities bestow,
 Seem'd to persuade me, that her Heart was mine.
 Ambitious Dream! but mark the heavy Change!
 For from that Time, e'en from that very Hour,
 Forgive me, if I say, I lov'd her more
 Than Health, or Life, or all that Heav'n can give!

TRYPHON.

Have I presag'd aright?

ZIMON.

O, thou unerring Seer!

AMMON.

Yet less than Honour! for I told my Heart
 She was my Friend's, and strove to humble it.
 This past, and Day by Day I grew in Fondness!
 At length the second, solemn Tryal came;
 Heav'n still averse! the Rites again deferr'd!
 This, I confess, alarm'd me! now the Pow'rs,
 And Precedents of Visions I besought
 With due Libations, Pray'r, and Sacrifice,
 That, if not false, my Dream might be renew'd
 With clearer Evidence: when, lo! again
 I met her in my Slumbers; met him too
 Whom I wou'd call my Friend, the lost *Omphales*.
 In vain, methought, he strove to hold the Maid,
 While like some *Nymph* of *Dian's* nimble Train,
 Thro'

Thro' fancy'd Ways, o'er Hills, and flow'ry Plains
 Swiftly she fled from his desiring Arms;
 And with a gentle Wafture of her Hand
 Bid me pursue——and then last Night again——
 But thou art sick already of my Tale!

ZIMON.

If thou in ought regard'st or Heav'n, or me,
 I charge thee, on!

AMMON.

Then thus in brief!—last Night
 Deck'd in her Marriage Garment she appear'd.
 The *Hymeneal* Pomp; the nuptial Brands,
 Attending Virgins, and rejoicing Friends
 Were all around: and, strange! I there beheld,
 (As Death's cold Hand had ne'er obstructed her)
 Her Mother!—who in Smiles—

ZIMON.

Be brief in that!

AMMON.

Why then no more than this! to *Ammon's* Arms
 You gave *Hefione*, and we were happy.

ZIMON.

Then happy may'st thou be!

TRYPHON.

Art thou convinc'd?

ZIMON.

O, ye immortal Pow'rs!

TRYPHON.

TRYPHON.

What Proofs are here?

O *Zimon*, thou art favour'd of the Gods!

AMMON.

Surely again I dream! and this is yet
Another pleasing Vision!

ZIMON.

No, thou wak'st

To Joy, to *Hymen*! to *Hesione*!

AMMON.

Shall the poor Orphan *Ammon* be so rais'd?

ZIMON.

Think in whose Cause thou did'st become an Orphan!
For me thou lost a Father, and in me
Most right it is, that thou shou'dst find a Father.
And thus, ye Pow'rs, ye manifest your Justice!

TRYPHON.

Thy Piety is register'd above!

ZIMON.

O *Tryphon*, I have been an Age in Debt!
I blush, with shame I blush, when I reflect
How poor in Gratitude, how slow I've been
In my Returns of Love to *Cleon*'s Offspring!

AMMON.

My Father's Action was its own Reward:
For well he knew, when he preserv'd thy Life,
In thee he sav'd our State, and dy'd for *Athens*.

ZIMON.

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ZIMON.

Oh, *Athens* felt his Fall!——he was a Man!——

——*Tryphon*, betake thee to the holy Place!

There let the Priests adorn a sacred Altar ;

With Garlands see it dress'd of genial Flow'rs ;

Spread on it all the Fragrance of the East,

Each costly Spice, each Gum *Arabia* yields,

That on th' aspiring Sweets their Nuptial Vows

May mount aloft, and be receiv'd in Heav'n !

[Exit TRYPHON.]

S C E N E V.

Manent ZIMON, and AMMON.

AMMON.

O, may I live but to deserve this Blessing!

ZIMON.

We'll to *Hesione* ; and she shall learn

What I've resolv'd, and listen to thy Vows.

——I might be tedious in my Daughter's Praise ;

But thou hast known her long : when I give her,

I give thee all the Virtues of her Sex !

In Errors lost unguided Mortals stray ;

But here the Gods direct us in our Way !

[Exeunt.]

The END of the FOURTH ACT.

THE

8

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THE
FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

HESIONE *sola.*

UNfold, O Death, thy hospitable Arms!
The wretched Court, the happy fear thy
Pow'r:

Yet thou art just! for tho' thou steal'st away
Our little Joy, thou hast our Sorrow too,
And Fear, and Hope are both forgot in thee!
Thou'rt cold: but thou art quiet!—Oh! I long
For the still Tomb, that I may think no more!
—No Dawn of Hope appears! the Danger's near!
I'm driven to the Brink, and now must fall!
Scarce have I Time to see my Vow perform'd,
So fast the gath'ring Tempest gains upon me.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter AMMON to HESIONE, as following her.

AMMON.

O, fly not thus in Scorn, thou woundrous Maid!
O, turn!——O, answer me!

HESIONE.

No more! away!

And leave me to my Sorrow!

AMMON.

No! I'll on!

And thou shalt hear me! Now's the time to show
Your Piety to Heav'n, and to your Sire;
Virtues for which, of all th' *Athenian* Daughters,
Hesione has ever most been fam'd.

HESIONE.

Oh, *Ammon*, *Ammon*! thou hast torn asunder
The truest Pair that ever met in Love!

AMMON.

Blame the just Gods! tell the all-equal Pow'rs
That they have wrong'd thee!

HESIONE.

Thou'rt the Injurer!

There's Treachery! Treachery! 'Tis manifest
To all, but him who shou'd discern it most.
My Father is abus'd! His gen'rous Breast

S

Glow

Glow with a thousand great, and glorious Virtues:
Thou know'st it well; for some of them have warm'd
thee!

Yet, thro' the single Error of his Soul,
His only Weakness, thou hast found a way
To ruin him and all his Hopes for ever!

AMMON.

I love him, and he knows it: question him;
And he will tell thee, I was won with Art,
To accept the Blessing Heav'n, and he design me.

HESIONE.

That he is won by Art is now too plain!
Think on *Omphales* too! thy injur'd Friend!
Oh, he wou'd talk of thee, and of thy Truth,
Till even I grew Jealous of thy Pow'r,
And fear'd thy growing Empire in his Heart!
How often have I heard your Vows exchang'd,
When thou hast sworn, the Sun it self shou'd fade,
And Nature cease, whenever thou wert false? —
Cease Nature then! and fade ye conscious Beams!
For thou art false! *Omphales* is betray'd!

AMMON.

If e'er *Omphales* wore me at his Heart,
My Friendship taught him first to place me there;
And, as an instance of uncommon Faith,
Know, in my dear Regard to this *Omphales*,
[This no way injur'd; but unhappy Man]

I've

I've labour'd long to hide my mighty Love;
With Pain conceal'd it: even as a Child,
Who fears the chiding of an angry Voice,
I've held my Passion in!

HESIONE.

No more of Love!

It loses on thy Tongue.

AMMON.

By Heav'ns, I love!

And thou shall prove it!

[Offering to embrace her, she rejects him.]

HESIONE.

Hence! Shall I receive

A foul, and grisly Satyr to that Heart,
Which one, resembling Heav'n, has earn'd with Truth;
Unwearied Patience, and an Age of Love?

AMMON.

O, let me sooth thee to thy Happiness!

I wou'd endeavour to deserve thy Smiles.

We'll live up to the height of fond Delight:

And every Joy that Art, or Nature yields,

Shall wait to catch the Moment of our Wishes.

Sorrow remote shall stand, and gloomy Care

Be known but by its Name. The *Persian Queen*

Far off shall hear thy State, and envy thee.

HESIONE.

Think not to lure me with thy sensual Baits!

Tempt base, and abject Minds!——Thou hast affirm'd
That thou dost love: What canst thou then for Love?
Canst thou endure an Age of fruitless Pain,
And yet another, and still greatly Love?
Tho' Exile, Want, Oppression stood before thee,
Woud'st thou not faint; but still pursue thy Hope?
Say, canst thou this for Love? and can'st thou too,
When Hope is lost, in th' Hour of black Despair,
Give up the World, and for thy Love expire?

AMMON.

I'm none of *Plato's* Lovers: but a Man!
Who court substantial Joy!——I tell thee, Fair!——

HESIONE.

No more: but leave me: I wou'd be retir'd.

AMMON.

Behold! thy Father hastes to joyn our Hands.

HESIONE.

I wou'd not meet him thus! It wounds my Heart
To vex his gen'rous Nature. I'll withdraw,
A Moment only, to compose my Thoughts:
Then all resign'd to the dread Will of Fate,
He'll find me at the Altar.

AMMON.

This is kind!

You now appear, indeed, like *Zimon's* Daughter.

Exit HESIONE.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter ZIMON. to AMMON.

ZIMON.

How stands the Maid? Did she not leave thee now?

AMMON.

She did; and promises Obedience:

She'll meet us in the holy Place.

ZIMON.

'Tis well!——

This Day will be a Day of publick Joy.

An Hecatomb must bleed, and Gods and Men

Shall banquet in these Walls! I've now dispers'd

My several Invitations all around.

And, in return for Heav'n's peculiar Grace,

This Day I yearly mean to solemnize.

AMMON.

Thou'rt ever Grateful!

ZIMON.

Ammon, I am Just;

And glory that I am!

AMMON.

And pitying too:

For when you broke the Will of Heav'n to her,

Preferr'd my Vows, and bid her Heart be mine,

How did you struggle to resist her Sorrows?
I saw you labour with a Father's Love,
While Duty, and Compassion softly strove,
And wag'd a tender War within your Breast.

ZIMON.

Yet you observ'd how I inforc'd it too?
How resolutely just I was?

AMMON.

I did,

ZIMON.

There's not a Soul o'er whom my Power extends,
Shall dare to spurn at Heaven!

AMMON,

Yet the Path

Which leads to Heaven's Will, is sometimes rough,
And difficult to tread.

ZIMON.

'Tis true, her Task

Might in another tire Obedience out;

But I have train'd her up to Piety! —

O *Ammon*, slight not a fond Father's Praise!

But, trust me, she will answer all thy Hope.

Approach her not like one made proud by Power,

Demanding Love in Frowns; but gently steal

The Maid's Affection: Tenderness, and Smiles

May win her to the hardest Parts of Duty.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter TRYPHON, to ZIMON, and AMMON.

TRYPHON.

O Zimon, Zimon! now thou art indeed,
The last of wretched Men!

AMMON.

What's this?

ZIMON.

The Cause?

Declare it! I'm prepar'd for all Events!

TRYPHON

Thy Daughter——

ZIMON, AMMON.

Hah!

TRYPHON.

The rash *Hesione*,

As now the Priests prepar'd the holy Place,
With an impatient Fury in her Looks
Approach'd the Altar, where upon her Knees
Thrice she invok'd *Omphales*, and the Gods;
Then drinking deep of that most deadly Bane
Against whose Force no Antidote prevails,
Ye Pow'rs, she cry'd, behold my Vow discharg'd!

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ZIMON.

Forbid it, Heav'n!

TRYPHON.

She raves, now calls on Death!

Now on *Omphales*!

AMMON.

Then no Life for me!

My Hopes are lost!

ZIMON.

Oh, impious Violence!

AMMON.

I promis'd this good Sword to ease my Heart
When'er I knew Despair! I've breath'd thus long
But in the Expectation of to-day.

Let Cowards live in Pain! I'm not so brave!

ZIMON.

E'en in Contempt of Heaven's Clemency
To cast her Being off!

AMMON.

Nay, think not Heav'n——

TRYPHON.

Where tends thy Rage?

[*Apart to AMMON.*

AMMON.

Away! thou canst no more!

TRYPHON.

Hear me! This Disappointment hurts thy Brain!

ZIMON.

ZIMON.

Where have I err'd, that Heaven in its Wrath
Shou'd cast this Weight upon my weary Age?

AMMON.

Live? to become the Figure of Decay?

[*Breaking from* TRYPHON.

To stalk, like a repining, meagre Ghost,
About th' *Athenian* Streets? Feeding the Pride,
And Insolence of Fortune's pamper'd Fools?
Rather Obscurity, and endless Sleep!

A Sleep which Fate's severest Storms defies!
Against whose pow'rful Charm the thousand Tongues
Of Scorn, Reproach, and Envy hiss in vain!

ZIMON.

Nor let me murmur yet! The Gods far off
Beheld this Storm, and suffer'd it to fall!

TRYPHON.

Is this the Resolution of a Man?

[*Apart to* AMMON.

Insects, the Creatures of a Summer's Heat,
Who live but in the Bounty of the Sun,
And in the Season of Inclemency,
Seek Death in Holes, make such an End as this!

AMMON.

I'll treat thee as a fordid Instrument,
Made for some base Design, which, being us'd,
With Loathing, and Contempt is cast away.

ZIMON.

ZIMON.

Yet 'tis a Parent's Duty to receive
Her last, sad Words, and close her Eyes in Death!

[Going off, is detain'd by Ammon.]

AMMON.

Patron! I owe thee for some Favours past—
Beware of this thy evil Counsellor!
Woud'st thou believe, that hoary, reverend Man,
Who smiles like Innocence, and talks of Heav'n,
Thy Action's Guide, the Partner of thy Heart
Has wrong'd thee? been the Author of these Ills?
suffer'd a Bribe? and trifled with the Gods,
To rob thee of thy Daughter, and thy Fortunes?
In Combination too with that same Orphan
Whom thou hast cherish'd from his Infancy?
I say, woud'st thou believe it?

ZIMON.

Hah!——believe it!

TRYPHON.

Madness! the Rage of disappointed Love!

AMMON.

Credit a Man, devoted to Despair!
A Man, who builds not on to Morrow's Hopes!
• But hates the Light, and longs to be no more!

ZIMON.

Tryphon, if it be found thou hast practis'd on me!
If of their Hopes thou hast wrong'd this faithful Pair!
"Twere

'Twere better—nay, by Heav'ns thou shalt be prov'd!

[*Threatning him.*]

If thou return'st, like Gold from out the Fire,
Purg'd and refin'd, and brighten'd from the Tryal.
I meet thee thus! and take thee to my Heart——

[*Embracing him.*]

This, if thou'rt Faithful found: if otherwise,
No Torture can be equal to thy Crime!——
I've heard, indeed, that Artifice, and Fraud
Have lurk'd beneath the Vail of Sanctity!

TRYPHON.

In Hope of Mercy I confess it all! [Kneeling.]

ZIMON.

Mercy!—Ye Gods! if in such Shapes as these,
So near your sacred Altars we're betray'd,
Where is't that Man is safe?

AMMON.

In Death alone!

ZIMON.

Within! Secure him strait!

[*Enter Attendants who seize TRYPHON and carry him off.*]

S C E N E V.

Manent ZIMON, and AMMON.

AMMON.

Come, joyn with me,
To curse Mankind, and leave the savage Race!

A poor

A poor Man lives not here without Contempt!
 They stare upon the Monster! point him out!
 And hunt him, like Infection, from the Herd!
 Their very Mercy tastes of Cruelty!
 In Pride they grant, and spurn the humble Wretch
 Who feeds upon their Bounty!

ZIMON.

Thankless Man!

[*A Trumpet*

What may this mean?—a *Herald* from the State.

AMMON.

Then, lo! I prophesy!—prepare for War!
 Arm for the *Persian*!—after *Ammon's* Death
 Tell it with wonder, that a Prophet once
 Spoke Truth in *Greece*!

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Herald, to ZIMON, and AMMON.

ZIMON.

Hail, sacred Messenger!

What from the Senate? can I serve the State?
 I've liv'd for *Greece*, and now for *Greece* wou'd dye!
 Be brief with me!

HERALD.

Let mighty *Zimon* know,
Athens once more invites him to the Field.

The

The *Persians* have forgot thy Victories,
And rise again, to fall before thy Sword.
This will inform you—— [Delivering a Paper.

AMMON.

Now, ye equal Powers!
Pour down your Vengeance on th' *Athenian* Pride!
May *Persian* Rage devour their guilty Land,
And kill the Name of *Athens*!

HERALD.

Athens greets thee——

[Proceeding with ZIMON

The Senators of *Athens* are thy Friends:
And, as a Proof of the good Will they bear thee,
Have sent thee here a *Grecian* Enemy;
A young and riotous Nobleman of *Athens*.

ZIMON.

Hah!

HERALD.

Who, with others his Associates,
All in the Fever of their youthful Blood,
Was seiz'd in Combination even now
To have forc'd thy House, and spoil'd thee of thy
Daughter.

ZIMON.

Oh, my *Hesione*!——

HERALD.

The Senate waves

The

The Course of Justice, and delivers up
Th' Offender to thy Sentence——bring him forth!

OMPHALES *within.*

Unhand me! by the Gods, I'm basely wrong'd!

S C E N E VII.

Enter OMPHALES (struggling with the Guards)
to ZIMON, AMMON, and the Herald.

ZIMON.

Release him!

[*To the Guards.*

OMPHALES.

Where's the Wretch whose treach'rous Heart
The warmest Friendship, and the strongest Vows
Cou'd not secure from Falshood? he who shar'd
My Heart, and Fortunes, yet seduc'd me forth,
That in my Absence he might steal away
My only valued Treasure?

AMMON.

Such a Wretch
Shou'd *Ammon* be!——if Vengeance is thy Thirst,
Come on! and meet an Opposite, whose Hopes
Are not in Victory!——

[*Draws.*

OMPHALES.

So desperate?

Then thus——and so I pay thy Perjuries!

[*Wrests his Sword from one of the Guards.*

[*They fight: AMMON is driven off.*

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

OMPHALES *returns instantly to ZIMON and the Herald.*

This Arm has justly minister'd thy Fate!
Our Enemy's no more: but where's that Friend,
That faithful, beauteous Friend? she who was wont
With Smiles of Love to welcome my Return
From greater Conquests, and a nobler Foe?

ZIMON.

Oh, name her not! if thou hast Pow'r, forget her!

OMPHALES.

And art thou then still deaf to all our Pray'rs?

ZIMON.

Alas, *Omphales!* wretched, injur'd Youth!
Had *Zimon* known, what now too late he mourns,
As soon he wou'd have shun'd his Foe in War!
Or pierc'd the dearest Corner of his Heart!
As soon have trampled on the Laws of Heav'n,
As e'er have torn thee from *Hesione!*
Pleas'd, I had crown'd your long, and faithful Loves,
Fondly each Day beheld your Joys increase,
Deceiving so th' Infirmities of Age,
'Till the late Hour of Fate!

OMPHALES.

What may this mean?

ZIMON.

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ZIMON.

Demand no more!

OMPHALES.

Heav'n, guard *Hesione*!

ZIMON.

Hah!—turn thee there!—Oh, ye immortal Pow'rs!

OMPHALES.

Alas! then it is plain! the Cause is plain!

And Harmony itself is now untun'd!

S C E N E IX.

*Enter HESIONE distracted to ZIMON, OMPHALES,
and the Herald.*

HESIONE.

Hark!—'twas the midnight Raven!—

OMPHALES.

Guard her, Heav'n!

HESIONE.

Dost thou not hear it?—hence, Ill-boader, hence!—

—Nay, tell me not! there's Treach'ry! Treach'ry!

—What?—*Ammon*?—out! I'll hear no more of that!

—Soft! soft!—the Hour is almost come!—'tis dark!

Heav'n sees me not! I'll steal him from the Gods!

OMPHALES.

Hesione——!

[Taking her by the Hand, and looking affectionately on her.]

HESI-

(273)

HESIONE.

Away!——I'll to my Love!——

Villainy! rank Villainy!——nay, 'twill out!——
——Sure I shall meet him soon.

OMPHALES.

Behold him here

Omphales here!——

HESIONE.

When shall I die indeed?

OMPHALES.

Live, and be happy long within these Arms——

[*Embracing her.*

HESIONE.

Omphales——

[*Recovering.*

OMPHALES.

'Tis *Omphales* speaks to thee!——

HESIONE.

Far off, methinks, I hear the Charmer's Voice!

——'Tis he! *Omphales* self!

OMPHALES.

Now shall I grow

Wild in my Turn, and mad with Extasy!

The Gods at length reward our faithful Loves!

HESIONE.

Alas, *Omphales*——'tis too powerful!——

There is no Room for Hope!

T

OMPHALES

OMPHALES.

No more of this!
Enough of Sorrow we've already known!
Long Joy succeeds!

HESIONE.

Oh, think no more of Joy!

OMPHALES.

What means my Love?

HESIONE.

Oh!—I am cold to Death!—
Your Presence cheers me yet—if you survive,
And in an happy Maid forget a true one,
May she adore you with a Love like mine!

OMPHALES.

Alas! again she raves!—

ZIMON.

Wou'd it were so!—

HESIONE.

My solemn Vow, *Omphales*!—it is past!
—I've ta'en the fatal Draught.

OMPHALES.

What do I hear?—

Ye Pow'rs, defend my Soul from instant Madness!

HESIONE.

If I have been in haste —when we shall meet
In endless Peace—you surely may forgive—I
I can no more——

[Dies.

ZIMON.

ZIMON.

Oh, fatal Constancy!

OMPHALES.

I was a Partner in that solemn Vow!

[Recovering from his Astonishment]

—And thus I share it! *[Falls on his Sword by her]*

ZIMON.

Send me Patience, Heav'n!—

OMPHALES.

Ev'n Death is here inviting!—be it thus

With our Remains — One Urn will hold our

Ashes — *[Dies.]*

ZIMON.

I shall not long survive these heavy Ills!—

Tho' Life becomes a Load too great, to bear,

Let us not murmur yet; but thank the Gods,

'Tis in our Choice to die!—But let it pass!—

Now for the State — the Cause of these our Ills

[To the Herald.]

They soon shall learn—bear thou my Answer thus!

Tell 'em I'll go—but never to return!

That I may conquer—but not live to triumph!

That I, whom Glory, and the Cause of Greece

Were wont to summon to the dusty Field,

Am now call'd forth by Desperation,

The Spur of Cowards! for I am sick of Life,

And wou'd no more look out upon the Day;

Then I demand this Boon ! when they at large
 Have heard th' Offenders Crimes, that they inflict
 A rig'rous Justice on the impious *Tryphon*.
 And lastly give 'em these Instructions from me !
 When they shall hear a smooth, and forward Tongue
 Descant on Heaven from a Face like *Tryphon's*,
 That they look round, and arm against Destruction :

That to be kind is dang'rous: that they trust
 To Heav'n alone ; for Heav'n alone is just !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER.

*I*F in th' Attempt you've found our Author fail,*Yet cease, severer Criticks, cease to rail!**Too well he knew, he could but faintly show,**How Poets pleas'd two thousand Years ago;**Nor vainly did presume to rival those**Whose Fame has ever liv'd, and ever grows.**Let abler Bards to such great Aims aspire,**And equal what he only can admire;**Contented if he shows the arduous Height,**And calls forth others to maintain the Flight,**Far better pleas'd in Search of Truth to stray,**Than gain false Glory by a surer Way.**Think, he offends in no inglorious Cause;**And all his Benefit is your Applause.**For his own Pleasure first these Scenes were made;**If he has pleas'd You too, he's doubly paid.*

Some Fragments of NEW
A Tragedy lost.

And when we rose, and boldly charge the God,
While Reason's light is dimmed by the night,
And meanly steals his Conquests o'er our Minds,
This is a little by the way, I say,
And leaves the Idol naked to our View
The superficial-Gilding wears away,
Draw near, th' Illusion ceases to deceive
It at a Distance glares, and is ador'd
And Grandeur, if not Misery adorn'd
Mortals is a Jewels' Thrift of Fame,
An eager Race after an empty Shade.

Some Fragments of NERO,
a Tragedy lost.

I.

Ambition is a lawless Thirst of Fame,
An eager Race after an empty *Shade*,
And *Grandeur* is but *Misery* adorn'd;
It at a Distance glares, and is ador'd:
Draw near, th' *Illusion* ceases to deceive,
The *superficial Gilding* wears away,
And leaves the *Idol* naked to our View.

II.

Love is a little, sly, designing Knave,
And meanly steals his Conquests o'er our Minds,
While *Reason's* lull'd to Sleep by *Idleness*;
But when we *rouse*, and boldly charge the *God*,

The *Coward* flies, and we're our selves again, —

III.

'Tis well! sleep on: the Hours that *Wretches* sleep,
Are stol'n from *Misery*——

IV.

Why dost thou start? of what art thou afraid?
It is a *beaten Road* which leads to *Death*:
My Father pointed out the Way to me,
And his Forefather mark'd his *Passage* hence,

V.

How kind are *Tyrants*, when they wou'd *destroy*:
While yet we *live*, 'tis in their Pow'r to pain;
But when the friendly Stroke of *Death* is o'er,
What do their Chains, and Tortures then avail?

VI.

Men call me *Tyrant*, so, in Truth, I am;
But chiefly to my self——why then reform!

——'Tis

—'Tis now too late!—Furies, and Hell—

who's there?

Alone I am too many for my self.

VII.

—*Virtue* is its own Reward,

And now rewarded only by it self;

A precious *Jewel*, whose transcendent Worth

Is known, but to those few who bosom it;

Its Pow'r can disappoint the *Tyrant's* Rage,

And weary Punishment; the Gods infuse

A hidden Balsam in its *Sufferings*,

To mitigate their Pains: So just is Heav'n!

VIII.

Let us not *meet* Misfortunes; 'tis too soon

To *feel* them, when they come—

IX.

Man's highest *Wisdom* is of small Account;

He sees, at best, as thro' a clouded Glass,

Erroneous Forms, and the false Shapes of Things.

X.

X.

Shou'd ev'n the *Gods* themselves from *Heav'n* descend,
 Mix with Mankind, and trifle here on Earth,
 No *Altars* wou'd be rais'd, no *Incense* smoak;
 The *Creature* their *Creator* wou'd despise,
 And soon forget to whom they owe their *Being*.

XI.

It is a Maxim in the Art of *Love*,
 Which all shou'd learn, who wou'd successful prove,
 That *Women* still *disdain* the *prostrate* Prize,
 But *follow* still, whene'er the *Lover* flies;
 They *frown*, while Man *submissively complains*,
 Or *laugh* at the poor Wretch, who *buggs* his Chains:
 Let him but *struggle* for his *Liberty*,
 At the Expence of *their's* they'll set him *free*.

XII.

To the *Unhappy Death* at any *Time*
 In any *Shape* is welcome: What sick Man

Consults

Consults the *Garb* of his *Physician*?

XIII.

When *Fear* has once thrown *Reason* from her Seat,
Unbridled *Fancy* reigns without Controul,
And hurries us to Madness——

XIV.

At length the proudest *Fair* must be subdu'd;
For she who gains each Day a thousand *Hearts*,
Has still a *Heart* to lose——

Design'd

*Design'd for an Epilogue to a
Tragedy call'd the REVENGE.*

'TIS well a Southern Clime our *Scene* supplies,
Where *Passions* with superiour Ardour rise,
Where the *fond Spouse* dares venture to inquire,
And the *chast Wife*, to prove her *Truth*, expire!

A *British* Husband, and suspect! nay, dye,
A willing *Martyr* to his Jealousy!
That were a *Farce* indeed! and an Offence
Against our Country's *Breeding*, and good *Sense*!
And what kind, squeamish *Dame* of this frank Nation
E'er gave up *Life*, to clear her *Reputation*?

No! here th' experienc'd *Pair*, like *Sharppers*, meet,
Both *arm'd* alike, and both *resolv'd* to cheat,

While

While the fair *Nymph* consents, but to be *free*,
And wears the *Yoke* for greater *Liberty*.

But if, amidst the *Herd*, some *Churl* we find;
Not absolutely to her *Faults* resign'd,
To her *first Error* he may yet be kind.

But if th' imprudent *Sot* his *Shame* will spread;
What's the *dire Vengeance* for his *sprouting Head*?
Why, what she most desires—a *sep'rate Bed*.

Let none then here of *Hymen's Bonds* complain,
Howe'er he treats his *Votaries* in *Spain*,
In ev'ry Point our *Freedom* we maintain.

Part of the Epilogue to a Comedy call'd the MASQUERADE.

HEavens! what *Alteration* wou'd be here,
 Shou'd ye toNight in your *trueForms* appear?
 But of your *realShapes* you're all afraid;
 And the *whole World* is one great *Masquerade*.

The *Courtier's* smile, the *Hero's* dreadful Air,
 The *Virgin's* Frown, the *Widow's* deep Despair,
 And *solemn Coxcomb's* venerable Face
 Are useful *Vizards* all, and meer *Grimace*;
 And wisest, bravest, safest, happiest
 Are they, whose *borrow'd Masks* conceal them best.

* * * * *

Part of the Epilogue to a Co

medy called the MASQUE

P A P Y R I O N ;

O R, T H E

Modern *Argonauts*.

Part of the Epilogue to a
Dedication

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
FIRST
VOLUME
OF THE
HISTORY
OF THE
REVOLUTION
IN
ENGLAND
BY
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ESQ.
OF
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INTRODUCTION.

IT can be no difficult matter to guess at the Person meant by the extraordinary Hero of the following Piece. What gave Occasion to it, were frequent Opportunities of conversing with him in the Place, where he last resided. It opens with his Escape, by the Connivance of a certain great Man, after the unhappy Issue of a System which caused so many Revolutions. 'Tis well known, that he was not the least Martyr to his own Projects. His Perseverance in the firm Belief of the real Usefulness, and Probability of his Schemes to the very last, furnishes the Design. The Matter, except some few, faint Shadows of Truth, is purely Invention, and Machinery, the Story being taken up, when his real Adventures were over, which, however, will

U

not

not probably altogether escape the Writers of the Age, since nothing can be more surprizing, and romantic, or demand stronger Attestations to confirm the Belief of it to Posterity, than what literally happen'd on that Occasion. Had this Piece appear'd at the Time, and in the Country it was writ in, it might, perhaps, have been seen more to its Advantage, than it can hope for at present.

Modern Arguments.

GIVE me back my Pen, give it me, I say, and cease Persuasion; the unpardonable of Persuasion will not be lost to Posterity. On each side of the River of Jupiter there is placed a Tree, the one of these are conveyed the Complaints, and supplications of distressed, miserable Mortals, with such importunate Wails, and sighing Murmurs, as no human Ear could be capable of enduring but for one single Moment: The other come from Princes and Kings; but in so

P A P Y.

PAPYRION;

OR, THE

Modern *Argonauts*.

GIVE me back my *Pen*! give it me, I say, and cease *Persuasion*! the unparalleled *Adventures* of PAPYRION shall not be lost to *Posterity*.

ON each side of the *Throne* of JUPITER there is plac'd a *Tube*; thro' one of these are convey'd the *Complaints*, and *Supplications* of discontented, miserable *Mortals*, with such impetuous *Wind*, and mighty *Murmur*, as no *human Ear* cou'd be capable of enduring but for one single *Moment*: Thro' the other come their *Praises*, and *Thanksgivings*; but in so

soft a Breath, and in such *low* and gentle *Whispers*, that the *all-perfect* Ear of Jove has much ado to hear them. From the first of these was now utter'd so unusual, and horrid a Din of *Prayer*, mixt with such abominable *Imprecations*, and *Blasphemies*, as not only drew the *Attention* of JUPITER; but *alarm'd* all the rest of *Heaven*.

THESE strange *Cries*, it seems, came from the distress'd *Navy* of our *Hero* PAPYRION, who, by the generous *Aid* of the great ORLANDO, had now newly escap'd from his *Enemies*, and still big with his mighty *Projects*, however unsuccessful, set Sail with his few, desperate *Followers* in *Quest* of the *Oracle* of PLUTUS. Scarce had they launch'd out into the wide *Ocean*, and lost sight of *Land*, when there arose on a sudden the most violent *Tempest* that, perhaps, has ever been heard of, since that which threw the *Trojan Hero* on the *Coast* of the unfortunate *Queen* of *Carthage*; in so much that all were seized with the utmost *Terror*, and *Amazement*, except the undaunted PAPYRION, who being confident, that the *Fates* had destin'd him for still greater, and more surprizing *Revolutions*, sat

serene, and unmov'd amidst this *Scene of Horrors*, and seem'd to take little or no Notice of what was passing before his Eyes, till his old, and faithful Servant FARUNDEL embraced his *Knees*, and bewailed their *Condition*; nor was he then mov'd, but to reprove him, for his want of *Resolution* and *Perserverance*, while POLLAYER, who was in another *Vessel* not far from them, seeing the *Danger* they were in, made the usual *Signs of Adieu* to our *Hero* his *Friend*, and *Patron*, despairing ever to see PAPYRION again; for the *Day* still dark'ning, and the *Winds*, and *Waves* growing louder, and more *boisterous*, the *Ships* were soon dispersed.

Now JUPITER beholding with *Paternal* Concern the present *confused*, and *wretched* State of *human Things*, resolv'd to *exterminate* the *Remains* of that unaccountable *Fury* with which PLUTUS, the *God of Riches* had so lately *disturb'd* the *Minds of Mortals*; but as he prepar'd to try again his long neglected *Thunder* on the Head of PAPYRION, the ever blooming VENUS gently staid his rising *Arm*. JUPITER smil'd on his beloved *Daughter*, and deliver'd up her Favourite PAPY-

RION to her *Protection*, upon her swearing by the tremendous *Styx*, either to *cure* him of his *Frenzy*, or to hide him for ever from the Sight of *Mortals*.

VENUS having thus saved her beloved *Voluntary*, left the *Assembly* of the *Deities*, and easily prevail'd with *Neptune* to chase the rude *Tempest* from his *Dominions*. As for the *Ships*, they were doom'd to perish, with most of PAPHYRION's Followers; but he, and his trusty FARUNDEL were, at the Request of VENUS, cast on SEMPRONIA's Coast.

PAPHYRION express'd no more *Joy* at his *Landing* than he had shown *Concern* in the Height of the *Tempest*; but FARUNDEL, who had never yet heard of any *Deity* that particularly *watch'd* over him and his Affairs, was so overjoy'd at this *Escape*, that he kiss'd his Mother *Earth* with no little *Devotion*. They had now advanced some way up the Country, when standing still, and looking about them, to make what *Discoveries* they cou'd, PAPHYRION observ'd not far off his old Friend SYRISCA advancing towards him. Surpris'd to meet her in this unknown *Land*, he

was

was about to speak to her, when she thus prevented him.

O PAPYRION! I am no longer that convenient SYRISCA you once knew: The depraved *Taste* of the *Age*, and the *Cruelty* of *Magistrates* have snatch'd me untimely from the *Society* of *Mortals*! I now fill out *Nectar* in the golden *Bowers* of that *Divinity*, whose *Altars* I never neglected whilst amongst *Mankind*. Behold! on yonder *Promontory* stands a lofty *Pile*, that sweet *Retreat* of SEMPRONIA, who commands in this happy *Region*: There you will find true *Repose*, and enjoy the just *Recompence* of your past *Labours*. Be no longer guided by the blind *Ambition*, which has hitherto been so fatal to your *Ease*. Consider the *Shortness*, and *Uncertainty* of human *Life*; think *Pleasure* the only *solid* Good, and still be worthy of the *Protection* of VENUS.

SHE said, and departed like an *Arrow* from the *Bow* of a mighty *Archer*.

THESE *Words* were more delightful to the *Ears* of FARUNDEL than the sweetest *Musick*, and PAPYRION, respecting the Name of VENUS,

NUS, resolv'd to obey SYRISCA, and turn'd his Steps towards SEMPRONIA's Castle.

THIS SEMPRONIA was a *Lady* of extream *Beauty*, and great *Power*, but now under the *Displeasure* of VENUS; for whether it was that she had made some secret *Vow* of *Chastity*, a *Practise* she much encouraged, or that her natural *Coldness* had led her rather to list her self in the *Train* of DIANA, she rejected with *Contempt* all the Offers of *Love* that the neighbouring *Potentates* had made her, impiously insulting VENUS herself, and her sacred *Miseries*; but the *Goddeß* was too *jealous* of her *Glory*, to let such *Affronts* pass unre-veng'd; for one Day as SEMPRONIA return'd from the *Chace*, her daily *Diversiön*, attended by her favourite *Virgins*, VENUS, putting on the *Form* of a young *Huntress*, led them out of the way into a neighbouring *Forest* under Pretence of discovering where they might find Game for the next Day's *Sport*. Here, amidst the thickest of the *Shades* there stands a *Fountain*, whose strange *Virtue* was then unknown to any but the *Divinities* themselves. So powerful are the *Effects* of its *Waters*, that whatever *Nymph* once bathes in them,
tho

tho' before the coldest of DIANA's Followers, finds immediately a *Warmth* in her *Blood*, scarce ever to be subdued. The revengeful *Goddeſs*, under her *Diſguiſe*, extols the *Brightneſs* of the limpid *Stream*; the *Muſic* of its *Murmurs*; the refreshing *Shades* that cover it; the *Beauty*, and *Oddneſs* of the *Pebbles* with which *Nature* had pav'd its bottom; and the *Variety* and *Sweetneſs* of the *Flowers* which *enamel* its *Borders*: Then, caſting off her *Quiver*, and her *Robe*, ſhe plunged into the *treacherous Water*, calling out to SEMPRONIA to do the like, who inſtantly follow'd her with ARTEMISA, the moſt intimate of SEMPRONIA's Companions; nor were the reſt long behind. When they had ſufficiently cleans'd, and reſreſh'd themſelves from the *Duſt*, and *Toil* of the *Field*, they return'd home highly delighted with their new-found *Bath*.

IT was not long before this deceitful *Fountain* diſcover'd its cruel *Influence* firſt on SEMPRONIA her ſelf, who by the malicious *Contrivance* of the *Goddeſs*, her *Enemy*, conceiv'd the moſt violent, and unnatural of *Paſſions*. VENUS her ſelf never languish'd more for her belov'd ADONIS, than SEMPRONIA did now
for

for ARTEMISA. She soon grew *unactive*, and *indifferent* to every Thing but her *Society*: The Forests, Hills, and Valleys echoed no more with the chearful Sound of *Horns*, the Shouts of her *Nymphs*, and Cries of her once beloved *Dogs*: All things were sacrificed to her unhappy *Passion*. The rest of her *Companions*, proud of following the *Example* of their *Mistress*, and press'd by the same *Necessity*, took the same *Course*, and every body wonder'd with Pleasure, how it shou'd come about that that *Sex*, which but so very lately were constantly *aspersing* each other, shou'd now, all on a sudden, live in so strict an *Union* of *Friendship*, and sisterly *Love*.

THIS had sometime been the *State* of *Affairs* in SEMPRONIA's *Court*, who was now diverting herself in her *Baths* with ARTEMISA, and the rest of her *Attendants*, when PAPYRION, and his faithful FARUNDEL, arrived at her *Palace* Gates. Her People, who were accusom'd to receive shipwreckt *Passengers*, conducted our *Adventurers* into an *Apartment*, thro' which SEMPRONIA was to pass, after *Bathing*, to a sumptuous *Repast*, which was prepar'd for her.

PAPY-

PAPYRION, who had some *Taste* for the fine *Arts*, admir'd the *Delicacy*, and *Magnificence* with which the *Rooms* were *finish'd*, and was not disagreeably surpriz'd, to find, that even some of his own *Adventures* furnish'd the *Subjects* of the choicest *Paintings* in it.

FARUNDEL, quoth he, I see, our *Labours*, are not confin'd to that Corner of the *Earth*, which was the *Scene* of them: Our *Fame* is already got abroad. Observe here, with what *Address* the skilful *Painter* has describ'd the mighty *Temple*, which I caus'd to be erected to that all powerful *Divinity* of *Riches*, whose *High Priest* I am, that famous *Temple*, built by the *Suggestions* of the *Deity* himself. Behold, how *fair*, and *beautiful* it rises! See, how gloriously it is *adorned* on every Side with the *Emblems* of the *Good* it promises to *Mankind*! Here you may observe *Pleasures* of all Kinds; *Balls*, *Banquets*, *Bacchanals*, and wanton *Nymphs*; there *Honours*, *Triumphs*, splendid *Equipages*, and magnificent *Palaces*; and here again are to be seen crouded *Seaports*, *Fleets* of trading *Vessels*, *Magazines* of *Wealth*, and *Merchandise*, with
all

all the *Ensigns of Plenty*, and flourishing *Commerce*.

As he was discoursing in this manner, SEMPRONIA, and her *Attendants* appear, when PAPYRION, placing himself in her Way, accosts her in these Words.

“ KNOW, great *Sovereign* of this happy
 “ *Shoar!* that you now see before you the
 “ far renown’d PAPYRION, *High Priest* of
 “ the omnipotent PLUTUS, that PAPYRION,
 “ whose Fate it is, to restore the *golden Age*
 “ to *Mankind*. Escaped, by the means of the
 “ brave, and generous ORLANDO, from the
 “ *Rage* of those cruel *Persecutors*, who envy
 “ my future *Glory*, I seek the *Oracle* of the
 “ *Divinity* I serve, the charming *God* of
 “ *Treasure*, to be farther instructed in the
 “ great *Work* for which I am *born*, and to
 “ know in what *Region* of the *Earth* his
 “ *Temple* shall once more be rais’d. A mighty
 “ *Tempest*, bright *Ruler* of these *Realms!*
 “ has thrown me on your *Hospitable Land*.
 “ I ask nothing but necessary *Refreshments*,
 “ and the Means to continue my intended
 “ *Voyage.*”

SEMPRO-

SEMPRONIA, whom the malicious *Queen* of *Love* had already disposed to *Compassion*, and *Desire*, was immediately touch'd with his *Condition*, notwithstanding her being well acquainted with his *Extravagance*, and charm'd with a *Person* naturally *ingaging*, and on which the *Goddeſs*, on this *Occaſion*, had plentifully ſhowered all her moſt attractive *Graces*; for VENUS being now fully bent on the *Revenge* with which ſhe had reſolved to perſecute SEMPRONIA, as well as on diverting her favourite PAPHRION from the unaccountable *Madneſs* with which PLUTUS had poſſeſs'd him, made uſe of all her *Divinity* to inflame theſe two with a violent *Paſſion* for each other, which ſucceeded ſo well, that PAPHRION ſoon forgot all his fine *Projects* in the *Arms* of SEMPRONIA, while ſhe abandon'd herſelf entirely to him, even to the Neglect of ARTEMISA, to whom ſhe was before ſo abſolutely devoted.

BUT ARTEMISA, finding herſelf now wholly diſregarded by SEMPRONIA, and that the unlimited *Power* ſhe had enjoy'd before PAPHRION'S Arrival now devolved entirely on himſelf, was no longer able to bear her *Diſ-*
grace

grace with *Patience*; but sought to supplant her *Rival* by all the means *Revenge*, and *Jealousy* were capable of suggesting.

SATIETY of *Enjoyment*, together with the *Apprehension* of the *Effects* of ARTEMISA'S Anger began soon to alienate PAPYRION'S Mind from the *Resolution* he had taken of establishing himself with SEMPRONIA; and his *ambitious Frenzy* which for a short Time had been, as it were, lull'd to *Sleep*, began now to *awaken* afresh in his Mind. Thus big with his favourite *System*, and ruminating on the *Vicissitude* of his *Fortune*, he walk'd out one Morning along the *Sea Coast*, while the *Ocean*, which he beheld now as smooth as a *Mirror*, call'd to his Mind the very different *Scene* it had presented to him but a few Days before, and renew'd to his working *Imagination* the Loss of POLLAVER, who he thought had perish'd with the rest of his *Followers* in the late *Tempest*: But he particularly regretted POLLAVER, not only for the *Love* he had ever bore him; but for having lost in him the *Person* he had pitch'd upon to record the *Actions* of his *Life*, and deliver his *Deeds* to *Posterity*. While these *Thoughts fluctuated* in his

Head

Head, he discovers at some distance on the Shoar a *Man*, who seem'd in the highest *Agitation*, and making the most extravagant *Gestures*, that it is possible for any *possess'd Person* to do. Upon his Approach, he found this odd *Figure* to be the very POLLAYER he so much lamented, who it seems, was repeating to himself an *Elegy* he had newly compos'd upon the suppos'd *Death* of his *Patron* PAPYRION. After the usual Joy, and Embraces between two *Friends* who meet safe, and well, after having given each other over for lost, PAPYRION inform'd him fully of what had happen'd at SEMPRONIA's Castle, to which Place they made all the Hast they cou'd together, while POLLAYER, in return, let PAPYRION know, with what Difficulty he had escaped from perishing in the Tempest, and how he had since been subsisted by the *Humanity* of some poor *Fishermen*, who inhabited that *Coast*.

THO' SEMPRONIA daily invented new *Pleasures* to divert her belov'd PAPYRION from thinking of any Thing, but what might *detain* him agreeably with her, yet the cruel *Madness*, with which the *Infernal* PLUTUS, had

had *intoxicated* him, gain'd dayly so much on his *Reason*, and the *Threats* of the incens'd ARTEMISA so disturb'd him, that he cou'd by no means be at Rest, till he had resolv'd to abandon this unactive *Life*, in order to pursue the great *Affair*, which employ'd continually his distemper'd *Brain*; and he was now more impatient to depart, since he had been inform'd by ARTEMISA's Emissaries, that the neighbouring *Potentates*, whose *Love*, and Offers of *Marriage* had been before refus'd by SEMPRONIA with such *Scorn*, were now actually in *Arms* to treat him as their common *Rival*, and the Obstacle to their *Happiness*; accordingly, one Day while SEMPRONIA, and her *People* were busy'd in contriving some new *Entertainment* for him, he stole away at a private Gate, accompany'd by POLLAYER, and his trusty FARUNDEL.

WHEN SEMPRONIA found her *Paramour* was *fled*, she was *inconsolable*, till reflecting with *Shame*, and *Indignation* upon the *Love* she had thrown away on a perfidious *Madman*, she fell prostrate before a *Statue* of VENUS, humbly imploring *Pardon* of the *Goddess* for all her past *Impieties*. The *Divinity*

nity heard her *Prayers* favourably, and, upon her vowing to erect a magnificent *Temple* to her *Name*, was immediately appeas'd, while, from that time forward, SEMPRONIA ceas'd to have any more *Desires*, than what are *common* to her *Sex*.

IN the mean while our *Adventurers* made what haste they could out of SEMPRONIA'S Territories thro' Woods, and By-ways, avoiding with Care the frequented *Roads*, lest they might be discover'd in their precipitated *Flight*. About the close of the *Evening* they came to an open View of the *Ocean*, at the end of a *Forrest* where the *Coast* forms a small Bay; here they sat down, and refresh'd themselves with what *Provisions* the wary FARUNDEL had stuf in his *Wallet*, who now regretted very heartily the good *Cheer* he had been forc't to leave behind him at SEMPRONIA'S Castle; while PAPYRION, like a worthy *Leader*, encourag'd his *Followers* with mighty *Promises*, and *Assurances* of arriving soon at the *Oracle* of PLUTUS; in order to continue his great *Design* which, he say'd, he had not the least *Doubt* of succeeding in, to their great good Fortune and future *Happiness*.

As they were thus setting and discoursing of these things in the *Silence* of the *Night*, they heard the distant Noise of *Oars* lashing the *Water*, and immediately discover'd by the *Light* of the *Moon* a small *Gally*, which approach'd the *Sboar*, and came to Anchor just by them. PAPHYRION and FARUNDEL, fatigued with the *Labour* of the *Day*, went to Rest; but POLLAVER, pleas'd with the *Silence*, and *Serenity* which reign'd at that time, the *View* of the calm *Ocean*, with the *Moon* playing upon its Surface, and the gentle *Murmur* of the *Surge*, which beat against the *Strand*, was most agreeably kept awake till the *Night* was pretty far advanc'd. As soon as the *Day* began to break, and *Diana* to give Place to her Brother *Phæbus*, the *Mariners* on Board the *Gally*, observing our *Travellers*, came ashore in their *Shallop* in a hasty, and tumultuous manner, and forcing them into the *Vessel*, put instantly to *Sea* with them, who soon discovered, that they were now *Prisoners* to the most resolute and cruel *Pirate*, that infested that *Coast*; but fortunately for them, this *Cosair* was that very *Day* pursued by a much superior *Force*, which obliged him, as the *Night* came

came on, to run his *Ship* ashore, and save *himself*, and *Followers* by flying up the *Country*, so that our *Hero*, and his two *Companions* were restored to their *Liberty*.

THEY found themselves now near the wealthy POLYDORE, who, purely by PAPYRION's means, had become immensely rich from possessing nothing of his own, and had ever since affected a fine *Taste* in every Thing without the least spark of *Genius* to support it. His *Buildings* were very *spacious*, and heavy, ill contrived *within*, and loaded without with costly, and unnatural *Ornaments*; his *Statues* and *Paintings* in great number, glaring, and very indifferent; and nothing but *Ostentation*, and *Flattery*, *Ignorance*, and *Insolence* were found about him. PAPYRION, arriving at the lofty *Gates* of this new built *Palace*, desires *Access* to him; but as soon as POLYDORE was made acquainted with his *Request*, and inform'd of the distress'd *Condition* that his former *Friend*, and *Patron* was in, he is absolutely deny'd *Admittance*, and even insulted by the *Slaves* of this *haughty* and *ungrateful* Man, who sent PAPYRION word to be gone, lest he shou'd incur his just *Indignation*, and

Resentment, having, he said, lost by his *Management* ten thousand *Talents* of *Gold*; for tho' *POLYDORE* had by *PAPYRION*'s means heap'd up immense *Riches*, yet, not satisfy'd with what he had *really* acquired, he thought himself greatly injured, in losing the *Expectation* of much *imaginary* *Treasure*.

PAPYRYON having a *Soul* superiour to these *Affronts* was not in the least moved with the *Baseness* of *POLYDORE*, nor did he seem at all uneasy at his present *Wants* and desperate *Condition*; but on the contrary, departed full of the pleasing *Hopes* of arriving soon at the *Oracle* of *PLUTUS* which *Deity* he made no Doubt, wou'd inform him of his future *Conduct*, and lead him surely to *Wealth*, and *Glo-*
ry.

OUR *Hero*, and his *Dependants* wandring several Days in great *Distress*, had recourse to various *Stratagems* to support themselves, which did not succeed to their *Wishes*; and now to add to their *Disgraces*. They retir'd by chance to a small *Inn*, which they saw upon the *Road*, where no sooner did the *Host* cast his *Eyes* on *PAPYRION*, but he remember'd him to be the *Person* thro whose *Projects* all the

little

little *Wealth* he had formerly scraped together by his Labour, and Industry, had been *metamorphosed* into what was of no more *Value* than a bit of foul *Paper*. To be *revenged*, as well as he was able, upon the *Author* of his *Misfortunes*, he now regales him in *Mockery* at Supper time, instead of *Meat*, with the cheapest old *Books* he cou'd purchase in the *Village*. This cou'd be no very agreeable *Entertainment* to hungry *Travellers*; but PAPYRION, considering he had nothing left to pay his *Host*, knew he had no Pretence to demand better *Fare*, and POLLAYER who gave a shrew'd guess at the reason of this extraordinary *Supper*, cou'd not help smiling at the *ridiculous* Punishment the *Host* had inflicted on PAPYRION; but poor FARUNDEL, not having *Philosophy* enough to bear this *Disappointment* with any *Patience*, cou'd not refrain from reproaching his *Master*, for having so rashly forsaken SEMPRONIA's hospitable *Mansion*. In short, the *Nourishment* of the *Mind* being now the only *Food* within the Reach of PAPYRION, and POLLAYER, they began very quietly to *study* what was set before them, while FARUNDEL, in a very ill Humour, fell to gnaw-

ing, and devouring what *Bones*, and *Scrap* he found remaining in his *Wallet*. Great Part of the Night was spent in turning over the *Leaves* before them and chewing the aerial *Diet* that their wily *Host* had provided for them; which however, was *wholsomer* than he imagin'd, containing many *moral Lectures*, suited to their present *Circumstances*, and consisting chiefly of such old, neglected *Authors*, as the *Ancients* had ever had in the highest *Veneration*. It is strange, quoth POLLAYER, after having satisfy'd himself with *Reading*, that there are so very few of the *Moderns* in whose *Writings* any regular *Plan* is to be traced, notwithstanding *Antiquity* has given them so many fine *Examples* of the *Use*, and *Necessity* of *Order*, even in the *smallest* Performances; they are ever in *Confusion*, wanting that beautiful *Simplicity*, which so *charms* us in these worm-eaten *Papers*, cou'd they be contented to copy purely after *Nature*, they wou'd not only be *clear* in their *Compositions*, but know *precisely* what *limits* to give to their *Productions*, which in drawing a *Monster*, are not easily prescrib'd. After some *Discourses* of this kind, and a short *Repose*, they waked FARUNDEL with
much

much ado, and, without the *Ceremony* of taking leave of any *Body*, set out early in farther *Search* of the *Oracle*, which PAPYRION so much desir'd to consult

THEY travell'd all day with greater *Alacrity* than fasting *Travellers* are wont to do, PAPYRION still *confirming* them more, and more, in the *Affurance* of his future *Success*, and the great *Advantages* which their following him, and his *Fortune* must at length prove to them. About *Evening* they were overtaken by a violent *Storm* of *Wind*, mixt with such terrible *Claps* of *Thunder*, and heavy *Showers* of *Rain*, as oblig'd them to seek for *Shelter* in a spacious *Cavern*, which was a little out of the *Road*. Here they found sitting in a *Corner*, a blind, old Man with a venerable, grey *Beard*; but dirty, and in *Rags*, and eating with much *Eagerness*; they soon discovered him to be the *King*, or *Father* of a *Troop* of *Beggars*, who were at present out to bring home what they cou'd light upon to their superannuated *Chief*. At the *Arrival* of our *Adventurers* he imagined his *Gang* was already returned to his *Assistance*; but, on the contrary, being half *famish'd*, as well as heartily *tir'd*, they first

made bold with what *Provisions* this poor *Wretch* had before him, and then lay'd themselves down to rest. After some time, there rush'd in, driven thither by the same *Tempest*, several *Mourners* on Horseback attending on a *Corps* in *Funeral* State, which was follow'd by a very beautiful *Woman*, who by her *Dress*, and *Deportment*, seem'd the most disconsolate of *Widows*; she was accompany'd by a grave *Personage*, whose *Garb*, and *Mien* bespoke him no less than a Man of some extraordinary *Rank*. The *Solemnity* of this *Procession*, and the *Glare* of a number of *Torches* fill'd the *Cave* with a kind of *Horror*, which at first startled our *Travellers*; but as soon as the *Body* was deposited in a convenient Place, and the *Horses*, and *Equipages* distributed in proper Order, they, who bore the *Lights*, were order'd to extinguish them, and every one was bid to betake himself quietly to his *Reposè*. After the best part of the *Night* had pass'd in *Silence*, and that *sincere* Sleep which weary *Voyagers* enjoy, the *Company* was alarm'd by a *Band* of *Robbers*, who broke in suddenly with *Lights*, some some *Prisoners*, and much *Booty*; but what turn'd this frightful *Scene* into *Mirth*,
was

was the most *indecent Posture*, and *Confusion* in which the *afflicted Widow*, and the *grave Person*, who came with her, were *surpriz'd* together. As soon as PAPYRION saw these *Robbers*, he knew several of them to be, such as were driven to this *desperate Way of Living*, by having *sacrificed* too rashly to his former unsuccessful *Projects*, and, fearing to be discover'd by them, stole immediately out of the *Cavern* with his two *Companions*.

THE Day now began to break, and our *Travellers* to continue their *Wandering*, till the Heat of the *Sun* obliged them, towards Noon-tide, to *screen* Themselves in a small *Wood of Oaks*. Here, if the *Gods* had thought it Worth while to lend a favourable *Hearing* to FARUNDEL's *Prayers*, they had met with such *Refreshments* as, about that time of Day, are most grateful to those, who have had their full *Portion of Abstinence*, and *Fatigue*; but having nothing to be busy with, but what a neighbouring *Spring* afforded them, they had now more than sufficient *Leisure* to consider their desperate *Condition*, and what *Courses* to take in the present *Conjuncture*. *Clear Heads* are the Effects of *empty Stomachs*, and produce generally

nerally *wholesom Counsels*; but their *Sentiments*, however *wise*, were very *various*. PAPHYRION was for *persevering* still with *Patience* in expectation of some favourable *Assistance* from the *Deity*, whose *Aid*, and *Oracle* he entirely depended upon. FARUNDEL was for venturing back again notwithstanding the *Fury* of PAPHYRION'S *Persecutors*, and for giving up, at once, all those *golden Hopes*, with which his *Master* seduc'd him forth. But POLLAYER'S *Affairs* were too *desperate* at home to think of returning so soon, and he was that very Moment *inspir'd* by VENUS her self, never far from her favoured PAPHYRION, to propose turning a-side to a little *Village*, where he said, he was not unknown to some hospitable *Shepherds*, who liv'd hard by in a sweet *Retreat*, far from *Care*, and *Strife*, and in *Plenty* of every thing their simple, *Pastoral Life* could afford, or employ. The *Exigency* of *Affairs* admitted not of refusing POLLAYER'S *seasonable Invitation*. After travelling the rest of the Day, they arrived at this *Place* just at the Time of *Evening* that the *innocent Inhabitants*, having milk'd, and folded their *Flocks*, were solacing themselves with their *harmless Recreations*.

ations. Their new *Guests* were received with great *Chearfulness*, and invited to partake freely of what *Diversions*, and *Refreshments* they found among these happy *Nymphs* and *Swains*, who knew not, or *car'd* to know any *thing* beyond their *native Shades*. PAPYRION began soon to *taste* their *Rural Sports*, and Way of *Living*, with which POLLAYER too was already *charm'd*; but FARUNDEL, who had not *Delicacy* enough to be pleas'd with this *natural Manner* of passing his Time, took this Opportunity of claiming the *Consent* his *Master* had some time promis'd him, to let him go home privately, and bring away in secret what *Effects* had not yet fallen into the Hands of his voracious *Creditors* for their common *Relief*. PAPYRION resolv'd to continue with these so *kind*, and *fortunate* People, 'till FARUNDEL's Return, which he assur'd him at his *Departure* thou'd be with all *Expedition*.

IN the mean Time, PAPYRION, and POLLAYER commenc'd *Shepherds* themselves in good earnest, and became *conspicuous* amongst the *Rural Rout*, especially the latter, who, by the *Inspiration* of the *Queen of Love and Beauty*,

ty, play'd so sweet a *Music*, and sung such soft, and enchanting *Airs*, that the *Shepherds*, and *Shepherdesses* crouded around him each *Evening* to listen to his melodious, and moving *Lays*; they soon grew enamour'd with the charming *Songs* the *Goddeſs* taught him; their *Amusements* became more refin'd, and they grew by degrees informed of what was most delightful, and agreeable in the *pastoral* Life; so that in a little time they were more famous than the *Arcadian*, and *Sicilian Swains* of old. *Love*, who had but rarely, and by chance visited their *Plains*, now took up his *Abode* amongst them, and, in Obedience to his Mother *VENUS*, exerted all his *Influence*, by rendring their *Happiness* compleat, to amuse *PAPYRION*. Nothing now was heard in this delightful *Retreat* but tender, gentle, melting *Sighs*, sincere, and ardent Vows. *PAPYRION* was absolutely devoted to the fair *AMARYLLIS*, the *Pride* of *Nature*, and *Delight* of every one who knew her; all his past *Passions* were nothing to compare to this: *AMARYLLIS* had *Beauty* not only to *surprise*, but to *retain* our wand'ring *Hero*, who every Moment grew more *amorous*, and more re-
solu'd

solv'd to forsake his ambitious *Hopes of Wealth*, and *Glory* for the humble *Groves* where first he found her; nor was POLLAYER less happily inclin'd to the blooming PHOEBE, in whose *easy Chains* he felt more *Transport* than he had ever known before. Not a *Shade* in this enchanting *Place* but was Witness to a thousand *Raptures*; not a *Tree* whose *Bark* was not filled with the tenderest *Inscriptions*; no purling *Stream* whose *Banks* were not conscious of the soft *Complaints*, or *Declarations* of *aspiring*, or *successful* Lovers.

FARUNDEL, in the mean while, after much *Fatigue*, and many *Difficulties*, arrived at the proud *Palace*, where PAPYRION had resided during his great *Prosperity*, and pass'd unperceiv'd amongst the *Creditors* (who had taken *Possession* of it, and were now *dividing* his *Spoils*) to the *Place* where, as PAPYRION had inform'd him, was bury'd some secret *Treasure*. Having stor'd himself with what *Wealth*, and *precious* Things he cou'd conveniently transport, he retir'd; but not with the same *Success*; for being discover'd by the *penetrating* Eyes of these desperate *Men*, who, in *Hopes* of recovering PAPYRION, agreed in the

close *Pursuit* of this his trusty *Follower*, our poor FARUNDEL had now much ado to avoid them, declining the *Highways*, and penetrating all the *Woods*, and obscure *Places*, thro' which he cou'd make any *Passage*. The *Enemy*, however, traced him so well, that he was for some Days in continual *Danger* of falling into their Hands, which he now infallibly had done, had he not resolv'd to pass the approaching *Night* in a little *Thicket*, which was convenient enough for that *Purpose*, being not only dark, and difficult of Entrance; but a considerable Way from any *Road*, and behind a *marshy* Ground, which served as a natural *Fortification* to it. Here the weary, persecuted FARUNDEL sat down, and pulling out of his *Wallet* what *Meat* he had prepar'd for his *Journey*, fell to *devouring* heartily, as was his *Custom*; 'till being satiated, he put back what remain'd into the *Wallet*, wherein likewise were the *Jewels*, and *Treasure*, and laid down to sleep. Not long after, a *Fox*, who had winded the *Flesh*, made directly to the *Wallet*, and carry'd it off. At break of Day, poor FARUNDEL awoke, and missing his *Wallet*, fell into the Height of *Desperation*:
 Afflicted,

Afflicted, however, as he was, he made haste to join PAPHYRION, and inform him of this *Misfortune*, with which he was not moved so much as by the News of the *Enemy's* Approach, which exceedingly alarm'd our *Adventurers*, and not without Reason; for, while they were preparing for *Flight*, the *Creditors* came up with them; and had not the *Shepherds*, with their *Dogs* been immediately call'd in to their *Assistance*, they had infallibly been taken by *Surprise*; yet the *Shepherds* oppress'd by the great *Number* of the *Enemy*, were soon obliged to retire, while PAPHYRION, POLLAXER, and FARUNDEL ran to an adjacent *Cottage*; but as the conquering *Party* was just ready to *storm* the *Fortress*, the Goddess VENUS, seeing our *Hero's* Distress, caus'd a thick *Fog* to arise before the *Creditors*, which favour'd his *Escape* into the neighbouring *Mountains*.

THE *Fugitives* now paid the full Price even of *Liberty* itself amongst the barren, uninhabited *Hills*, where they sought for *Refuge*, being almost starv'd with *Hunger*, before they found *Resolution* enough, to leave this *Retreat*, and venture from their strong *Holds*

into

into a large, and fruitful *Plain*, in the midst of which stood the *Castle* of the KNIGHTS of REPOSE, a spacious *Building*; but more *convenient* than *beautiful*, and agreeably situated upon the Banks of a silver *Stream*; it was surrounded with Variety of shady, and delightful *Groves*, and the most fertile *Lands* in those Parts. Towards the Evening they arrived before the hospitable *Gates*, which they found shut, and all Things hush't as at *Midnight*. They waited not long before they were accosted by one of the *Knights* of the *Order*, who, rubbing his Eyes, yawning, and yet half asleep, bid them welcome in the Name of his whole *Fraternity*, and conducted them to the *Temple* of SOMNUS, where they found the *Knights* dozing over their *Devotions*, and COTYLOON their *Chief* in the midst of them, who now stretching, and staring about him, beheld his new *Guests*, and ask'd them such *Questions*, as *Strangers* are generally obliged to answer, assuring them, that but for the *Fatigue*, and *Danger* of *Travel*, he certainly had been as curious a *Travel*ler as ULYSSES himself, who saw so many *Men*, and *Cities*; that he shou'd be glad to hear their *Adventures* at *Supper*, and that they

might

might command the *Castle* as long as they thought fit to continue amongst them. They thank'd him, and left him to finish his *Ceremonies* in the *Temple*, not a little overjoy'd at his kind *Reception*, especially FARUNDEL, who conceived now more real Respect for this *Order of Knighthood*, than for that of the *Dove, Dragon, Swan, Porcupine*, or any other *Etablissement of Chevalry* whatever.

WHEN the Hour of *Supper* came, they were entertain'd with more *Plenty*, than *Elegancy*; yet they far'd much better than they had ever done since PAPYRION abandon'd the *Mansion* of SEMPRONIA, an *Error* which FARUNDEL never truly forgave his *Master*. COTYLON, after having been much diverted at *Table*, with the relation of PAPYRION's odd *Adventures*, and more extraordinary *Intentions*, devoted himself entirely to BACCHUS, as was his Custom every Night, in which *Excesses* he sometimes said, and committed such *Extravagances*, as nothing but his absolute *Power*, and the blind *Submission* of the *Fraternity of Knights* under him cou'd authorize. This *Superiority*, and implicate *Obedience* put him in possession both of the circling
Y Bowl,

Bowl, and the *Discourse* oftner and longer than the rest of the *Company*, both which he generally us'd so freely, that he most commonly had the Advantage of being first carry'd off to *sleep*. As soon as he grew *maudlin*, he always *wept* bitterly, and in these melancholy *Fits* wou'd cause to be read to him a *Catalogue* of *Wretches*, and their *Misfortunes* collected, on purpose, out of ancient, and modern *Story*, to *reconcile* him to *himself*. This having been now perform'd with the desir'd Success, he was immediately as much *overcome* with *Mirth*, as he had been with *Sorrow* before; for he was ever in *Extreams*: Well nigh vanquish'd, at last, by the powerful *Divinities* of *Wine*, and *Sleep*, and supported by two of his *Knights*, he retir'd, having first order'd what delicious *Morsels* he wou'd have prepar'd for his *own Mouth* at the next *Repast*.

No sooner was this worthy *Chief* withdrawn, than the little *Order*, and *Decency*, which his *Presence* kept up amongst the assembled *Knights*, was changed into *Riot* and *Confusion*. One certain CORCOTON, a tall, meagre, pale-fac'd *Member* of the *Fraternity*, who had cast all along an *evil Eye* on PAPY-

RION, took now Occasion of showing the *Effects* of the *Jealousy* he had conceived against him, for having been much countenanced, and carress'd by COTYLO, between whom, and this CORCOTON, some pretend, there was as *intimate a Commerce* as ever subsisted amongst those famous *Friendships* of old so incouraged at *Sparta* by LYCURGUS. From *Invectives* the incens'd CORCOTON came to Blows, and being stronger than PAPYRION, exercis'd his *Rage* on our poor, passive *Hero* so unmercifully, that he lay all *Night* for *Dead* under the *Table*.

As soon as the *Dawn of Morning* appear'd, PAPYRION, whom Excess of *Wine* had put into a deep *Sleep*, awoke, and first casting his *Eyes* upon the broken Cups, and Vessels, *Instruments of Bacchanalian Fury*, that were scatter'd in the late *Confusion*; and then observing the faint *Lamps*, now upon the point of *expiring*, that had been the only quiet *Witnesses* of their last *Night's Rage*, began by Degrees to recollect in what *Place* he was, and what *Disgraces* had happened to him, of the *Certainty* of which he was yet more fully convinc'd, when he attempted

to *stir*; for his *Body* had so suffer'd under the *heavy* Hand of CORCOTON, that it was with some *Difficulty* that he prevail'd upon his *Limbs* to any *Motion* at all. He made shift, however, to quit this *Scene* of *Debauchery*, and found FARUNDEL busy'd in dressing the *Wounds* he had received the Night before; and his poor Friend POLLAYER, who had likewise received much *Hurt* in endeavouring to rescue him from CORCOTON, feeble, and faint, and crawling slowly about in the *Rays* of the Rising *Sun*, before the *Gates* of the *Castle*; where their *Conversation* turn'd upon the *Vicissitude* of *Fortune*, and the mutual *Consolation* of each other.

WHEN the *Day* began to grow warm, POLLAYER, weak as he was, found Strength enough to reach the *Library*, which was always open, and cool, and very spacious; but rarely frequented by the *Knights*. Here he sat down alone, reflecting upon his present *Condition*; the *Disorders* of the former *Night*; and, amongst other *Trifles*, on the little Use the *Fraternity* of *Knights* made of the great number of untouch'd and mouldy *Volumes* that adorn'd, and fill'd up that *solitary* Place.

While

While he was bury'd in these Thoughts, he fell insensibly into a kind of *Reverie*, in which he beheld, as in a *Vision*, the Goddess MINERVA enter, and making the *Tour* of the *Library*, strike each *Book* with a *Wand* she bore in her *Hand*, when, instantly, all the *useless* Leaves, and *Trash* were seen to fly out with *Violence* from each *Volume*, as not being able to abide the *Test* of that *Divinity*; while what was really of *weight*, and *useful* remain'd *unmoved* behind. It seem'd to him, that this maim'd the *Collection* much, and brought the *Furniture* of the *Library* into a very *narrow* *Compass*. The *Folios* appear'd to suffer most, and all the *larger* Books were observ'd to *lose* more in *Proportion* than any of the *small* ones.

WHEN POLLAYER came to himself again, he grew every Moment more *indisposed*, 'till he was obliged to retire to his *Bed*, where finding his *Sickness* still increase, he sent for PAPYRION, who continued most Part of the Day by him; for he *loved* him tenderly, and was truly *afflicted*, to see him in that *languishing* Condition; the Rumour of which soon drew COTYLON into POLLAYER'S Room,

with the rest of the *Fraternity*, except COROTON, who did not think fit to appear. Towards the *Evening*, after they had conceived some Hopes of his *Recovery*, and he had entertain'd them some Time with a *cheerful* Discourse, a cold *Damp* on a sudden seiz'd his *Heart*. Imagining himself not far from his *End*, he caus'd the *Windows* to be set open towards the *western Sun*, which was then drawing near the *Horizon*, and address'd himself to that glorious *Planet* with much *Admiration*, and *Gratitude*; then, sinking down a little lower in his *Bed*, he examin'd impartially the *Conduct* of his past *Life*, and made many curious *Reflections* upon *Life* itself in general, after which, he fell on PAPHYRION'S Bosom into the *Arms* of *Darkness*.

BUT POLLAYER'S *Soul* not being yet entirely free from the gross *Impurities* it had contracted in the *Body*, was loath to leave this *World*, and wander'd restless about the *Earth*. The first Thing the unquiet *Spirit* did, was to tend homewards, and hover invisibly about the *Place*, where it was wont to be merry with its old *Companions*: here he found himself the *Subject* of their Discourse, and those

now

now blaming most his *Conduct*, who had the first persuaded him to follow PAPYRION; others were *railing* at him, and *defaming* his good *Name*, especially such as he had been most *friendly* to in his *Prosperity*. Not at all pleas'd with this *Scene*, he *glides* away, unobserv'd, to his *Mistress*, whom he sees *consoling* her self for his *Absence* with his *Rival*, and turning into *Ridicule* all the *generous* Things his *sincere* Passion had formerly done for her. This Sight not being more agreeable to the erring *Shade*, than what he observed before, he *haunts* next his *Wife*, and *Children*, who were wondring what had become of him so long, and wishing earnestly to hear of his *Death*, that they might share amongst them the poor Remains of what he had left behind him, when he went away. In short, being convinced that none but his poor *Creditors* were really desirous of his *Return*, he resolved to leave the *Abode* of ungrateful *Mortals*, and venture, without more Reluctance on the gloomy Path, which leads to the *Banks* of *Acheron*.

THE good, hospitable *Knights* did what they could, to *comfort* poor PAPYRION, who

continued several Days in the *deepest Concern* for his departed Friend POLLAYER; but with all their *Endeavours* they were not able to remove his fixt *Affliction*, which now, rousing a new the old *Disease* of his distemper'd *Brain*, increas'd his *Madness* to a much *higher Degree*, than it had ever arrived at before, in so much, that he abandon'd the KNIGHTS of REPOSE as abruptly as he had formerly forsaken SEMPRONIA, accompany'd only by his Man FARUNDEL, who led by him a *Milch Goat*; for, since POLLAYER's Death, he had not been prevail'd upon to take any *Nourishment*, but what that *Animal* afforded him; thro' Apprehension of *Poison*, as some have imagin'd, from his *Enemies*. In short, his *Mind* was now wrought up to such a Pitch of *Extravagance*, that he took the first *Inn* he arrived at for the *Oracle* of PLUTUS, he had sought so long.

THE *Host*, being of a *jovial Disposition*, and having heard what *Diversion* PAPYRION's *Madness* had made amongst his *Neighbours*, the KNIGHTS of REPOSE, was resolv'd to humour his *Distraction*, and led him into an adjacent *Barn*, disposing first of FARUNDEL,

and

and the *Goat*, one in the *Stable*, and the other in the *Kitchen*, to both their *Satisfactions*. After several ridiculous *Ceremonies* of *Lustration*, and *Divination*, PAPHRION was order'd to lay down upon some *Oxens* Hides, that were in the *Barn*, to sleep as he imagin'd on the *Skins* of *Victims*, in some magnificent *Temple*, where he was to pass the Night.

EARLY the next Morning, the *Host*, his *Wife*, and *Neighbours* of the *Village* paid their Visit to the new *Guest* in the *Barn*, who being awaken'd by them, took them all for *Priests*, *Priestesses*, and ministring *Assistants* to the *Oracle*, and assur'd them, that the *Deity* had communicated himself to him in a very *benign*, and *favourable* Manner, commanding him, to suffer himself to be conducted by some *Virgin Prophetess*, or *Sibyl* to the *Elysian* Fields, there to consult the *Shade* of the great ORLANDO, which was newly arrived in those blissful *Regions*. That, quoth the *Hostess* immediately, must be my *Office*, and, without more ado, repeats some of the former *Lustrations*, with a few *Variations*, observing likewise such odd *Ceremonies* in relation to her self, as came into her Head. Thus with all

all the seeming *Gravity* proper to so solemn an *Undertaking*, she set out with our *Hero*, who was now not a little pleas'd with the Hopes of meeting ORLANDO in the Regions of PLUTO, in order to advise with him concerning his important *Affair*, after so many strange *Disappointments*, and extraordinary *Adventures*. The *Hostess*, having enjoin'd him, to observe a profound *Silence*, while he was yet above Ground, led him into a narrow *Lane*, at the farther End of which stood an obscure *Wood*, where there was a considerable *Descent*. Here PAPYRION's Guide desir'd him to repose himself a little, before he undertook the most rude, and difficult part of his *Journey*. As soon as he was seated upon the Brink of this *Declivity*, the *Hostess* presented to him a small *Viol*, wherein she told him, was a *Draught*, prepar'd with great skill, to support him under the many *Fatigues* he had now to encounter with. He had not swallow'd it many Minutes, before the *somniferous Dose* began to operate when she left her *Charge* asleep, and return'd to her *Companions*, who had follow'd close behind her.

In the mean time, this *intoxicating Mixture*,
working

working in poor PAPYRION'S distemper'd
Brain, fill'd his agitated Mind with broken
Visions, and distracted *Dreams* to such a De-
 gree, as to make him imagine, that he really
 continued his *Voyage* to the *Elysian* Fields under
 the auspicious Conduct of a *Guide* not less in-
 spir'd, than the *Cumean Sibyl* was herself of old,
 who travel'd the same Road with the famous
Son of Anchises. His pregnant *Fancy* sur-
 mounted with Ease the Difficulties which CHA-
 RON, and CERBERUS generally oppose to these
infernal Expeditions: He now arrives at the
Court of grim PLUTO; saw the tremendous
Judges, MINOS, ÆACUS, and RHADAMAN-
 THUS; the *Horrors* of *Tartarus*, with *Ixion*, *Tan-*
talus, and all the famous *Inhabitants* of that
Place of Affliction. From thence he dreamt
 that he ascended by degrees, till he smelt a
 purer *Æther*, and gain'd the *Elysian* Fields.
 Those mild and happy *Regions* of eternal
Spring, where he imagin'd that he met the great
Soul of the blest ORLANDO, busied, amongst
 the other *Heroes*, in such glorious *Occupations*
 as he had pursued on *Earth*, while
 famous, and ador'd amongst *Mortals*. PAPY-
 RION conceived that the august *Shade* com-
 manded

manded him to return to this *World*, and travel, till he arrived at a *Paper-Mill*; there to inquire of the first Person, he shou'd see, *what Course he next shou'd follow?* PAPYRION's *Fancy*, satisfy'd with this *Answer*, brought him back to the *Confines* of the *Empire* of PLUTO, where he thought he beheld a *Multitude* of unhappy *Ghosts*, to whom CHARON had deny'd a *Passage*, erecting stately *Palaces* upon the sandy Banks of *Acheron*, which fell down continually upon them, before they were well compleated, and obliged them to a *Succession* of endless *Labours*. His jealous *Imagination* suggested to him immediately that these restless *Spirits* knew him, and oppos'd his *Passage* to the *Realms* of *Light*, flying round him, like a *Swarm* of *Bees*, till he was awaken'd by the *Fluttering*, he dream't, they made about his *Ears*.

THE *Hostess*, her *Husband*, and *Neighbours* supposing that by this time the *Effect* of the *Potion* might *cease*, return'd very opportunely to PAPYRION, to bid him welcome from the *Elysian Fields*, delivering him up the *Milch-Goat*, and his trusty FARUNDEL; but our *Hero* was now so bent on the *Execution* of ORLANDO's Instructions,

Instructions, that he judg'd it loss of time to make any *Reply*, and order'd FARUNDEL to follow him down the *Road*, that lay directly before them.

THIS Way led them thro' a *Forrest*, into a deep *Vale*. The Tops of the high *Mountains* which surround it, are still cover'd o'er with thick *Mists*, and in the Middle of this *Valley* there rolls along, with an impetuous *Torrent*, a foul, and troubled *Stream* of muddy Water. A corrosive *Humour* covers, and consumes the *Barks* of the *Trees*, and *Leaves* of every rank, unwholsome *Plant*, that grows in this *malignant* Place, where a thousand *Feavers*, and *pestilential* Evils lay lurking in the ouzy *Bosom* of the *Earth*. In this unhappy *Region* stands the *Temple* of the *Daughter* of EURUS, the *Goddeſs* of *Spleen*, an old, and ruined *Pile*, overgrown on the outside with *Moss*, and barren *Weeds*, and within *fantastically* adorn'd with the *Bones* of such miserable *Wretches* as have been influenced by her to lay violent Hands upon themselves. The pale, and meagre *Deity*, amidst Crouds of gasty *Phantoms* of *her own* creating, sits on a *Bed* compos'd of baleful *Rue*, and the Branches of melancholy

choly *Cypress*, passing her Time in vain, and groundless Alarms: Every *Gust* of her *Parent Wind*, every hollow *Murmur* of descending *Floods* terrifies her with new *Horror*, and each Minute she sends forth such loud *Sighs*, and hideous *Screams*, as make the whole *Vale* echo with her unjust *Complaints*; in vain, unhappy *Power*, she seeks by various means to put an *End* to her miserable *State*, and curses her immortal *Being*; nor knows she any *Relief*, but when she can convey her *Despair* to *Mankind*.

THRO' this *Abode* of *Sorrow* now pass'd the poor, distracted PAPHYRION, ruminating on the many *Evils* he had already essay'd, and on those he conjectur'd must inevitably happen to him, before the entire *Accomplishment* of that great *Work*, for which *End* alone, he believ'd, he had hitherto been so wonderfully preserv'd thro' all the *Revolutions* of his *Life*. At the Extremity of this dreary *Plain* he discover'd a *Mill*, which his warm *Imagination* told him, must be the same the great ORLANDO'S *Shade* had intimated to him. In this *Belief* he was confirm'd, when, upon approaching, he observ'd the *Miller* at his
Door

Door, of whom he demanded immediately, *What Course he should next follow?* the *Miller*, taking him, by his odd *Question*, and *Equipage*, to be as *mad* as he *really* was, points to a spacious *Building* at some *Distance*, to which *PAPYRION* repair'd, with all the-haste he cou'd make; but, upon his *Arrival*, *FARUNDEL* was strangely surpriz'd, to find his *Master* secur'd in the *College of Lunaticks*.

FOR now the Goddess *VENUS*, seeing all her *Stratagems* to divert him from his unaccountable *Distraction* vain, and ineffectual, suffer'd him to be confin'd in this hospitable *Dome* for the Remainder of his Days, in Obedience to the solemn *Oath* she had sworn to her Father *JUPITER*, giving out to *Mortals* at the same Time, that her favourite *PAPYRION* had been ravish'd from her by certain *Nereids*, *Nymphs* of the **Adriatic* Sea, who detain'd him in *Crystalline Bowers* at the Bottom of the *Ocean*.

* The Person aim'd at in the Character of *PAPYRION* ended his Days at *Venice*.

Foot of which he demanded immediately
that Court he should next follow the

~~the Court he should next follow the~~

to be as he was, as he truly was, for

the Court he should next follow the

QUALIFICATION

could make; but upon the Court he

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DIALOGUE I.

MOMUS. BACCHUS.

MOMUS.

WELL! we are at last arrived at *Olympus* again after this long *Feast* with our good *Friends* the *Æthiopians*. The *Fumes* of your old *Nectar*, charming *God* of *Wine*, of which we have all taken a more than ordinary *Quantity*, are not yet well evaporated; for when I look *Earthwards*, to divert my self with the *ridiculous* *Actions* of *Mankind*, crawling upon their little *Globe*, that *Planet* appears to me to dance somewhat irregularly. It cannot, be that any of the *Springs*, or *Machines* of *Nature* have given *Way*, or lost any of their wonted *Harmony*. In short, *BACCHUS*, you have put *Heaven* into a wonderful good *Humour*, and if these

Z Mortal's

Mortals yonder cou'd be appriz'd of it in Time, they might have almost any Thing, they wou'd take the Trouble to *pray* for.

BACCHUS.

My *Triumphs*, when I return'd from subduing *India*, never flatter'd me half so much, as does the compleat *Victory* which I have now made over the *Celestials*. For your Part, MOMUS, you were so taken up in observing the *Sayings*, and *Actions* of the other *Deities*, that I have but little Reason to boast of my *Power* over you.

MOMUS.

I CAN'T help making my *Satirical Remarks*, especially at this Time. Behold, O twice born Son of JUPITER, behold the generous Effects of your *Influence*! how lovingly do MARS, and VULCAN embrace each other, while VENUS kisses the God of War over her sooty *Husband's* Shoulders? See where MINERVA lays stretch'd out at her full length, and fast asleep! but what is yet more surprising, is to observe DIANA in yon Corner at a *Game* little becoming the *Gravity* of that nice squeamish *Prude*. There's that stout Fool HERCULES too, amidst a Croud of inferiour *Deities*,

Deities, recounting, with no little *Vanity*, his past *Adventures*, and laborious *Exploits* on *Earth*.

BACCHUS.

HOLD, MOMUS, leave off your *Raillery*! look where my Father JUPITER arrives unexpectedly!

MOMUS.

HIS trusty Pimp MERCURY I see is along with him: They are certainly come home from some *Love Adventure*, or other. With all his *Majesty*, you may observe, that your great *Sire* can't help smiling on Dame JUNO, who, in Repentance of her *Scolding*, and *Jealousy*, is now thrusting out poor ARGUS's Eyes.

BACCHUS.

BUT see, MOMUS! JUPITER shakes his *Ambrosian Locks*, and with one awful Look sobers the whole *Assembly of Heaven*. The *Graces* enter to set Things to rights; and the *Gods*, and *Goddesses* begin to range themselves around his awful *Throne*. There is something doubtless of great *Importance* going forward. I must away, and join the other *Divinities*.

But tell me, whence is it you sigh'd so
bitterly upon naming Anticyra?

THAT name has renew'd to my Memory
the unhappy Cure of the most agreeable Mad-

DIALOGUE II.

MARINER. PRAY, what might that strange Frenzy
have been, the Loss of which, I see, you re-
gret so heavily?

PASSENGER.

WE sail at a good Rate, and, methinks
with a pretty favourable Gale.

MARINER. If it holds thus, we shall reach our Port
this very Night.

PASSENGER.

BUT prithee, Friend, inform me, what
Land we descry there on the left?

MARINER.

THAT'S *Anticyra*.

PASSENGER.

WHAT? the famous Island so much talk'd
of for the wonderful Virtue of its *Hellebore*?

MARINER.

THE same.

PASSENGER.

PASSENGER.

BUT tell me, whence is it you sigh'd so
bitterly upon naming *Anticyra*?

MARINER.

THAT name has renew'd to my *Memory*
the unhappy *Cure* of the most agreeable *Mad-*
ness in the World, while it held me.

PASSENGER.

PRAY, what might that strange *Frenzy*
have been, the Loss of which, I see, you re-
gret so heavily?

MARINER.

WHY, you must know, that I once *fanc-*
cy'd my self *inspir'd* with *Poetry*, and did no-
thing all that while but *rave*, and write *Ver-*
ses, neglecting every Thing to follow the
Muses, which my *Parents* perceiving, had
me immediately transported thither to the
Physicians.

PASSENGER.

I AM impatient to know, after what Man-
ner they treated you.

MARINER.

THEY *purg'd* me almost to *Death*, and
with much ado I escap'd from their *Disci-*
pline, at last, as lean as *CRATES*, the *Stoic*

Philosopher. But you turn *pale*, and seem concern'd, as tho' you had some *Share* in the *Misfortune*, I relate.

PASSENGER.

PRAY NEPTUNE the Wind don't come about, and oblige us, to put in at *Anticyra*.

DIALOGUE III.

MARS. VENUS.

MARS.

WHY, charming Goddess of Beauty!

don't you see, how I am affected by your

that insidious Goddess, who was so in love

with the Statue of Cupid which PRAXITE-

les has made so like you, and so inviting,

that he lay hid in your Temple, and profe-

red your Image with his foul Embraces?

VENUS.

God of War! how little do you

know the Nature of our Sex, to think that

the we love Revenge so much, we can ever

date sincerely those, who truly admire our

Perfections! let them shew it in what Manner

they will!

MARS.

DIALOGUE III.

MARS. VENUS.

MARS.

WHY, charming *Goddeſs of Beauty!*
 don't you revenge your ſelf upon
 that impious *Grecian*, who was ſo in love
 with the *Statue* at *Cnidos* which PRAXITE-
 LES has made ſo like you, and ſo inviting,
 that he lay hid in your *Temple*, and profa-
 ned your *Image* with his foul *Embraces*?

VENUS.

DULL *God of War!* how little do you
 know the *Nature* of our *Sex*, to think, that
 tho' we love *Revenge* ſo much, we can ever
 hate ſincerely thoſe, who truly *admire* our
Perfections, let them ſhew it in what Manner
 they will?

MARS,

IT is then to be hoped, O VENUS, that my *terrible Voice*, and *Mien*, and the *Rudeness* of my Courtship will never offend the soft CYTHEREA.

VENUS.

No! bold *Deity*! I declare, you never came more *grateful* to my *Arms*, than when you surpriz'd me first with your *full Force*, and took from me all *Excuse* of *resisting* your superiour *Power*. Do you imagine, MARS, that our great *Prude* of Heaven, MINERVA, had ever persecuted the valiant AJAX, as she did, if, instead of ravishing CASSANDRA in her *Temple*, he had attack'd the *Divinity* herself?

DIALOGUE IV,

VOTARY. PRIESTESS.

I NEVER saw before a Priestess of Venus take on at this heavy Rate you do.

PRIESTESS.

It is truly a Sight which ought to move Compassion, even in the Gods themselves. Our Deity is good, gracious, and ever smiling, and I own, that we are by our Vows enjoin'd to serve her with Chearfulness, and Gaiety; but when Famine stands ready to enter at the Door, Mirth must fly out at Window.

VOTARY.

SAY, pious, and afflicted Matron, what sad Misfortune is this, which has happen'd to you?

PRIESTESS.

PRIESTESS.

Wou'd you believe, devout young *Man*, that we have not had one *Sacrifice* at our *Temple*, save what you now make, since *BATHYLLUS* arriv'd in this *Town*?

VOTARY.

WHAT? the handsome *Youth* from *Samos*?

PRIESTESS.

EVEN the very *BATHYLLUS*, which that nasty, drunken Fellow *ANACREON*, and the rest of them have made such a Rout about: our *Ladies* are ready to tare his *Eyes* out.

VOTARY.

HAVE *Patience*, holy Woman; I am heartily concern'd for the *Depravity* of the *Times*; your *Affairs*, I doubt not, will soon mend; the *hot Season* is almost spent, and we shall have *Winter* now come on apace, before which *BATHYLLUS* must back to *Samos*.

PRIESTESS.

IN that is our only *Hope*; for if *Matters* shou'd go on in this *Manner* much longer, we must e'en shut up our *Doors*. As it is, we have scarce wherewithall to keep the
Temple

Temple clean, and the sacred Groves in due Repair.

VOTARY.

JUPITER, and VENUS see these strange Things, and suffer them for *Reasons* we *Mortals* must not seek to unfold.

DIALOGUE V.

PHIDIAS. DRYADE.

PHIDIAS.

THIS old, wooden *Figure of Diana*, which has lain by here so long neglected will I now carve into an *Image of Venus*, and erect it, at my own *Charge*, in the sacred *Grove* behind that *Goddeſs's* new *Temple*.

DRYADE.

YOUR Piety O PHIDIAS, is highly commendable! but wonder not, great *Artiſt*, that the Piece of *Oak*, you have now choſen, to work upon, ſhou'd be endow'd with *Voice*. Know, I am of the *Dodonian Race*, of which hallow'd *Wood* the renowned Ship *Argo* was compos'd, that ſpoke ſo often in its *Voyage to Colchus*. I harbour a *Divinity* within me, or rather it is that very *Divinity* which now from within

within me, speaks to you, that DRYADE, who is fated to share all my *Adventures*, till I be entirely destroy'd. I shall not trouble you with a long Relation of the various *Forms* I have pass'd thro', or tell you how long, and differently I have been employ'd both by *Sea*, and *Land*, till reduced, from a lofty *Tree*, to what you now behold me. It is not, O PHIDIAS, a vain Love of *Talk*, which has perswaded me to this *Extremity*! till this moment, I have been *silent* above three *Centuries*. Not were I fond of *Discourse*, I cou'd unfold such *Things* as wou'd much more astonish you, than this my conversing with you may possibly do. I speak not, O *Mortal*, to alarm and frighten you! what I have to request of you is, that you bear me instantly out of the *City* to the *Brow* of that *Mountain*, which stands Eastward from *Athens*, where *Minerva* has a *Temple*, and that there, not far from her sacred *Wood*, and *Fountain*, you will carefully consume these poor *Remains* of an once flourishing *Daughter* of *Dodona* by the quickest *Fire* you can contrive; for the *Gods* have ordain'd that in *Pity* of my tedious *Sufferings*, there shall immediately

immediately arise from my *Ashes* a beautiful, and blooming *Oak*, loftier, and of more ample *Shade* than what I before cou'd ever boast of, in which again I shall *flourish* for *Ages*, and enjoy the sweet *Society* of my sister *Dryads* in the neighbouring *Groves*, dwell in fresh *Air*, and feel, by turns, the kindly *Warmth* of the *Sun*, and *Night's* refreshing *Dews*. There shall the chirping *Birds*, and murmuring *Stream* answer to the soft Whisper of the sporting *Zephyrs*, which gently agitate my tender *Branches*. At *Noon* the shelter'd *Flocks* shall graze around me, and the weary *Shepherd* sleep secure beneath my friendly *Shadow*. Under my spreading *Arms* the *Nymphs* and *Swains* shall celebrate their rural *Feasts*, due to *Pan*, and the *Divinities* of the *Woods*. Cou'd you, O PHIDIAS, conceive, with the *Sense* of a *Dryade*, but half the *Pleasures* I shall then enjoy, you wou'd not delay one Moment the Performance of this easy *Task*! But as you are of *Human Race*, and wou'd find, perhaps, your own *Interest* in the *Happiness* you bestow on others, know, *Mortal*, that as soon as you shall have acted faithfully, what I thus earnestly

neftly conjure you to do, I will instruct you
 how to avoid an eminent *Danger*, which now
 threatens no lefs than your very *Being* it felf;
 but no more! be fecret, and mindful of what
 I have faid!

D. I. A.

DIALOGUE VI.

PRIEST. ÆGYPTIAN.

PRIEST.

I have been *Priest* of PRIAPUS, and in this very *Temple*, now upwards of twenty *Years*, and cou'd never get any *Body* yet to explain the *Hieroglyphicks* upon the *Representation* which we preserve here of our *God*, and which you say, you understand.

ÆGYPTIAN.

PARTLY I do; nor can I wonder, that you have met with this *Difficulty*, the *Characters* being so very *ancient*.

PRIEST.

BUT as you declare, that they are no less *curious*, than *old*, I wou'd fain have your *Promise*, not to leave our *City*, before you give us some *Account* of what you have discover'd in that *Figure*.

ÆGYP-

ÆGYPTIAN.

KNOW then, that this *Curiosity* which your *Temple* is enrich'd with, is what we call a *Mummy*, and as old as AMESSES Queen of *Ægypt*, who reign'd some time before that King ORUS, to whom we owe those famous *Pyramids*, we have just been discoursing of.

PRIEST.

WHAT? that AMESSES, who was the *Sister* of AMENOPHIS, the first *King* of that Name?

ÆGYPTIAN.

THE very same. This *Queen* obstinately persisting in keeping her *Virginity* entire, drew upon herself the Displeasure of *Venus*, who, to punish her *Willfulness*, afflicted her with a certain *Disease*, which, if not timely suppress'd throws the *Patient* into such an *Erotic Fury*, as no *Herbs* are able to allay. The *Chief* of the *Magi* being consulted on this *Occasion*, gave his *Opinion*, that AMESSES, in order to appease the incens'd *Divinity*, shou'd endow her *Temple* with something, that might be thought most acceptable to the *Goddeess*. It happen'd now, that an *Embalmer*, being struck with what you most justly set so great a *Value* upon, preserv'd it according to his *Art*, and

A a

exposed

exposed it at *Memphis* to the *People* at a certain *Price*. This being judg'd a proper *Offering*, was purchas'd for that *Purpose* by *AMESSES's* Order, and hung up in a famous *Temple* of *Aphrodite* in the *Island* of *Cyprus*.

PRIEST.

WHAT you relate, is very *curious*; but I shou'd be glad to know, whether it mentions the *Queen's Cure*.

ÆGYPTIAN.

IT does not: Yet, by the *Silence* in our *Story* upon so important a *Point*, we may conjecture, that this *Present* had its desir'd *Effect*. You have now in sum the *Purport* of these *Hieroglyphicks*, which are much *worn*, quite *defaced* in some *Places*, and, I must confess to you, very *difficult*, and *obscure*.

DIA.

DIALOGUE VII.

TIBERIUS. PRISCUS.

TIBERIUS.

WHY smile you, PRISCUS?

PRISCUS.

AT the new Name, CÆSAR, which the Romans have invented for you. They call you now no longer BIBERIUS MERO, but CAPRINEUS from this Isle of *Caprea*, which you have chose for your *Retreat*, and where, they are pleas'd to say, you outdo the Goat himself in *Lasciviousness*.

TIBERIUS.

No matter! let the Roman People talk: Words hurt us not. Let them make Use of what *Invectives* they please, so long as we have the *Secret* to rule this vast *Empire* at such a Distance from *Rome*.

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PRISCUS.

PRISCUS.

THE last Advices, CÆSAR, which were brought us from that *City*, confirm the *Vanity* of our unjust *Apprehensions*.

TIBERIUS.

TRUE, my PRISCUS, the good *Senators* of *Rome* wou'd heap more *Honours* on me, I thank them, than I judge proper to accept of at this *Conjuncture*. *Titles* are unprofitable *Concessions*, and serve to render those still more *odious* to their *Enemies*, who are already but too much *envy'd* for their *Power*.

PRISCUS.

BUT suppose the worst had happen'd, that our *Suspensions* suggested, and that SEJANUS had escaped you, and succeeded in those *Treacheries*, he was accus'd of, has not CÆSAR his light *Vessels* here in constant *Readiness* to transport him immediately to the *Head* of any of his *Armies*? or shou'd he choose to remain in this happy *Place*, *Nature* her self has made the *Island* unaccessible to those we wou'd avoid.

TIBERIUS.

Nature, and *Art* seem both to have conspir'd to render this delightful *Recess* wor-

thy

thy of the *Emperour* of the *World*. Here I am free from the tumultuous *Hurry* of *Rome*, that crouded *Resort* of the *Nations* of the *Earth*, and enjoy with *Ease*, *Privacy*, and in *Safety* those stolen *Excesses* which you, my lov'd *PRISCUS*, invent each *Day* to entertain me.

PRISCUS.

MAY *CÆSAR* still live *blest*, and void of *Fears*!

TIBERIUS.

ARE my *Spintria* ready? have the *Books* of *ELEPHANTIS* been carefully read to them?

PRISCUS.

THEY are sufficiently instructed, and have been made to *study* likewise from those fine *Pictures* in the *Gallery* of *VENUS*.

TIBERIUS.

Is the *Banquet* prepar'd in the new *Labyrinth*?

PRISCUS.

WE have dispos'd every *Thing* as *CÆSAR* directed.

TIBERIUS.

Who acts *Theseus*?

PRISCUS.

LEANDER, the *Athenian*.

TIBERIUS.

Who the *Minotaur*?

PRISCUS.

ONE LYCOPHRON from *Corinth*.

TIBERIUS.

HAVE you provided the young *Slaves*, as directed?

PRISCUS.

I HAVE turn'd in *seven* of each *Sex*.

TIBERIUS.

How attir'd?

PRISCUS.

ALL variously dress'd, as before, except two, who are as *naked*, as they came into the *World*.

TIBERIUS.

GOOD! I like your Thought—but turn your Eyes Westward, PRISCUS, and behold a *Ship* making thither with full Sail.

PRISCUS.

I KNOW the Vessel, CÆSAR; it is the *Senate's Trireme*.

TIBERIUS.

TIBERIUS.

I GUESS the Business. Give Orders instantly that the *Prisoners* be cast from the *Precipice* before its Arrival: I will leave no Room for *Mercy*. Receive the *Dispatches* your self, and find me below in my private *Baths*.

TIBERIUS.

HAVE you provided the young Slave as directed?

PRISCUS.

I HAVE turn'd in seven of each Sex.

TIBERIUS.

How arriv'd?

PRISCUS.

ALL variously dress'd, as before, except two; who are as naked, as they came into the World.

TIBERIUS.

Good! I like your Thought—but run your Eyes Westward, Priscus, and behold a Ship making thither with full Sail.

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DIA-

PRISCUS.

I know the Vessel, CÆSAR; it is the S-

TIBERIUS.

TIBERIUS.

TIBERIUS.

DIALOGUE VIII.

MERCURY. PEGASUS.

MERCURY.

I AM sorry, PEGASUS, to find you in this sorry Plight, and so changed from what I knew you, when you carried the valiant PERSEUS to *Ægypt* to rescue ANDROMEDA.

PEGASUS.

I WAS never, O swift Son of MAIA, in better *Case* than at that Time, or when the famous BELLEROPHON bestrid me, to encounter the terrible *Chimera*; nor did I lose my good *Mein* for several Ages after, 'till the *Pastures* about *Hippocrene*, and the Precincts of *Parnassus*, where I graze, became so rank, and *sowre*, as they are at present.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

To say the Truth, you seem well nigh
famish'd, and your *Bones* ready to start from
your *Hide*.

PEGASUS.

I MUST be very *hungry* indeed, MERCURY,
before I can find in my Heart to brouze upon
these *unsavoury*, and *poisonous* Weeds! Besides,
I have been lately so *jaded*, that I can hardly
put one Leg before another.

MERCURY.

WHY? what's the matter?

PEGASUS.

NOT to speak of the *Number* of *trifling*
Expeditions that APOLLO, and the MUSES
now a Days are pleas'd to send me upon,
you must know, wing'd *Messenger* of JOVE,
that a certain scurvy *Scribler*, who calls him-
self a *Poet*, fancying his *Seat* as firm as that
of PINDAR, wou'd needs ride me in the
Manner of that bold *Theban*; but I was re-
solved to shew him his *Vanity*; for I run a-
way with the rash, aspiring *Fool*, and, after
some *Curvets*, and *Sallies*, which he was not
us'd to, threw this ambitious *Mortal* into the
River of *Oblivion*.

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

THERE was no Way, immortal *Steed*, to cure him of his *Frenzy*, but by *drowning* him; for I never yet knew any one of these *Poetasters* reduced to right *Reason* by whatever the *MUSES*, *APOLLO*, *MINERVA*, or even *JUPITER* himself could *inflict* upon them.

R E V E R S E

THE good old Woman had not yet got half over her Story, when FOLLOWER, tired with her Repetitions, and finding no Ex-
cuse to get from her, resolved to resign him-
self patiently to what he saw, there was no
Remedy for, to pulling his Mantle over his
Face, he leant backwards in his Seat, with
his Head inclining towards her, in a Posture
of Attention.

Thus as he sat listening to her tedious Tale,
he fell insensibly into a kind of Reverie, in
which he imagined, that he was hurry'd a-
bout the Ether upon the Wings of rapid
Winds from one Planet to another, discover-
ing all the Variety of different Creations in
the

T H E
R E V E R I E.

THE good, *old Woman* had not yet got half over her *Story*, when POLLAYER, tir'd with her *Repetitions*, and finding no *Excuse* to get from her, resolv'd to resign himself patiently to what, he saw, there was no Remedy for; so pulling his *Mantle* over his *Face*, he leant backwards in his *Seat*, with his *Head* inclining towards her, in a Posture of *Attention*.

THUS as he sat listning to her tedious *Tale*, he fell insensibly into a kind of *Reverie*, in which he imagined, that he was hurry'd about the *Æther* upon the *Wings* of rapid *Winds* from one *Planet* to another, discovering all the Variety of different *Creations* in
the

the *Universe*, when, on a sudden, reflecting upon the *Inhabitants* of the *Earth*, as tho' he had been of a separate *Globe*, and not at all concern'd amongst them, *God* certainly, thought he, must have made these poor *Creatures* in his *Wrath*! How superiour are the rest of his *Works* to these *Worms*? Yet these very wretched, blind *Animals*, not knowing their own *Imperfections*, almost the only *Advantage* they enjoy, think every *Thing* else has been created purely for *their Sakes*! In short, it is difficult to conceive, for what Reason this great, and wise *Architect* has condescended, to build such *Frailty*, and *Imperfection*! Tho' their *Lives* are so very short, what a deal of that little Space is wasted in Pursuit of *Vanities* absolutely foreign to the *End*, and *Intention* of their *Being*? They have no certain *Firmness*, or *Constancy* of *Mind*; but alter their *Dispositions* as the *Season*, the *Climate*, or *Atmosphere*, where they are, works upon them. Their *Reason*, the chief Thing they value themselves upon, is generally the Cause of their being so much more miserable, than their *Fellows* of the *Creation*. They carry their *Fears* even to

Impos-

Impossibility, and their *Hopes* beyond the *Grave* itself. Their *Customs* are so very *odd*, and *various*, that they seem most ridiculous to one another; for there is nothing so *honour'd*, and *solemn* in one Part of the *Globe* they inhabit, which is not held *shameful*, and *monstrous* in some other Corner of it. Whatever they can't *comprehend*, they *despise*, or *admire* to a Degree of *Folly*: Whatever they have *not*, they impatiently *hunt after*, at the *Expense* of what they *really have*; for what they *actually possess*, they generally *contemn*. It should seem, that when *Nature* gives these *Animals* any *Satisfaction*, or *Pleasure*, she does it *sparingly*, and, as it were, by *Force*, and *Obligation*; but that when she distributes *Pain*, and *Trouble* to them, she ever appears in the most generous *Fit*, and readiest *Disposition* imaginable. The *Necessities* which they lie under, and the *Diseases* they are subject to, ought to give them very *humble* Opinions of themselves; yet some of them have had the *Folly* to fancy themselves *Gods*, and the *Insolence* to suffer *Adoration* as such. It is strange, that the *Shortness*, and *Uncertainty* of *Life* dont determine these *Creatures*, to
make

make the best *Use* of their *Time*! So great is their *Love* of *Life*, that old *Age*, amidst a thousand *Diseases*, and *Imperfections*, is look'd upon amongst them as a most *desirable*, and *honourable* Thing; and they deem it a peculiar *Blessing*, to *live*, after they are overloaded with the *Injuries* of *Time*: Yet so great is their *Vanity*, that many of them, purely to gratify that *Passion*, have voluntarily depriv'd themselves of this very *Being*, they are otherwise so *anxious* about, and fond of *preserving*. They *live* longer than most other *Creatures* upon the Face of their *Earth*, tho' they lead the most *irregular*, and *unreasonable* Life of any of them, and yet they are always full of *Complaints* of the *Brevity* of their *Days*, and scarce ever content, even when loaded with *Infirmities* never to be *remedy'd*, to resign the most *miserable* of all *Beings*; and indeed so little of their *Time* they may be said *really* to *live*, that it is no great *Wonder*, that the most *aged* amongst them shou'd look upon his *Duration* as a short *Space*, great Part of which he can give no Account of; for in their *Infancy* they are more *senseless*, and *helpless* than any other *Creature*, 'till by slow Degrees they

gain

gain an *imperfect Knowledge* of such Things, as are judged *proper* for them to be acquainted with ; for neither the *Minds*, or *Bodies* of these *Animals* are permitted to enjoy their *natural Liberty*: But as soon as they find themselves *strong* enough to *shake* off this *Yoke*, they commonly break out into such *Violences* as are generally *repented* of in the next *Stage of Life*. They now, tho' very *obstinate*, and *vain* before, grow still *vainer*, and fancy themselves *wise* in good earnest, because they begin to *discover* their own *Weakness*. Thus in an arrogant *Affectation* of *Qualities* not really given to *Creatures* of their own *Rank*, they arrive insensibly at the *End* of a wretched *Being*, when we may behold this poor, worn out *Animal*, who was so head-strong, and impetuous, now tamed by *Age* in such a *Manner*, as to want almost the same *Assistance* it did at its first coming into the *World*, and so *changed* from what it was, as to become even *frightful* to those it *charm'd* before, till, the *Springs* of *Life* quite *exhausted*, the *Creature* ceases to be, and becomes a *Part* of that *Earth* it formerly so *proudly* strutted on. They are subject to two
Kinds

Kinds of *Death*; one *periodical*, and *daily*, which is a Kind of *Renewal* of their *Being*; the other, of which the first is, as it were, the *Image*, *peremptory*, and *eternal*, and with them the *Accomplishment* of all Things: The former they are delighted with, as an *Exemption* from *Pain*, and *Suspension* of all *Care*, and *Labour*; yet the latter, which is but a *Continuation* of this, is the most *terrible* Thing to them in the *World*. Many of these *Animals*, towards the *Close* of their *Time*, fall into a most *whimsical Disease* of the *Mind*, proceeding from a *ridiculous Imagination* that *Gold* is *intrinsically* the most *valuable* of Things, mistaking it for the *Conveniencies* it may be exchanged for. Nothing can be more *surprizing* than the great *Industry* of such, as are infected by this *odd Malady*! By how much the *nearer* they draw towards the *Time* they shall stand in need of *Nothing*, by so much the more *diligent*, and *earnest* they become in this *Madness*, even to the breaking of their most solemn, and sacred *Tyes*; nay, many Times to the unnatural *Cruelty* of denying to themselves the common *Necessaries* of Life. This is generally a very *sordid* Creature,

Creature, and if not *destroy'd* by some of its own *Species* for the Sake of its *Hoard*s, lives commonly to a very advanced *Age* in the Midst of a thousand *Alarms*, *Fears*, and *Jealousies*, surrounded with such *immense Heaps*, as shou'd seem design'd for Nothing less than the *Subsistence* of an *immortal* Being. Tho' they are generally quite *ignorant*, or *misinform'd* of what passes every Day about them, they pretend, however, to *know* for *certain*, what has been done *many Ages past* in the *remotest* Parts of their *Globe*, and *dispute* about it with as much *Warmth*, as if it *really concern'd* them. Tho' their *Afflictions* are *naturally* so *many*, and so *great*, yet they take a Kind of *Pleasure* peculiar to *themselves*, in *distressing* each other, and have invented for that *End*, *Plagues*, and *Torments*, too *horrid* to mention; and are so *pernicious* to their *Fellows*, that whenever it happens, that, by the blind *Zeal* of some *Faction*, the *Ambition* of *Princes*, or the *Licentiousness* of a *Conquerour*, they are *let loose*, as it were, and warranted to *destroy*, their natural *Barbarity* is something most *amazing*, and *ingenious*; and yet these *Animals* never approach

so near the State of superiour Beings, as when they feel the cordial Joy of doing Good to one another! But such is the unhappy Condition of these Creatures, that there are very few of them capable of so sublime a Satisfaction. Here POLLAYER, his Reverie still continuing, imagined, that some invisible Spirit of one of the more glorious, Celestial Orbs, cry'd out with a Voice harmonious, as the sweetest Music.

“ O great *Director* of all created Things!
 “ cou'd we be permitted to *guide* under thee
 “ the *Reins* of thy *Providence*, what *Plea-*
 “ *sure* shou'd we not have in administering
 “ unseen our *Aid* to these poor, weak, and
 “ helpless *Wretches*, which thou hast placed
 “ in the *Scale* of *Entity* so very much *below*
 “ us, and so very *near* the *vilest* of thy
 “ *Creatures*? The ever glorious *Ministers*,
 “ who wait around thy refulgent *Throne*,
 “ *smile* from their *Height* at the *Follies* of
 “ these fantastic *Animals*, and sometimes shed
 “ *heavenly* Tears at the *Cruelties* they inflict
 “ on one another!

Now

Now this *melodious* Voice seem'd to cease, and he thought, that the mighty *Winds*, on whose *Wings* he rode, grew more, and more impetuous; that he heard the Noise of distant *Thunder*, and the Fall of many *Waters*; and that he was *transported* with incredible *Swiftness* to another Part of the *Universe*, far distant from the former, in the Midst of innumerable *Worlds*, less glorious than the first, and surrounded with very gloomy *Atmospheres*. Here, he conceived, he was forced to change often his *Situation* from *Globe* to *Globe*; but always for the worse, till he imagined, that, at last, he shed Abundance of *Tears*, to find, that the Almighty *Creator* of all Things had form'd so many *Worlds* of *Beings*, who seem'd to him such *miserable Animals*, when, on a sudden, he fancy'd he heard a *loud*, and *terrible* Voice, which spoke to him in this Manner.

“ O WEAK, and audacious *Mortal*! presume no longer to censure the Works of that *Divinity*, who has created the *Universe* in that wise *Order*, which thou art not *design'd* to comprehend.

HERE it seem'd, that a Moment of profound *Silence* succeeded, when POLLAYER, recovering from his *Reverie*, started up from his Seat, and cry'd out thus, *Heavens! how some People's Fancies rove!* " *Fancies!* quoth the old Woman who had just finish'd her Story, *Fancies!* says she, " May I never " have the *Pleasure of Speaking* another Word, " if I have told you a *Syllable*, but what's as " *true*, as you are there alive!

REFLE-

REFLECTIONS.

I.

THE chief reason, perhaps, why *Coxcombs* are so *odious* to us, is because we cant help looking upon them as *Pretenders* to what, we believe, we have a better *Title* to: For cou'd a Man get rid of the *Vanity* within *himself*, he wou'd hardly be offended at the Appearance of it in *other* People.

II.

FORTUNE rarely grants us any *Blessing*, without *taking* some other away at the same time; so that when she is in good humour with us, she seems rather to *exchange* her *Favours* with us, than to *multiply* them upon us.

III.

THE most certain Rule to be very *sincere* in the *Advice* we give, is to make the *Case* our *own*, as much as we can.

IV.

FOOLS are oftentimes not so much contemned for their *Stupidity*, as for being held incapable of judging of our own *Merits*.

V.

IT is scarce in *Fortune's* Power to make a *Coxcomb* unhappy: His 'good *Opinion* of himself will support him in most *Conditions*. Is it not a Reproach to *Philosophy*, that *Vanity* can answer so well the same *End*?

VI.

IT is an established *Maxim* in the World, that *Friendship* cannot continue long but between such as have pretty near an *Equality* in their *Conditions*, which necessarily renders *Friendship* of little *Use*, or, at best, but a meer *Traffick*.

VII.

CEREMONY is the *Affectation* of good *Breeding*, as *Cunning* is the *Ape* of *Wisdom*.

VIII

VIII.

THE World's *Contempt* for some sort of People, serves only to *reconcile* them the better to themselves.

IX.

THE *Favourites* of great Men may be compared to those *bright Clouds*, which the *Sun* has rais'd and *shines upon*, and which must fall down again upon the *Earth*, out of which they were *drawn*, as soon as he retires his *Beams*.

X.

THE most subtile *Flatterer* has his *Parasite*.

XI.

IT is not always so much the *Wholsomness* of *Advice*, as the *Manner* in which it is given, which makes it *acceptable*.

XII.

IT is our *Fate*, to be seldom sensible, that we have been in a *good Condition* of *Life*, be-

fore we are obliged to *change it for a worse*.

XIII.

HOSPITALITY is rarely found but in such plentiful Countries, where the Inhabitants have commonly more than they know well what to do withall.

XIV.

WE may say to *our selves* concerning our *Passions*, what a certain *General* say'd to his *Soldiers* upon discovering the *Enemy*. "There they are *Lads!* and if we don't fell them, they'll fell us,

XV.

No Man pays more *Homage* to his own *Wit* than he who is not afraid of *sacrificing* his *Interest* to a *home Jest*.

XVI.

PRIDE towards *proud Men* is a kind of *Vir-
sue*.

XVII.

THE *Freedom* which our *Women* enjoy in
these

these *Northern Nations*, may be owing to no better *Motive* than our want of such *strong Passions* for them, as *Men* in warmer *Climates* are subject to. Where their *Liberty* is less, *Mankind* are observed to be greater *Slaves* to *Beauty*, which here, like the *Sun* in those Countries, appears *unobstructed* every Day, without having so much *Notice* taken of it. But with them, like the same *glorious Planet* amongst us, it comes *rarely* forth, and is more *admir'd*, tho' generally discover'd but thro' the *Cloud* of a *Veil*.

XVIII.

THE surest way to get rid of a *worthless Fellow*, is to confer an *Obligation* upon him.

XIX.

THAT Man who will needs *instruct* his *Wife* in *Leudness*, or *Irreligion*, may be said to *foment* a *Civil War* in his own *Dominions*.

XX.

WHENEVER a *Poet* attempts to turn *Historian*, he is under no small *Temptation* of deviating from that plain, unbiass'd *Truth*, which
makes

makes no less the *Soul* of *History*, than *Fable*, and *agreeable Fiction* does that of *Poetry*: Their *Provinces* are so very *different*, that they shou'd never be suffer'd to pass each others *Bounds*

XXI.

MAN is really incapable of making any *Promises*, but such as are *conditional*, the *Constancy* of his *Mind*, and *Inclinations* being no more in his own *Disposal*, than the *Continuation* of his *Life*, or *Fortune*. The utmost *Sincerity* he can truly boast of, is to mean what he says, when he declares it.

XXII.

ONE of the most important *Secrets* in *Writing* is, to say just enough, and no more.

OF THE
SISTER ARTS;
AN
ESSAY.

*Omnes Artes, quæ ad Humanitatem pertinent,
habent quoddam commune Vinculum; & quasi
cognitione quadam inter se continentur.*

CIC. PRO ARCH. POETA.

IF it be allow'd with C^{IC}ERO that all *Arts* are related, we may safely conclude, that POETRY, PAINTING, and MUSIC are closely ally'd. From this near Resemblance to each other they have been commonly call'd the *Sister Arts*, which is so great, that it is difficult to discourse upon either of them, particularly on the two First, without a mutual borrowing of *Images*, and *Terms*; infomuch that

that one of these *Arts* cannot well be explain'd, without giving some Inſight into the other at the ſame Time.

ALMOST all the *Parts* of *Poetry* are found in *Painting*. *Harmony*, which is the *Eſſence* of *Music*, is, as it were, the *Dreſs*, or *Cloathing* of *Poetry*; and *Painting* is a kind of dumb *Harmony*, which charms, and ſooths us thro' our *Eyes*, as *Music* does thro' our *Ears*. *Poetry* is much nearer ally'd to *Painting*, than to *Music*. *Lyric Poetry* approaches more to *Music*, than any other *Species* of it, as *Dramatic*, and *Poſtoral Poetry* do to *Painting*. *Harmony* does the Office of a *Lucina* to the *Poet*, and *Painter*, helping the Production of their Labours; and ſcarce any of thoſe who have ſucceeded in either of theſe *Arts*, have been inſenſible of the *Power* of *Sounds*.

THE nearer the *Poet* approaches to the *Painter*, the more perfect he is; and the more perfect the *Painter*, the more he imitates the *Poet*, in drawing the *Manners*, and *Paſſions* with *Life*, and *Spirit*. The *Painter* is to animate a *Form*, and the *Poet* to lend a *Form* to *Sentiment*, and *Diſtion*: One is to give *Life* to beautiful *Proportion*, and the other *Strength* and

and *Figure* to sublime *Thought*: The *Painter* like PROMETHEUS, lights up a *Spirit* in the *Body*, while the *Poet* seeks a *Body*, to maintain, and support that *Spirit*; which is one of HOMER'S greatest Praises; for, by the *Fire* of his vast *Genius*, he has given *Form* to almost all *Things*, and made them appear, as it were, *alive*.

As these *Arts* proceed chiefly from the same Principles, *Imitation*, and *Harmony*, so they are mutually assistant to each other, and ought to dwell much together; yet, however they may be reciprocally obliged to each other, and agree so well in the main, they have their *separate* Beauties too.

POETRY not only can express the external Signs of the Operation of the Mind, which are so lively represented by *Painting*; but also its finest *abstracted* Thoughts, and most *pathetic* Reflections. *Painting* cannot convey its *Images* in such great *Numbers*, and with so quick and *unwearied* a *Succeſſion* as *Poetry* does; and there are almost innumerable *Images* in *Poetry*, which *Painting* is not capable of forming, and which are often the greatest Ornaments in *Poetry*. What *Painter* can give us the

the *Image*, for example, which HORACE has done in these Words,

* *Et nova Febrium*
Terris incubuit Cohors.

This represents a *dreadful, active Image* to the Imagination, and is one of those *many*, which are absolutely out of the Province of the *Pencil*. A great *Painter* might, perhaps, form a very beautiful *Design* from the Description which VIRGIL gives of VENUS, when she discovers herself to ÆNEAS in the first Book of the *Æneid*.

Dixit: Et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea——

But to reduce the *Intire Image*, which these three or four Verses convey to the Mind, to *Light*, and *Shadow*, is impossible. What a Complexity of beautiful *Images* are here charm'd

* Ode III. Lib. I.

up

up into the Mind, as it were, by the *Magic* of a few Words? It is in the *brightest Ideas* that VIRGIL thus represents the *Transfiguration*, if one may so say, of this *Goddeſs*, while ſhe breaks forth from her Diſguiſe, into this Blaze, and Refulgency of Heavenly *Beauty*, with all the *Enſigns* of her *Divinity*. What a happy *Attitude* has the *Poet* choſe for this Purpoſe? With what *Grace*, and *Majeſty* do we behold her turning from ÆNEAS, and brightning by Degrees into that glorious *Form*, which confeſs'd her no leſs than the *Queen of Love* herſelf?

IT may, perhaps, be ſaid in favour of *Painting*, and *Music*, that they may be look'd upon as *universal Languages*, being to be underſtood, and comprehended every where; and that *Poetry*, and *Music* have this Advantage over *Painting*, that as many *Copies* may be taken of them, as the *Printer*, or *Transcriber* pleaſes, and that all of them ſhall be equally perfect with the *Original*; but there are much fewer good Judges of *Poetry*, than of *Painting*, of *Music*. *Music* is a great, and very ſudden Mover, and Refiner of the *Paſſions*; its *Operations* are *intense*; but as it conſiſts only of

Sounds

Sounds, to which no other *Ideas* are annexed, its *Impressions* are soon, and easily *defac'd*.

IT is certain, that, by universal Consent, *Poetry* is the most *elegant* Pleasure, and the most *pleasing* Instruction; a more elevated, and harmonious *Philosophy*, inviting more sweetly, and, consequently, more powerfully to that true Wisdom, which makes our Happiness. It is the Child of *Nature*, and of *Science*, dress'd up in all the choicest of their Beauties; in all Ages it has liv'd, and has had its Nourishment with *Learning*, and with *Learning* too it has constantly decay'd, and dwindled into *Barbarism*. We are oblig'd to the *Poets* for the most *lively Pictures* of human Dispositions, and Affections. HORACE declares *Poetry* more *instructive* than *Philosophy* itself; for it is not only design'd to divert, and move. *Poets* were originally those *Divines* and *Philosophers*, who *tam'd* Mankind, taught them *Arts*, and *Sciences*, gave them *Laws*, and fitted them for *Society*; and it is for this Reason chiefly, that *Poetry* has been always so much esteem'd by the greatest Men, and wisest *Philosophers*. There is no Doubt, but that *poisonous Morals* may more easily be insinuated, and recommen-

ded

ded by the *Charms* of *Poetry*, as well as *sound Instruction*, which made a certain *Philosopher* compare *Poetry* to the Land of *Ægypt*, equally abounding with *wholesome*, and *unwholesome* Herbs; but no body will impute this to *Poetry* itself; but to those who make a wrong Use of it.

THO' *Music* may give the Mind no *Instruction* immediately from itself; yet it helps greatly to *mend* the *Heart* in general, and elevate it to the doing of great, and generous Actions: It disposes the Soul for the Reception of such Precepts as tend to *Humanity*, and *Benevolence*; it charms, and softens us, like *Beauty*, which, tho' generally incapable of giving *Instruction*, serves to *refine* our *Passions*, and excite, and raise us to the Performance of *brave*, and *noble* Exploits. The *Grecians* in the Education of their *Children* took great Care that they should be instructed in *Music*; they were of Opinion, that it contributed much to the framing of them to *Virtue*, and we find, that for a long Time, they had no *Music* but what was proper for forming of Youth to *Morality*, and for *singing* the *Praises* of *Heroes*, and great Men. HERCULES, A-

CHILLES, &c. were all taught *Musie*; it employ'd their leisure Hours, when the Toils of War were ended; they sung the *Gods*, and Deeds of valiant Men. *Poets*, and *Musicians* were of old the same Persons. SOCRATES apply'd himself to the *Lyre* towards the End of his Life; and his Disciple PLATO says, that *Music* has as much Influence on the *Mind* as *Air* has over the *Body*. ARISTOTLE thought it not below him to treat of that *Art*, and PYTHAGORAS imagin'd it so useful, that he enjoin'd it as a Duty to his Scholars, to *compose* their Minds with it the first Thing they did in a Morning, and the last Thing when they went to sleep at Night.

A PAINTER was of old look'd on as a *common Good*. These *Artists* thought their *Works* too much conceal'd, if they were not exhibited in *public Places*. Some of them chose rather to give their *Labours gratis* to their Country, than to set any Value upon them. ZEUXIS is said by PLINY to have done so, esteeming his Productions invaluable, and the vast Prices we find the *Ancients* gave for *Pictures*, and *Statues*, are evident Arguments of the Veneration they held them in. The *Art of Painting* is

not

not so easy, or so mechanical a Thing as some seem to imagine. To become a good *Painter*, a great *Genius* is requisite, sound *Judgment*, and a fine *Imagination*, joyn'd with long *Practice*, *Patience* and *Industry*. The *Painter* as well as the *Poet*, must be an *Enthusiast* in his *Art*, to succeed in it as he ought; his *Mind* must be turn'd for a true *Relish* of what is *great*, *beautiful*, and *surprizing*; he ought to have a *quick*, and *lively* *Discernment*, and must be easily struck with the *Beauty*, and *Proportion* of all the *Objects* he meets with. A *Painter* must sacrifice almost all his *Time* to his *Art*, and scarce let a *Day* pass without *doing something*; he ought to *love* his *Profession*, and prefer the *Truth*, and *Perfection* of it to any *Interest* besides. He must have an *Idea* of *perfect Nature*, and his *Business* sometimes may lay out of *Nature* itself, tho' not so often as the *Poet's*. The *Disposition* of the *whole* requires great *Judgment*, as well as it does, before that, to choose a *proper Subject*; nor is it the least *Secret* in his *Art*, to know when to *leave off*, for which *APELLES* was so much commended.

SOME of the *Ancients* deriv'd the original *Ideas* of these *Arts* immediately from *Heaven* itself, so high was the *Opinion* they had of them.

IT is not very material to know, which of these *Arts* was first produced. *Hieroglyphicks* seem to have been the earliest *Painting*, as well as the first, and most ancient Way found out to transmit the Knowledge of Things to Posterity, before the Invention of *Letters*: It is easy to conceive, that the *first Essays* of this *Art* were very rude, and imperfect.

THE first *Poetry* we hear of was at Feasts, and Sacrifices, in the earliest Ages after the Labour, and Toils of the Harvest, and Vintage was ended. In these ancient Assemblies were sung the Praises of the *Gods*, and great *Men*; so that, 'tis probable, *Music* must have been born at the same Time with this rude Kind of *Lyric Poetry*, and proceeded at first from a certain Fulness of *Heart*, from a Kind of *Exultation*, and Overflowing of *Joy*, and *Mirth* on these Occasions. *Music*, perhaps, afterwards when the *Passions* of Men grew more refin'd, was made use of upon Occasions of Sorrow, at the *Funerals*, or Death of *Kings*,
great

great *Captains*, &c. and in private, to sooth the Grief of particular Men for the Loss of their *Friends*, *Country*, or whatever was dear to them; *Lovers*, *Captives*, and such as were in Sorrow, and Affliction, found their *Consolation* in it: It at length became more familiar, and frequently us'd; but it is likely, it was a considerable Time before it was strong enough to go alone, if we may so say, and to be utter'd without Words. *Vocal Music* was certainly long used before *Instrumental Music* of any Kind was found out; but it seems, that *string'd Instruments* were invented, at least, perfected, before *Wind Music*. *Vocal Music* has always been the *most esteem'd* of any other Kind, and the most difficult to bring to Perfection; and, as it is the most *natural* to Mankind, so it is the most *pleasing*, and *agreeable*. It is probable, that *Martial Music* is almost as old as *War* itself.

THE first *Painters* began only with one *Colour*, then another was added, a third, and so on; in like Manner, the *Dramatic Poets* introduced but *one* single *Person*, at the beginning of *Tragedy*, upon the *Stage*; after that, they brought in a *second*, and, at last, they

were increas'd to *three*; but this Addition to *Tragedy*, which was originally purely a *Chorus*, and *Hymn* to the *Divinity*, constituted its true *Form*, and *Perfection*; whereas, the *Variety* of *Colours*, on the contrary, hasten'd the *Decay* of *Painting*. The *Painters* soon began to depart from the *Justness*, and *Severity* of their *Art*; they found they could please at a cheaper Rate with the *Pageantry* of *Colours*: The Merit of their *severer* Labours was known but to a few; but the *Splendour* of their *Colours* attracted the Eyes of the *Multitude*, and the *Painters* were themselves debauch'd by it by Degrees, and lost their former true *Taste*.

ALL these *Arts* have travel'd to us from the *East*, as indeed all *Learning* has done. *Painting* in *Ægypt* was at first rude, nor did it attain its *Perfection* till it was brought into *Greece*. The Schools of *Athens*, *Sicyon*, *Rhodes*, and *Corinth* were reckon'd the principal *Academies* for *Painting* amongst the *Greeks*. According to *PLINY*, this *Art* was already brought to *Perfection* in *Greece*, about the eighteenth *Olympiad*; it was in its highest *Glory* about the *Time* of *ALEXANDER* the Great; but

but degenerated, when the *Roman* Empire flourish'd under *AUGUSTUS*, at which Time *Poetry* was in its Height in *Italy*; for these *Arts* have not always flourish'd together. Some Time after that, *Painting* broke forth again in its former Splendour in the Reigns of some succeeding *Emperors*, till the *Hunns* overrunning *Italy*, entirely destroy'd it with all other *Arts*, and *Learning*. In the *Fourteenth*, *Fifteenth*, and *Sixteenth* Centuries it recover'd itself, and came to a great Height of *Perfection*. *TITIAN*, famous for his *Colouring*, was the first of the *Venetian* School that began to adorn his Works. *COREGGIO*, celebrated for his *Graces*, did the same in *Lombardy*; as likewise did *RAPHAEL* in the *Roman* School noted for his *Designing*; *CARRACIO*, esteem'd for *Contours*, or *Out-Lines* at *Bologna*, and *ANDREA DEL SARTO* at *Florence*. But the *Roman* School neglected *Colouring* thro' their eager Imitation of the *Proportion*, *Justness* of *Design*, and *beautiful Nature*, which they found in the *Remains* of the *Ancients*. The *Painters* who saw not those *Remains* of *Antiquity*, had always still a good deal of the old, *Gothick*, barbarous *Style* in their Works. At the *Reco-*

very of these *Arts* in *Europe*, *Painting* was much beforehand with *Poetry*; for *Poetry* requires so much more *Learning*, and so many more *Arts* to bring it to *Perfection*, that it was obliged to wait for the *Revival* of all the *Parts* of *Learning* before it could make any *Figure*.

THE *Moderns* seem to have surpass'd the *Ancients* in *Music* to so great a Degree, that they may be said, in some Measure, to be the *Inventors* of it; so great appears the *Difference* to have been between the *old*, and *new Music*: For in the Beginning amongst the *Greeks* it was very low, nor does it appear, that the *Ancients* had in their *Concerts* any *Variety* of *Parts*, except the same *Parts* may be called various, when they are *play'd*, or *sung* an *Octave* higher, or lower. As for Example, when a *Man*, and a *Woman*, or *Boy* sing the same Thing together; for there is *naturally* between the *Voice* of a *Man*, and that of a *Woman*, or *Boy*, the *Difference* of a *Diapason*, or *Octave*. So far *Nature* directed them; afterwards they found out the *Consonances*, as the *Diateffaron*, the *Diapente* or *Diapedesis*; and all the *Greeks*, and *Latins*, who have writ of *Music* from the earliest Times, have never treated of any Thing
in

in their Books beyond the Nature of these *Consonances*. BOETHIUS, an accurate Interpreter of the *Ancients*, first collected, examin'd, explain'd, corrected, and reconcil'd their *Opinions*; but advanced nothing of himself, treading directly in their Footsteps: He gave us the *Characters of Sounds*, in the Place of which we have now our *Notes*. Two Hundred Years after him BEDA writ two *Treatises*, one of the *Theory*, and another of the *Practice of Music*; nor did he, any more than BOETHIUS, exceed the Bounds of the *Ancients*. He has given us, however, the *Forms* of the *Notes*, and the *Keys*, as likewise the *Musical Scale*, consisting of *Lines*, and *Spaces* as used in the *Church* after the *Gregorian Method*. However, *Music*, as to itself, was much in the same imperfect State, and made no considerable Advances, 'till about the End of the *Tenth Century*, when GUIDO ARETINUS, a *Benedictin Monk*, and an excellent Musician for that Age, having carefully examin'd the Books of the *Ancients* upon this *Subject*, added to what they had done, and instituted a *better, and easier Method of Music*: To this Man *Posterity* owes the *Perfection of Music*;
for

For tho' it was not he who altogether perfected it, he open'd the Way to others who have done it since. About the *Thirteenth Century* flourish'd FRANCO, another *Musician*; and after him, in the *Fourteenth Century* some others; by whose *Labour*, and *Writings*, both *Theoretical*, and *Practical Music* was wonderfully improv'd. At length one J. ZARLINO publish'd a Book of *Music* in *Italian* at *Venice* in the Year 1580, in which he surpass'd all those who went before him, and brought *Music* to much greater *Perfection* than it had yet arrived at; but, however, not to that Height in which we now have it. Thus we find how long *Music* remain'd in its ancient *Simplicity*. However perfect the Art of *Music* may be at this Day, it is confin'd to the more *Western* Parts of *Europe*: In the Countries where it had its *Birth*, it is in a much worse State than it was amongst the *Ancients*, and by all the best Accounts we have of the more *civiliz'd*, and *polite Nations* of the *East*, this *Art* is in a very low *Condition* in that Part of the World, and yet they ascribe to it as wonderful Effects as the *Ancients* did to theirs; and if we may believe the most celebrated *Authors*, who have

written

written of the *Savages of America*, even their *Music*, however rude it may appear to us, is in so great *Credit* amongst themselves, that they rarely make Use of any other *Medicine*, and think their *Labours* sufficiently *reliev'd* by it.

THE *Moderns* may glory to have improv'd upon the ancient *Painters* by their Invention of *Copper Plates*; in their Knowledge of *Colouring*, of the *Ciara Oscuro*, and of *Perspective*. What the *Ancients* seem most to have excell'd us in, is *Purity*, *Easiness*, and a beautiful, and natural *Simplicity*, both in *Poetry* and *Painting*. The farther we look into past *Ages*, the more *true*, *simple*, and *natural* we find their *Productions* of all Kinds: Every *Age* has by Degrees degenerated from the ancient *Simplicity*; the *Romans* had less of it than the *Grecians*, and we have little, or none of it remaining with us.

POETRY, and *Painting* propose the most beautiful Works of *Nature* for the *Objects* of their *Imitation*: *Art* alone conceals her *Beauties*; a *Genius uncultivated*, and without *Art*, shews her, as it were, thro' a *Veil*, but confusedly, and to Disadvantage, in such a Manner as
we

we regret the imperfect View we have of her; but where *Art*, and *Genius* are happily united, they send her forth beauteous, amiable, and attended with the real *Graces*. *Art*, however, is to be employ'd with Caution, and consider'd as the *Handmaid*, or *Servant* of *Nature*, whose Office it is to heighten, and improve the *Beauties* of her *Mistress*, and, not by dressing her up *fantastically*, to hide her *Charms* in such a *Complexity*, as the wrong Judgments of some have mistaken for *Ornament*. Better is *Nature*, loose, and unattir'd in all her *Wildness*, and *Luxuriancy*, amidst a Croud of *Errors*, than bury'd in the most exact *Labours*; for if she appears at all, it is to charm us.

THE Misfortune is, that *Fancy*, and *Judgment* are very differently employ'd; while the *First* is busy'd in throwing Things together, the *other* is perpetually dividing them again. *Fancy* importunately intrudes upon you her *Ware* of all Sorts; flatters, and soothes you, and solicites your Reception of them; insinuates her self, and Goods into your Favour, and enhances the Worth of whatever she exposes to your View; 'till Judgment, that stern and rigid

rigid *Umpire* between you, examines them against the Light of *Reason*; rejects those; reforms these; throws others away as false, and unsound; receiving what he *likes* best at the lowest *Price* he can; and yet notwithstanding his great *Caution*, is sometimes egregiously *mistaken*, and *refuses* the greatest *Beauties*, when he takes most Pains not to be *impos'd* upon. So hard a Thing it is, to make a wholesome *League* between these two *Opposites*, which, however, are so *necessary* to each other.

PAINTERS as well as *Poets* are not only to choose what is *most beautiful* in *Nature* to imitate; but they are likewise to choose out of those *Beauties*, such as are most proper for, and agree best with their respective *Arts*; for, there are some Subjects fitter for *Painting*, and others for *Poetry*, which may admit of *Imitation* in either *Art*. ARISTOTLE, and HORACE after him, advise the *Poets* to choose their Subjects out of known *Fables*: 'Tis plain the *Painters* have much more Need of following that *Rule*.

THE Choice of a Subject being thus happily made, the *Artist* must be equally careful to *range* all its *Parts* in their proper *Order*, disposing each where they will be most *surprizing*, and contribute most to the *Beauty* of the *whole*: He should respect the future Perfection of his Work in the very *Embryo* of his Design, that every *Part* may arise from the same Foundation, and in that *just Order*, which *Nature* herself observes in her *Productions*; thus we should conceive all at once, and have a *Satisfaction* like that which arises from the happy *Combination* of the several *Parts* of a *Consort of Music*.

PAINTERS, as well as *Poets*, ought to choose *warm*, and *affecting Subjects*. It is an instant of Time only which an *Historical Piece* represents, and that *Representation* must be *active*, and *passionate*, or it will appear but *dead*, and *cold*; so likewise must the Subject of a *Tragedy* be full of *Spirit*, and move the *Affections* briskly, or else, as it proposes an *immediate Action*, it will be as *languid*, and *dull* as the other. Thus *Dramatic Poetry* is that Part of *Poetry* which nearest resembles *Painting*, not only because it exhibits the very *Action*

tion itself; but because it aims more at the Passions than *Epic*, or any other Kind of Poetry; for *Epic Poetry* works slowly, and arrives at its *End* thro' a long *Series* of *Things* and *Examples*; and this is one of *ARISTOTLE'S* Reasons why he prefers *Tragedy* to *Epic Poetry*, as performing its Work in *less Time*, and, consequently, *more intensively*.

In *great Works* we don't so much consider what is *accurately finish'd* in each single *Part*, regarding rather the *Beauty* of the *whole*; but *smaller Works* in *Poetry*, and *Pictures* ought to be exquisitely *finish'd*: They have not *Length*, or *Copiousness* enough to hide their *Faults*, or excuse their *Imperfections* by the Number of *Beauties*, which a greater *Work*, might be capable of, where little *Omissions* are sometimes even of Use to set off great *Beauties*: Besides, these little *Subjects* require all *foreign Ornaments* that may be conveniently introduced to support them.

THE *Subject* ought to be *clear*, and *unconfused*; neither too *big*, nor too *little*, that the *Mind* may *comprehend* it all with *Peasure*, and, at the same *Time*, not too *easily*, and all at once. A *Play*, or *Picture* may have too

many

many Persons in it; and an *Epic Poem* may be embarrassed with too great a *Variety* of *Incidents*.

THE different *Figures* which compose a *Picture*, as well as the different *Parts* which compose each *Figure*, ought to conspire to form one, entire *whole*: The same Thing, in Effect, is to be observ'd in *Poetry*, where every Thing is vicious, that does not necessarily, or probably conspire to the *Unity* of the *Composition*.

THERE are some *Incidents* which are not proper to be expos'd, or introduced either on *Stage*, or in the *Tablet*. A *Picture* may be too *horrid*, as well as a *Tragedy*; and such *Incidents* as offend the Sense, or shock in any Manner, should be perform'd behind the *Scene*, or cast at the Back of the *Picture*, where the *Subject* will admit of it: Where it will not, that *Subject* is better neglected, as improper for *Imitation*.

OUR Religion affords properer Subjects for *Painting* than for *Poetry*; nor can any great *Success* be expected from the *Subject* of an *Epic Poem*, which admits not of the *Ornaments* of the *Machinery* drawn from the *Heathens*

then *Mythology*; but the mingling of the *Profane*, and *Christian Systems* together, which some of our most famous modern *Poets*, and *Painters* have not scrupled to do, is both *monstrous*, and *indecent*; and notwithstanding some have stood up with *Warmth*, (perhaps with more *Zeal* than *Reason*) for the Introduction of *Religious Subjects* into the *greater Poetry*, they will not be found either so fit for the *Drama*, or *Epic Poetry*, as for the *Lyric*. They who would join *Poetry* to their *Devotion*, can do it no way more sublimely, and properly than by falling into the ancient Way of *Hymns*: It is to this Kind of *Poetry* that we owe most Part of those *great*, and *sublime Passages* with which the *Scripture* so abounds.

THE same Rules which ARISTOTLE lays down as necessary for the *Poets* to observe in the Formation of the *Manners*, or *Characters*, are equally instructive to the *Painters*. 'Tis first requir'd, that they be well *denoted*; that the *Character* intended, should stand manifestly *express'd*, and *distinguish'd*; which is of the most Importance, and the Foundation on which the other *Rules* are grounded. The next *Quality* desir'd in the *Manners*, is, that they be

agreeable to the Age, Sex, Country, &c. of the *Person* represented. Another *Condition* mention'd, is that they may be like those of the *Person*, whom they are intended to represent, whether it be an AJAX or an ULYSSES, an ALEXANDER or a CÆSAR, or any other famous Personage, eminent in Story. The last *Precept* which this *Philosopher* lays down for the *Manners*, is that they be *equally maintain'd*, thro' the whole *Subject*, whether taken from *History*, or purely *invented*. The *Poets* in the forming of their *Characters*, as well as the *Painters*, are not to copy from Particulars; but from the *Idea* of *Nature* in general: They must *draw* from the *original*. Not what *Nature* does in her more common Productions; but what she does *sometimes*, *may*, or ought to do, should be the *Example* of the *Artist*. LEONARDO DA VINCI in his *Treatise of Painting*, gives Rules altogether conformable to this, proposing in general the most remarkable *Characteristicks* of Youth, Age, &c. to the Consideration of the *Painters*: He is so very exact in Relation to the *Manners*, as to require, that the *Attitude* of a *Figure* be so conducted in all its Parts, that the *Intention* of the *Mind* may

may be seen in every Member. The same judicious *Painter* observes, that the *Motions* of the *Figures* should always shew the Degree of Strength, which they may be reasonably suppos'd to employ in their respective *Actions*. Thus let the *Poet* proportion the *Emotion*, and *Passion* of his *Person* to the *Subject*, and present *Circumstance*, which is too often neglected: *Similes*, and *moral Reflections* are very common upon the *Stage* in the Hurry of a *Surprize*, or *Fight*; while *Rage*, and *Fury* are acted in *Cabinets*, and solitary *Woods*. The *Poet* ought to consider in every *Sentence* whether his *Person* speaks from the Bottom of *Nature*, or not, and to study the various *Motions*, and *Alterations* of the *Mind* as attentively as the good *Painter* does those of the *Body*; for as the *Painter* characterizes his *Figures* by *Attitudes*, and *Features*; so does the *Poet* characterize his *Persons* by *Sentiments*, and *Actions*.

As all Things in a *Tragedy*, or *Heroic Poem* should contribute to illustrate the *Hero*, so in a *Picture* nothing ought to be made so shining, and conspicuous, as to divert the Eye from the *principal Person*, which, in either

Art must be placed in the most *eminent* Light, and be the most *exactly* finish'd. ARISTOTLE advises the *Poets* to imitate the *Painters*, who preserve the *Similitude* in *dorning* it. HOMER has drawn ACHILLES, inexorable, fierce and cruel; but he has mingled with that, such a Magnanimity, and generous Concern for his *Friend*, that we are *forc'd* to *admire* him.

'Tis by the *Sentiments* that the *Manners*, or *Characters* are denoted. Let the *Artist* improve his *Mind* by studying what the best *Authors* both of the *Ancients*, and *Moderns* have written, and furnish his *Imagination* with the *Examples* of such famous *Men* as are recorded in *History*, and from thence draw forth the *Ideas* of his *Heroes*, and *Thoughts* proper for great *Personages*: Let him thus enrich himself with sublime *Sentiments*, and sublime *Words*, and *Expressions* will follow of Course.

THE *Diction* in *Poetry* answers to the *Colouring* in *Painting*, and its great *Lights*, and *Shadows* are as the *Ornaments* of *Language*; and as it is observ'd, that such of the *Painters* as are particularly famous for their *Colouring*, are seldom good *Designers*, so it may be

remark'd

remark'd amongst the *Poets* and other *Writers*, that they, who aim at being carefully *finish'd* in their *Style*, and are very *curious*, and *exact* in their *Words*, have rarely any Thing *great*, and *solid* in their *Compositions*.

POETS, and *Painters* never gratify more the Observers of their *Works*, than when they express themselves not so fully, but that these may find Matter enough to exercise their own *Imaginations* upon: We are agreeably flatter'd by such *Discoveries*; and it is for this Reason, that the *Sketches*, or unfinish'd *Designs* of some great *Masters*, which are but lightly *touch'd*, seem sometimes to have more *Spirit*, and often *please* more than such as are perfected.

A BREAK, or *Pause* in *Poetry* is sometimes more *significant* than any Thing, that might have been said; so in *Music*, a *Rest* in its proper *Place* has often a wonderful *Effect*, and from the *Beauty* of its *Surprize*, makes the *Suspension* of *Harmony* itself agreeable.

EASE, and Freedom both in *Writing*, and *Painting*, like good *Nature*, excuse a great many *Faults*, which in such Cases are rather imputed to *Neglect*, or to the *Impetuosity* of

Genius, than to the *Insufficiency* of the *Artist*: This *Ease* in Execution, which some call *Happiness*, may proceed sometimes from a natural *Disposition*; but more commonly from *Art* well conceal'd, and, like our *Happiness* in Life, is oftner the *Effect* of *Management* and *Discretion*, than of *meer* good *Fortune*.

THE same *Attitudes* are not to be repeated in a Piece of *Painting*, or the same *Expressions* made frequent Use of in *Poetry*. LEON. DA VINCI says, that a *Painter* by disregarding the *Diversity* of Proportions, seems to cast all his *Figures* in the same *Mould*, which he will have to be a Fault of the first Magnitude; In either *Art* there must be *Variety* to please.

WHENEVER a *Picture* is very much *enrich'd*, we may reasonably suspect that the main *Design*, and *Execution* are *poor*, and that the *Painter* endeavours, by this Means, to hide his *Imperfections*. *Theatrical* Ornaments, and pompous *Diction* are often employ'd to do the same good Office to bad *Poets*.

THERE are at this Day very few, or scarce any *Remains* of the *Paintings* of the *Ancients*; but many of their finest *Statues* as perfect, and beautiful, as when they came out of

the *Artists Hands*; from whence we may observe, that *Sculpture* has the same Advantage over *Painting*, that the dead, learned *Languages* have over the fluctuating, unfixed *Tongues* now in Use; for as the Traces of the *Pencil*, and *Colours* in *Painting* fade quite away by Time, so do the *Words* of these *Languages* in a few Ages become so *obsolete*, that it is with the greatest Difficulty that their meaning is then to be traced, if at all discover'd. Perhaps there is no *European Language* so exposed to *Changes*, and *Innovations*, as our own: It is to be hop'd, that we only adopt the *Flowers*, and *Graces* of other *Languages*; and thus this Liberty of borrowing from every *Tongue* we hear, will become of the greatest Advantage to us.

BESIDES the Observance, or Neglect of the foregoing *Rules*, there are several *Accidents* which conspire to support, or ruin these *Arts*, which, like tender *Plants*, are too delicate to flourish in all *Seasons*, and in every *Place*: They require generous Encouragers, and Protectors, uninterrupted Quiet, and Leisure; Retirement, and Solitude; they are the Daughters of *Peace*, and are soon alarm'd, and fright-

en'd away by the rude Voice of *Discord*, and contending *Factions*; but however they may be *lull'd* to sleep by *Luxury*, or *Sloth*; or *starv'd* for Want of due *Warmth*, and *Encouragement*, they are always to be waken'd again, and recover'd by the *Encouragement* of the *Great*.

A MAN that would *succeed* in any of these *Arts*, must have his Mind pretty much at Ease, and be consequently in tolerable Circumstances, and Master of his own Time, that he may find Leisure to *finish* his Works as they ought to be. *Poetry*, especially, is not to be look'd on as a Trade, or Profession, to get ones Bread by; but is to be follow'd only on favourable Occasions for Pleasure, and Entertainment. The *Poet* should have Recourse to his *Muse*, as to a *Mistress*, when *Inclination* invites him; he may then hope for more *beautiful* Productions, than when he is *slav'd* to his *Art* by a strict *Necessity*; but we find on the contrary, that this, which should be but a generous *Amusement*, becomes too often the *Refuge* of any needy *Scribler*, who has the least Pretence to dabble in *Poetry*, and will venture to hurry out his *unfinish'd* Labours

hours upon the good natur'd Town, letting the World know, how *soon*, and *easily* they were perform'd, as if there was a *real* Merit in *Precipitation*. We find too, on the other Hand, some Vaunts of the *contrary* Practice amongst the *Ancients*. *Catullus* tells us in Commendation of his Friend CINNA, that a *Piece* of his was *nine* Years in finishing. HORACE in his Art of *Poetry*, blames the *Writers* of his Time for their Want of *Patience* to finish their *Works*, and there can be no greater Proof of the Justness of his Reprehension, than that not any of their *Labours* have liv'd long enough, for us to see their *Errors*.

THUS, *Poetry* has suffer'd in the Opinion of many People from the *unworthy* Professors of it; but to condemn *Poetry*, is to condemn, in Effect, the *Tastes* of the most learned, polite, and greatest Men in all Ages; for such, from all *Antiquity*, have lov'd and encourag'd this, and the other fine *Arts*, and have oftentimes themselves profess'd it; nor was it out of a foolish Admiration of jingling *Numbers*, and little *Points*; but thro' a laudable Love, and Respect, for Reason, Morality,

lity, great, and beautiful Sentiments that the *Ancients* so much encourag'd *Poetry*, and its Professors, who were generally Persons of Merit, and Learning, and liv'd up to the *Maxims* they taught. The *Poets* who have writ *judiciously*, have led their Lives with *Judgment* too; it was as conspicuous in their Manners, and Way of living, as in their *Works*; and, if HORACE may be rely'd on, it is necessary that a good *Poet* be a *Philosopher*. *Poetry* then should not be charged with the *Faults* of some, who have *disgraced* it: Whoever will consider it in its proper *Light*, will not find it so contemptible a Thing, as they would have it pass for, who know nothing of its *Worth*, and *Beauties*, the Ignorance of which is very common, notwithstanding that almost every Body thinks he has a Right, to judge of, and meddle with *Poetry*; and it is remarkably surprizing, that some of the most *learned* Men, and most *knowing* in other Parts of *Literature*, should have been so *blind*, and *deceiv'd* in the Judgments they have made of *Poetry*. Considering these Things, it is not much to be wonder'd at, that there should be so many *lame* Productions in this
Art,

Art, in which it is so difficult to succeed well with all the Advantages of *Nature*, and *Study*; as the few excellent Performances in it may witness.

If *Poets*, and *Painters* are to propose the *Idea* of perfect *Nature* for their *Imitation*, it is absolutely necessary that they attain to that *Idea*; and how is that *Idea* to be acquir'd, but by studying the *Perfections* both of the *Body*, and the *Mind*? And where are these *Perfections* found in such Excellence, and Abundance as in the Works of the *Ancients*? In the *Statues*, *Bas-relieves* and precious *Relicks* of the great Masters of old, and in the *Writings* of those learned Philosophers, *Poets*, and *Historians*, who have drawn the *Manners*, and *Sentiments* of Mankind with the same Majesty, and Justness, as these great *Painters* did their exterior Forms, and the visible Beauties of *Nature*? But why, say some People, must we have Recourse to *Antiquity*? Have we not our *Organs* as perfect as the *Ancients* had? And is it unreasonable to suppose, that we may have *Ideas* as great, as beautiful, as just, and surprizing as they had? It may be true, that we have the same *Faculties*,

culties, and *Power* inherent in our Natures; and that they have thought wrong, who have imagin'd, that *Nature* herself, thro' her long Operations, is become *tir'd*, and *decay'd*, and that now, in her *Weakness*, she throws out *imperfect* Creatures, and *weak* Minds. This yet is certain, that Mankind has every Age invented new Things, lost some *Arts*, and found out others, and that there has been a constant *Revolution*, and *Succession* of *Arts*, as of every Thing else; but that the *Ancients* were more excellent than we in most Parts of these *Arts* of Ornament, is as manifest, as that *latter* Ages have invented many *useful* Things entirely unknown to them. That Majesty, that Truth, or Justness, that beautiful Simplicity, and natural Grace, so peculiar to the *Ancients*, are rarely to be met with in any Degree amongst the *Moderns*, and never but amongst such of them, as have imitated *Antiquity*; for it has been the *Fate* of these *latter* Ages, to *refine* so much upon *Nature*, that they have quite *lost* Sight of her, and that not only in Relation to these *Arts* in Question; but in almost every Thing else. The *Ancients* endeavour'd to *improve* *Nature*; we seem

on the contrary, to strive to *hide* her as much as is possible; they consulted *Nature* in her self, and considering, in general, what she *could* and *ought* to do, they copy'd her *Perfections*; nor was this so beautiful *Simplicity* of the *Ancients* confin'd to these *Arts*; but diffus'd it self thro' their *Manners*; nor should we, perhaps, have had any *Idea* of it at all; but from what Remains we have found of it in their Works. Where these *Arts* chiefly flourish'd, the *Genius* of the People, their Government, and, perhaps, their Climate, and Situation, together with the Turn of their Pleasures, and Taste of their great Men, all seem'd to favour the *Advancement* of these *Arts*; to which may be added, their Religion, Superstition, and natural Love of the *Marvelous*. The *Scene* which is now carrying on upon the *Theatre* of what we call the *Polite World*, is of quite a different Nature from what it was in those Days; and Increase of *Luxury*, and new *Inventions* have made, at present, so many Things necessary, which then were either held superfluous, or quite unknown, that the Condition of our Affairs seem to put Men rather upon providing for the *Conveniencies* of

of Life, than to afford them *Leisure*, to *finish* any considerable Work in these *Arts*, as it ought to be; or Opportunity of thinking *justly*, and *sublimely* of Things which are chiefly intended for *Ornament*; and in an *Age* where Men are more distinguish'd by their *Acquisitions*, than by any real *Merit* of their own, there is a certain Pride, and Ambition in *accumulating*, which knows no Bounds, and necessarily introduces *mercenary* Views, and such narrow Ways of Thinking, as *stifle* in the Mind all *Greatness* of Thought, and *Love* of these *Studies*.

INDOLENCE, and *Sloth*, the Effects of *Luxury*, and *Ease*, are equally prejudicial to these *Arts*, and have brought on a Neglect of *Study*, and all *Rules*, by which Means so many *imperfect*, and *unfinish'd* Performances in every one of these *Arts*, are daily precipitated into the *World*; and, what is worse, they who send these *lame* Productions so untimely abroad, not content to have transgress'd against all Sorts of *Rules* themselves, strive, as much as they can, to hinder others from following them, by describing them as vain, and useless, in order to *support* their own *Errors*: They
have

have endeavour'd to laugh away all *Rules*, and banish the *Truth* of *Arts* from amongst us; and Men are easily drawn from the *Practice* of what gives them any Prospect of *Trouble* in the *Pursuit*: We find it as difficult to submit our *Fancies*, as our *Passions* to any *Regimen*; and the Misfortune is, that they who have the *brightest* Imaginations, are generally the most *impatient* of *Rules*; and thus our greatest *Genius's* are, in a Manner, *overthrown* by their own *Strength*. There is a Kind of native *Liberty* in *Fancy*, which abhors the Chain of *Rules*, and Management of *Art*; yet it is not in human Nature to *perfect* any Thing without some *Labour*, and *Patience*; but these *Precepts* they despise, are so founded upon *Nature*, that it is only by the Knowledge, and Observation of them, that they must at last, if ever, compass, what they are supposed, to intend, *viz.* to work with *Ease*, and *Surety*. Many, who might be *excellent*, dare not, because they know not *precisely* what they ought to do; for a just *Confidence* is to be got only from a thorough *Knowledge* of the *Beauties* of the *Art*, and of the *Faults* that may be committed against it. This
would

would, perhaps, be a Means, to cure that *Dif-
fidence* which is most commonly found with
those of the best *Parts*: This would hinder
them, from *discreetly blotting* out sometimes
the most *sublime* Things they have writ, and
the *boldest* Strokes of the *Pencil*.

THE Study of these *Arts* should be begun
early, nor are the *Arts* themselves to be pro-
secuted in that Stage of Life in which the
Mind may be reasonably suppos'd to have lost
much of its *Strength*, and *Vigour*. That natu-
ral *Force* of *Imagination*, that *Fire*, or rather
Enthusiasm, so necessary to the perfect *Execu-
tion* of these *Arts*, is not easily curb'd, and
kept in Order by the Restraint of wholesome
Rules in the Time of our *Youth*, or maintain'd
to any Degree of Perfection, when old *Age*
creeps upon us. LONGINUS discovers HOMER'S
Decline in his *Odysses*, and we have more than
one Example, amongst our *Poets*, of Authors,
who have *surviv'd* their own *Genius*.

TEMPERANCE is as necessary as any Thing
else to him who would perform in either of
these *Arts* to a Degree of Perfection. HO-
RACE, who introduces BACCHUS teaching *Verse*,
and favourable to *Poetry*, and the *Muses*, knew
well,

well, that cool *Reflection*, and *Patience* are requir'd to *finish* any *considerable Design*; and however debauch'd PETRONIUS may appear himself to have been, he is too good a *Critick*, not to have prescrib'd *Regularity* to the Person, who means to *write* any Thing to Purpose; this *Virtue* was observed by the ancient *Sculptors*, and *Painters*, to mention only the famous PROTOGENES, who, when he sat about any *Work*, he was resolv'd to succeed in, lived, 'tis said, only upon *Lupines*, lest he should have *blunted* his *Faculties* by too high a *Diet*. *Wine*, indeed, may work upon the Mind, like a Kind of *Enthusiastic Rage*, in *Starts*, and broken *Raptures*; but it must be by meer *Accident*, if it produces any Thing that Way, that wants not a great deal of *Correction*. It is unsafe trusting to the *Fancy* at any Time; but much more so, when *heighten'd*, and *stretch'd* beyond its natural *Pitch* by the Fumes of intoxicating Liquor.

THESE *Arts* anciently met with more *Encouragement* from *Great Men* than they do at present: They took a *Pride* in those Days in the *Knowledge* of them, and *respected*, and *honour'd* those who *profess'd* them; and for-

merly only such as were of *noble* Extraction had Permission to exercise the *Art* of *Painting*. The *Professors* of these *Arts* should be *protected*, and *countenanced*, in Order to inspire them with such *noble*, and *generous* Thoughts, as they ought to have. Men of *base*, and *servile* Sentiments can never produce any Thing *great*, and worthy of *Posterity* in any of these *Arts*; and the Company of People of *low*, and *narrow* Minds ought to be avoided by them, as *contagious*: They should *imitate* nothing but what is *perfect*, and set the best *Patterns* before their Eyes. The *Ancients* seem'd in some Measure to prescribe this *Rule* to *Nature* her self, while they contrived to place the most *beautiful Statues*, and *Pictures* before their teeming *Matrons*, as tho' they intended thereby to *restore* those *Excellencies* to *Nature*, which they had originally *borrow'd* of her. This may serve to put *Artists* in Mind, that they may receive no small Assistance from good *Examples*, and the assiduous *Contemplation* of the *Works* of the *Ancients*, while they would *form* their Minds to the *Production* of *great*, and *beautiful* Things. It should be their constant Care to treasure up
the

the *Perfections* of *Nature* in their *Memories*, that they may bring forth Nothing themselves but what is truly *perfect*. But how few are capable of perceiving the *Perfections* of *Nature*? Such alone are qualified either for *judging* of, or *exercising* the *Sister Arts*; but this *Idea* of *perfect Nature* is to be *improv'd*, if not *entirely gain'd* by long *Study*, and *Familiarity* with the *fine Works* of the *Ancients*, and by *dwelling* on their several *Beauties*.

THUS we have taken a *cursor*y Survey of these *Arts*; said something, *in general*, of their *Relation*, and *Difference*; of their *Value*, *Rise*, and *Progress*; of the *Necessity*, *Conformity*, and *Practice* of the *principal Rules* by which they were brought to *Perfection*; whence it is they have *decay'd*; and how they may be *restor'd*.

*How the MIND is rais'd
to the SUBLIME.*

THEY who never felt that Kind of *Enthusiasm*, which ARISTOTLE, and LONGINUS mention, as necessary to succeed in *Poetry*, and produce the SUBLIME in *Writing*, will be little the better inform'd, from what may be said, to give an *Idea* of it. He, who can behold without Emotion, and Surprise the *more noble* Works of *Nature*, and of *Art*, will gain, even from the most *expressive* Words, and *strongest* Terms, but a very *faint* *Notion* of what is not so easily described, or taught, as conceived by a *Mind* truly disposed for the *Perception* of that, which is *great* and *marvelous*.

ALL the *vast*, and *wonderful* *Scenes*, either of *Delight*, or *Horror*, which the *Universe* affords, have this *Effect* upon the *Ima-*

gination, such as *unbounded Prospects*, particularly that of the *Ocean*, in its different Situations of *Agitation*, or *Repose*; the rising and setting *Sun*; the Solemnity of *Moon Light*; all the *Phænomena* in the *Heavens*, and Objects of *Astronomy*. We are moved in the same Manner by the *View* of dreadful *Precipices*; great *Ruins*; subterraneous *Caverns*, and the *Operations* of *Nature* in those dark *Recesses*. The like is often produced by that *Greatness*, which *results* from the *Ornaments*, and *Magnificence* of *Architecture*; the *Sight* of numerous *Armies*, and *Assemblies* of People. We are no less *inspir'd*, if it may be so call'd, by that Kind of *Ardour* from the Charms of *Beauty*, or the *Resemblance* of beautiful *Persons*, and *Things* in fine *Statues*, or *Paintings*.

WE are almost equally obliged to the *Sense* of *Hearing* for working on our *Imaginations* much after the same Way, as when we are lull'd by the *whispering* of *Winds*; the Fall of *Waters* in *Cataracts*, or heavy *Showers*; the Roaring of the *Sea*; the Noise of *Tempests* amongst lofty *Trees*; *Thunder*; the Clash of *Arms*, and Voice of *War*. Few
can

can read in MILTON the following Description, which he has given, of the *opening* of the *Infernal Gates* without some Emotion,

—On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous Recoil, and jarring Sound
 Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges
 grate
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest Bottom
 shook
 Of Erebus—

Or the Applause of SATAN's Reply in Council to ABDIEL,

He said, and as the Sound of Waters deep
 Hoarse Murmur eccho'd to his Words Applause
 Thro' th' infinite Host—

Or that of MAMMON's Speech,

He scarce had finish'd, when such Murmur fill'd
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
 E e 4 The

*The Sound of blustering Winds, which all
Night long
Had rous'd the Sea——*

Or his Comparison of the Noise, which was hear'd at the breaking up of the infernal Council, to the Sound of *distant Thunder*.

THE *Il Penseroso* of this great Poet might alone suffice to show, how easily his *Imagination* was warm'd by every little *Circumstance* capable of throwing the *Mind* into this *Cast*. SHAKESPEAR was no less susceptible of this *Poetic Enthusiasm*, as his *Enchantments*, *Fairy Way of Writing*, *Spirits*, and *Creatures* of his own *Formation* may testify. The *Easterns* swore by the *coming on* of *Night*; by the *Whistling* of the *Winds*; by the *Hour* of *Evening*, &c. and by their bold *Metaphors*, and figurative *Style*, we find, they were more than any other People addicted to *Sublimity of Expression*.

THE Force of *Numbers*; the Power of *Music*, and *Oratory*; the Passion of *Love*, and Influence of *Wine* are very efficacious in giving this *Elevation of Thought*.

*Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? quæ in Nemora, aut quos agor in
specus,
Velox Mente nova?*

Says HORACE, full of this Ardour. *Devotion*, with intense *Prayer*; some Kinds of *Superstition*; and the strange *Convulsions* in *Nature*, which have been thought to *portend* great, and extraordinary *Events*, will put the *Imagination* into this Way; as may be found upon reading * VIRGIL's Description of those *Prodigies*, which follow'd the Death of J. CÆSAR, and were said, to presage the *civil War* between BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

THESE, and many Things of the like Nature produce that *Enthusiasm*, which is so requisite to succeed in *Poetry*, and cause the *Sublime*; to which may be added *Terrour*, and *Compassion*, with all that relates to the *pathetic*; the Consideration of the *Heroic Deeds*, and great *Sentiments* of *illustrious*

* Geo. Lib. I:

Men; Reflections on the various Revolutions which have happen'd in different Ages to the Nations of the Earth; the Contemplation on Death it self, and on the Formation and final Dissolution of all Things.

A LETTER

A
LETTER

FROM

P A R I S

TO

B. B***** Esq;

S I R,

AT my Return from *Italy* to this *Place*;
I found your *Letter*, and confess the
Justness of your *Reproaches*; but as I have
been almost in a perpetual *Motion*, since I set
out from *hence*, you will excuse me, as well
as the rest of my Friends have done, for
what may appear to you a *Neglect*; which I
will

will now repair, as well as I can, by sending you such a *cursory* Account of my *Wanderings* , as my *Journal* will afford; in which I shall not so much pretend, to tell you any Thing, which you are not well acquainted with already, as to be *accountable* to you, for the *Time* I spend in my *Absence* from you.

ABOUT the Beginning of *April* , 1728, according to the Style of this Country, we left *Paris* for *Vienna* , passing thro' *Strasburg* to *Ulm* , where we embark'd on the *Danube* , and, in little more than a Week, after a very agreeable *Voyage* , came to the End of our *Journey* , having stay'd a Day, or two at *Ratisbon* in our Way.

Vienna.

THE *Plan* which I send you of *Vienna* will give the best Account of it. The *Suburbs* you find exceed much the *City* it self in Bigness, which, however small, is fill'd with very magnificent *Buildings* , amongst which the *Emperor's* Palace has the least Pretence to that Title, and may serve to keep *St. James's* in Countenance. The Grandeur of the *Court* , and the *Entertainment* we met with, will better

better furnish Matter for Discourse, when we see one another again in *London*.

ON the 28th of *June* following we went ^{Gratz.} after the *Court* to *Gratz*, the Capital of *Stiria*, a strong *City*, and famous for its *Castle*, which oblig'd the *Turks* to retire in their Invasion of the *Empire*: It hangs over the *Town* on a very steep *Hill*. The *City* is divided by the *Meur*, a rapid River, in a fine, and fruitful *Plain*, furrounded by *Mountains*, which are cover'd with *Firs*.

ON the last Day of *July*, leaving the *Ambassador*, and those *Honours*, and *Advantages* behind me, which my having been of his *Train* could only intitle me to, I arrived at *Venice* on the 4th of *August* in the Morning, having travel'd *Post*, Night, and Day, thro' the finest *Road* that, I believe, is now subsisting in *Europe*, and which justly may be call'd *Regis opus* at this Time, since, from one of the worst *Roads* in this Part of the World, it is become the very best: It reaches from the Gates of *Vienna*, thro' *Stiria*, *Carinthia*, and *Carniola*, to the *Venetian* Territories.

I NOW

Venice.

I NOW had the Satisfaction of finding my self in *Italy*, a Pleasure I had long propos'd to enjoy, and was not a little pleas'd and surpriz'd at the *Oddness*, and *Magnificence* of the *City of Venice*, which is full of fine *Pieces of Architecture*: Its Situation is *romantic*: Its Prospect from the *Campanile di San Marco* very beautiful, as is that from the Water before its famous *Piazza*. The *Sea* retires sensibly from this *City*, so that they have to fear the reverse of what the *Dutch* are sometimes so alarm'd at. The *Air* is reckon'd thick, and the *City* subject to *Fogs*: Its *Inhabitants* are naturally given to *Quiet*, *Indolence*, and *Peace*; are very *reserv'd* to *Strangers*; and have little *Society*, and *Hospitality* even amongst themselves. This *City* has the Advantage of being without *Dirt*, *Dust*, or *Noise*. The *Provisions* there are cheap, and in great Abundance, *Voiturage* being all by Water, and at very easy Rates. *Venice* is a proper *Retreat* for a Man, who will be contented to live quietly, and at his Ease without the *great*, and more *active Pleasures* of Life. The *Foundations* of their Houses cost a great deal; but the *Superstructures* are reason-
sonable

sonable enough. Their *Gondolas* are very easy, safe, and convenient; you have them for much the same Expence that we are at for our *Chairs* in *London*. This *City*, which was formerly a *Staple* for *Commerce*, has now so little of that, or her ancient *Riches* left, that she is said, to resemble an old, painted *Harlot*, who lives upon her *Gems*. The State has a good *Revenue*, but is so much in Debt, that great Part of it is yearly consumed in *Interest* for the Money it owes. I shall not entertain you with their *Politicks*, or the Reasons why they have not been for some Time past that *rich*, and *powerful* People they were, nor will I say any Thing of their *Carnaval*, or their yearly Ceremony of *espousing* the *Adriatic* Sea: These Subjects were worn threadbare before we came into the World. I pass'd about two Months there; at *Verona*, whose *Situation* is delightful; upon the Banks of the *Brenta*; and on the Side of the *Lago di Garda*.

ABOUT the End of *September* I set out *Mantua*. from *Toscolano* on the said *Lake*, and lay that Night at *Mantua*, a strong *City* situated amongst *Waters* in a bad *Air*: It is almost depo-

depopulated: The few Inhabitants that remain are very poor, and miserable. At the Palace of *Té*, just without the Walls, are to be seen some fine *Paintings* in *Fresco* by JULIO ROMANO.

Parma.

I STAY'D a Day, or two at *Parma*, where I saw that spacious *Theatre*, you have hear'd so much of, and the Collection of *Pictures* in the Gallery of the *Ducal* Palace.

Modena.

FROM thence I pass'd thro' *Reggio* to *Modena* where I continued some time to see the valuable *Pictures*, which its *Duke* possesses, whose Palace is not finish'd; it is built of a Kind of greyish *Brick*, which is well rubb'd and neatly work'd, and appears at a Distance like *Stone*. There are *Colonades* in almost every Street in this *City* on each Side of the Way, which defend from the *Sun* in Summer, and the *Rain* in Winter; this Convenience gives a melancholy Air to the Town, most of whose *Streets* are very narrow. The *Women* here wear *Vails* as in *Spain*, and *Portugal*. There were no *Diversions* stirring, nor did the *Court* make any *Figure*, the *Duke* being old, and retir'd. The *Police* of this *City* is said to be better regulated than it generally is in

in these little States of *Italy*. The Country is cheap, and abundant; but without *Mony*; the *Nobility* are reckon'd poor, and the *Taxes* run high.

My next Stage was to *Bologna*, where I stay'd something longer. This is a fine, and large *City*, well peopled. There are in this Place several good Palaces more magnificent within, than without. I visited that famous *Colonnade* which is three Miles long, and leads to a Chapel of the *Madona*; one Mile of it is on a dead Flat; the other two Miles carry you by degrees to the top of the *Hill*; the whole *Colonnade* consists of 531 Arches: This was built at the Expence of the *Community* in general. There are here a great Number of *Beggars*, as elsewhere throughout the *Ecclesiastical* State, and the *Churches* are full of *Rogues*, who find there an *Asylum* from *Justice*. There is a great deal of waste Ground within the Walls of *Bologna* turn'd into Walks and Gardens: their *Convents*, and *Churches* are very neatly kept; but it is a pleasanter Place in *Summer* than in *Winter*; for they have the Shade of the *Porticos* in every Street, and a fresh *Air* from the *Appenines*, at the

Foot of which Mountains they lie. There resides here a *Legate* from the *Pope*; but the People are govern'd by their own Laws, and Magistrates. The *Academy* is full of natural *Curiosities* of all sorts, and in great Order, and Abundance. There is in it a *School* for drawing after the *Life*; a Collection of *Arms*, *Statues*, and *Antiquities*; and an *Elaboratory* for *Chimical* Preparations; a *Library* begun; but not yet perfected; there is, likewise, in the same *Academy*, a very high *Tower*, which overlooks the City, and serves for *Astronomical* Studies.

Florence.

FROM *Bologna* I cross'd the *Appenines* for *Florence*, and lay in the middle of the Mountains at a little place call'd *Fiorenzola*. These *Hills* are chiefly cover'd with Woods of *Chestnut* Trees, the *Roads* as steep as most of those in the *Alpes*; but kept in good repair. On the other side of this Ridge of *Mountains* stands *Florence*, beautifully situated, in a Valley amidst innumerable *Villas* on the *Hills* that surround it. This *City* is less than *Bologna*: The Air here is very subtile; the People naturally grave, and ingenious. The *Tenants* who farm the *Estates* in *Tuscany*, pay the *Landlords* half

half their Rents in *Kind*, and *Gentlemen* sell their own *Wines* in *Florence* by retail, as at a *Tavern*, except that it is not to be drank in the House, where it is bought: *Flasks* are hung up at the Doors as *Signals* where *Wine* is to be dispos'd of. The Great *Duke's* Gallery of *Statues*, and *Paintings* in the old *Palace* is full of fine Things, as is the great Apartment in the *Palace* of *Pitti*, where he resides. From this to the old *Palace* on the other side of the *River* there runs a kind of *Gallery*, or cover'd Way, for the convenience of passing privately from one House to the other. The Streets of *Florence* are well pav'd, and there are in this Place several fine Pieces of *Architecture*, most by *M. Angelo*. It wou'd be endless to set down the fine *Statues*, *Pictures*, *Camei*, and *Intagli* in the *G. Duke's* Possession; or the Variety of curious *Paintings* which are to be seen at *Bologna*.

AFTER having satisfied my Curiosity at *Florence*, I continued my Journey thro' *Pistoia*, and the little Commonwealth of *Lucca*, which seems rather a small *Model* of a *Republick* than a Commonwealth it self.

FROM hence I went to *Pisa*, a handsom, large, but depopulated *City*, beautifully seated

in a Plain on each side of the River *Arno*: There are few *Curiosities* here. The great *Church*, with the *Baptistery*, *Hanging Tower*, and *Burying Place* are what is most considerable.

FROM *Pisa* I pass'd to *Leghorn*, where I had some Business, and so to *Siena* in my way to *Rome*.

Siena.

SIENA is a very considerable *City*, extreamly well situated upon a rising Ground, and reckon'd a cheap, plentiful Place, in a fine and wholesome *Air*. The Great *Church*, and the *Market Place* are *Curiosities*.

Rome.

ABOUT the beginning of *November* I arrived at *Rome*. As you come into this famous *City* from *Tuscany*, by the old *Flaminian Way*, the *Entry* is very magnificent; but the Streets of *Rome*, take them all together, are not so fine as a Stranger, perhaps, might expect to find them, who must look for beautiful things in *Rome* rather than to find *Rome* a beautiful *City*. It is far from being a populous Place, tho' it is pretended, that it gains some thousands of new Inhabitants every *Jubilee*. There are several Parts of the *City* unpaved, which in that *Climate* is not so great a Grievance as it wou'd be found nearer the *North*. The many spacious

spacious Gardens, and Walks in, and about *Rome* are very agreeable, and as they are little frequented, afford convenient *Retreats* to a Man who leads a studious Life, and converses with the *Muses*. The *Government* here is easy, mighty favourable to *Strangers*, and particularly so to the *English*. The *Air* of *Rome* is thought heavy, and during the *Heats*, reckon'd very bad, notwithstanding which, the *Nobility* choose to spend their Time there in that Season rather than at *Tivoli*, or *Frescati*, where they have many delightful *Villas*; but it is believed a dangerous Thing to sleep in any other Part of *Rome* than the Place you have been used to lye in at that time, insomuch, that you can't lawfully put away a Servant till the *Heats* are over, lest by being oblig'd to sleep out of his *accustom'd Bed*, he run the hazard of his Life. Many *Foreigners*, looking upon this as the Effect of the *Puillanimity* of the *Roman* People, have suffer'd by not following their Advice; and it is certain, that there is something in it, tho' not so much, perhaps, as they imagine. This Malignancy in the *Air* proceeds from the Neglect of cultivating the Country about *Rome*, which has been a mere *Desert*,

since the Chamber of *Rome*, which ingrosses all the *Corn*, obliged the *Farmers*, who dwelt in the *Campagna*, and Neighbourhood of the *City*, to dispose of their *Grain* at so low a rate, as compell'd them to quit their *Habitations*; this is what the *Romans* alledge; but even in the time of the *Roman Empire*, when the *Campagna* was well cultivated, and a great part of it built upon, and inhabited, we find, that the *Armies*, who were oblig'd to lye there in the Summer, were very sickly, so that we may conclude, that its Air cou'd never be very wholsom in that Season.

THE greatest Part of the modern fine *Things* which we see at *Rome*, have been built by *Popes*, and *Cardinals* of *Taste*, at a time when that *College* was fill'd with Persons of the noblest, and most illustrious *Families*, and while their *Eminences* were incapable of making *Wills*. There is nothing done lately, or doing, either private, or public, that is of any consequence, and the present *Taste* of *Architecture*, which reigns at *Rome*, is very low; the *Palaces* generally ill kept, and as ill furnish'd. The great Privileges *Ambassadours* are possess'd of at *Rome*, and the *Pretensions* which crown'd
Heads

Heads have of *Protecting*, take off a great deal of the *Pope's Power*, who in every other Respect is as *absolute* in his *Dominions* as any other Temporal *Potentate* in *Europe*. It is strange, when these *Privileges* were once abolish'd, as they were for some time, that the future *Popes* shou'd not hinder their growing into *Custom* again.

THE chief Expence of the *Nobility* in *Rome* is in Equipage, and Play, and a Number of uselefs Servants; they are generally very temperate; their *Tables* are simple, and frugal; and whenever they show any *Hospitality*, it is at the time of their *Villaggiatura*, or when they are at their *Villas* in the Country. The common *People* are very idle, lazy, and revengeful, insomuch that it is said, that, in the *Roman State*, there are seldom less than two Thousand murder'd every Year. But this rarely or scarce ever happens but amongst the very *Lees* of the People, and such as wou'd probably otherwise have been taken off by the *Hand of Justice*, which is *remiss* here in many Things of *Consequence*, and often very *severe* in Matters of *little Moment*. *Beggars* enjoy extraordinary *Privileges* at *Rome*, and

are very numerous, and troublesome. The *Zitelle*, or young *Maidens* here of all Conditions wear very plain, simple, and modest *Habits*, till they get *Husbands*; but after that they begin to dress out, and set themselves off as well as they can: Which is just *contrary* to their *Practice* in our *Country*, where young *Women* are generally *ambitious* of appearing as well as their *Circumstances* will afford, while they remain on the *List* of those that are to be *marry'd*; but as soon as they become *Wives*, are commonly observed to grow careless, and negligent of their Persons. There are some who conclude from hence, that the *Gallantries* of our *Women* oftner end in *Matrimony*, and that the *Intrigues* of the *Italian Ladies*, rather commence from that time. Tho' there are so many *idle* Fellows in this *Country*, who scruple not to commit *Murder* upon every *trifling* Occasion, yet it is very rare to hear of a *Robbery*, especially upon the *High-Way*: whether this proceeds from their *Pride*, or *Cowardice*, or from both together, as some will have it, it is very consolatory to *Travellers*, who are generally very safe in any Part of *Italy*. The *Bodies* which are frequently found in the Streets

in the Morning, of such as have been affaffinated in the Night, move scarce any *Concern*, or *Compassion* in the Beholders; but when it happens, which is but seldom, that there is a public *Execution*, be it of one of the most notorious *Villains* in the Country, there are more *Tears* shed, more *Masses* said for his Soul, and more Noise about it than in any other Place I ever was at. The superiour *Clergy* in *Rome* are generally very polite, and civil; and I was told by one of themselves that one great Reason why the *Roman Church's* Power was lessen'd, and their *Priests* not so much esteem'd as formerly, has proceeded from the *Popes* not suffering their *Clergy* to be call'd to Account, and punish'd for *Crimes* against the *Legislature* in other Countries; that had they desisted from the *Prerogative* of judging them themselves they had not only not disoblig'd many foreign *Princes*; but the *Crimes* of the *Clergy* had been more regularly punish'd, and more effectually reform'd, which wou'd have made both the *Pope*, and *Church* more respected,

WHEN

WHEN one considers the great Number of *fine* Things which have been destroy'd by the *barbarous* Nations, whose Rage *Rome* has so often essay'd; and that the *blind Fury* of superstitious *Devotion* made little less *Havock* amongst the *beautiful* Remains of *Antiquity*; when one reflects likewise upon the Quantity of *Statues*, of *Busts*, and *Bas-relieves* which were transported at different Times from *Rome*, and dispersed almost all over *Europe*, as well as on those which yet remain in that City, one wou'd be apt to believe, that the Author did not much exaggerate, who said, that *Rome* had once as many *Statues* as *Men*; especially, since it is easy to imagine, from the Situation *Rome* at present lyes in, that there are very many still bury'd amongst the *Ruins* of old *Rome*. The River *Tiber* itself must roll over many Heaps of *Antiquities* yet undiscover'd; for, not to mention frequent *Inundations*, and other *Accidents*, it was usual to throw the *Statues*, *Busts*, and *Heads* of the *bad Emperours* into the *Water*, whenever they were *depos'd*, or *dead*, which must be the Reason why they are so much fewer in
Number,

Number, and harder to be met with than those of the *good Emperors*.

To send you a particular Account of the *fine Things*, whether *ancient*, or *modern*, which entertain'd me so agreeably at *Rome*, wou'd easily swell this *Letter* into a little *Volume*. If you find Patience enough at my Return, to peruse the rough *Remarks* I made there, I will communicate them to you; in the mean Time, I shall content my self, by assuring you, that, what with the *Beauties* of *Sculpture*, of *Painting*, and of *Architecture*, I never pass'd half a Year so much to my *Satisfaction* as at *Rome*.

FROM *Rome* I made an *Excursion* to *Na-Naples*. The Accommodations on the *Road* I found but indifferent. You travel a good Part of the Way upon the old *Roman Pavement*. The Journey is very pleasant, when you come to the Sea side about *Mola*. There are some few *Antiquities* about *Capua*. Mount *Vesuvius* is discover'd a great while before you approach the *City of Naples*.

NAPLES is a fine *City*, and extremely *populous*: Its greatest *Beauty* is its *Port*, which however, is a very unsafe one; that at *Pozzuolo*,

zuolo, in the Neighbourhood, is very good, and *Ships* in the *Winter* frequently ride there. The *Climate* is fine; but the *Weather*, as in all Places near the *Sea*, is subject to sudden *Variations*. The *Winter* in that *City*, while it lasts, is *sharp*, and the *Air* very subtle, and penetrating. We send our *consumptive* People to *Naples*, and they send their own to *Rome*, or *Pisa*, or *Leghorn* for a grosser *Air*. The *Neapolitans* choose to live in the *upper* Apartments, which are worth the double of what they give for the *lower*. They say there that the whole *Kingdom* is as well peopled in Proportion as the *Capital*. There are not many good *Pictures*, or *Antiquities* in this *Place*. The *Catacombes* are very well worth visiting; so is *SANAZZARIO's Tomb*, where there are two remarkable *Statues*. At the Entrance of the famous *Grotto* you see *VIRGIL's Sepulchre*, which the People have almost in as great Veneration, as if he had lived in the Days of *Christianity*, and dyed a *Martyr* to the *Faith*; there grows a *Bay Tree* on the Top of it, which, they say, cannot be destroy'd, and that, let never so much of it be cut away, it sprouts out again very fast. The

Nobi-

Nobility are very numerous, but they distinguish between the *Old*, and the *New*: The *Titles* of *Prince*, and *Duke* are greatly prostituted amongst them. The *Præsepes*, which are made here at *Christmas* Time, are ingenious, and surprizing enough. Their *Wine* is not very good, any more than their *Oyl*; and their *Mutton* so bad, that it is only eat by the commonest People. Mount *Vesuvius* smoaks constantly more, or less. The *Antiquities* about *Pozzuoli*, *Baia*, and *Cumæ* are so very ruined, and the *Face* of the *Ground* is so changed by frequent *Earthquakes*, that one can judge but very uncertainly about them; but one sees enough to allow, that that Part of the World must have been very *delightful* in its *flourishing* Condition. The natural *Curiosities* hereabouts are well known, and always the same. At *Caprea* there are scarce any Remains at all of *TIBERIUS's* *Luxury*.

ABOUT the End of *May*, 1729, I left *Rome* in order to return to *France*. A *Traveller* finds a sensible Difference for the better as soon as he enters from the Territory of the *Pope* into that of the Great *Duke*, where
the

the *Roads* are all well repair'd, and the *Bridges* in good Order; the *Earth* well cultivated, and the People in Appearance more chearful, and healthy. The *Country* between *Siena*, and *Leghorn* is very fine, and plentiful, producing *Corn*, *Wine*, and *Oyl* in Abundance.

Leghorn. AT *Leghorn* there are no *Curiosities* at all, it being a City purely of *Business*, and great *Commerce*. The *Port* is very handsome, convenient, and secure; the *City* small; but neat and tolerably well fortified. *Commerce* is carry'd on there in very good Order, and almost all the *Merchandize* introduced by *Cannals* from the *Sea*, and exported to the *Sea*, by the same Way; so that tho' the *Business* is so considerable, and the *City* so small, there is not that Confusion, and Croud which one generally finds in other trading Towns; but a very considerable *Traffic* carry'd on without any apparent Trouble. This *City* is reckon'd the best *Jewel* in the Great Duke's Cap.

To go from hence to *Genoa*, the readiest Way is to go first to *Pisa*, from thence to *Lerice*, and so by *Sea* to *Genoa*. From *Pisa* to *Lerice* one passes through a very fine Country, particularly about *Massa*. From
Lerice

Lerice by *Sea*, till you come within a few Miles of *Genoa*, you see nothing but barren Mountains; the Hills within a *League* or two of the City are cover'd with a Number of *Villas*, which at a Distance from the Water make a beautiful *Scene*.

GENOA is advantageously situated; the *View* Genoa. of it at *Sea* over against the *Port* is very beautiful. The City is not large; but clean, and magnificent, and very populous. *Genoa* has not near so much Commerce as *Leghorn*, nor is its *Harbour* either so capacious, or so safe; but the *Genoese* are lengthening out their Great *Mole*, for the better Security of *Ships* that ride there. Their *Palazzi* are magnificent, and lofty; but stand upon little Ground, which is a scarce Commodity at *Genoa*; they are generally *painted* on the outside, and built pretty close. They have been obliged to bring in their *Earth* in most Parts of the City, which stands on a hard *Rock*. The *Strada nova* is their most magnificent Street; if it was broader, it wou'd make a finer Appearance than it does. The next best Street is the *Strada Balbi*; the *Jesuits* have a fine College in it. In this City there are a great Number

Number of *Convents*, and *Monasteries*, and some of them are very noble. No *Coaches* are suffer'd in the Streets by Reason of their *Narrowness*: *Chairs*, and *Litters* are their chief *Voitures*. The *Palace* of the *Doge* is scarce worth seeing, unless it be for the Sake of the *Paintings* in the *Council-Chamber* by SOLIMENE. They show there an *Armoury* in pretty good Order, with *Arms* for more Men than 'tis likely they will ever have Occasion to employ together. They have lately made *new Works*, which they have carry'd to the Top of the *Hill*: 'tis said these *Walls* inclose a Compass of *fifteen Miles*; but I can't see of what Use they can ever be to the *State*. Since the *French Bombardment*, which is remember'd yet in *Genoa*, they have put themselves into a much better State of Defence: Their *Fortifications* are improv'd, and increas'd, and they have a great many good *Cannon* mounted upon them, with five or six *Gallies* in their *Port*. They have several good *Hospitals*, one of which is very fine, and they suffer no *Beggars* in their *Streets*, of which Travellers are very sensible who come out of the *Ecclesiastical State*, where
you

you are every Moment teaz'd by such *Vermine* from all parts of the *Earth*, who enjoy *Immunities* there, which they do no where else. I saw a good many fine *Pictures* here by *Luca Giordano*. From hence, till you get into the *Milaneſe*, you find a very Rocky Country.

MILAN is a large, but by no means a fine *Milan*. City; they will tell you upon the ſpot that it is ſixteen *Miles* in compaſs; but in moſt *Places* the Inhabitants *exaggerate* almoſt *half* in the Accounts they give of the *Extent* of their *Cities*, the *Number* of their *People*, and the *Revenues* of their *States*, or *Princes*. The *Dome* is a waſt Piece of *Gothic Architecture*, not yet finiſh'd, which the *Prieſts* will probably take care it ſhall not be in haſte, having Poſſeſſion of conſiderable *Eſtates* for that uſe till the *Fabric* be compleated. It is adorn'd with a great Number of *Statues* both within, and without; but the beſt of them are very indifferent. There's a good *Statue* of *Adam*, in a large Chamber near the *Church*. The *Oſpitale Maggiore* is a noble Foundation, and finely regulated; and the Burying Place belonging to it will be very handſom, when finiſh'd. The *Lazzaretto* is a *Building* of a vaſt Ex-

tent. The *Ambrosian Library* consists of two handsome *Chambers*, opposite to which are two other *Rooms*, where there is a *Collection* of *Pictures*, amongst which are several by the best Hands. There are some good *Pictures* to be seen here in private Houses; but not many, or very capital. The *Citadel* is reckon'd very strong. The *People* are civil, and hospitable; they are said to be poor, and expensive, and consequently indebted.

Turin.

I ARRIVED at *Turin* after a few Days stay at *Milan*. *Turin* is neat, and small: The *King's Gardens*, and *Palace* are very handsome without any great *Magnificence*. The *Strada de'l Po* is a very fine Street. *La Capella Reale* in the *Cathedral Church* is well worth seeing; but as for *Pictures*, *Statues*, or any thing relating to what the *Italians* call *la Vertu*, there is no such Thing so much as talk'd of there. The *Manners* of these *People* are very conformable to those of the *French* in a great many Points. The *King's Country House*, which they call *la Venerie*, will be a fine Place, when finish'd; the *Gardens* are extensive, and in the *French Taste*, as are all the other *Gardens* here and almost every Thing else.

FROM

FROM *Turin* I cross'd the *Alpes*, whose *Cataracts*, put the finest *Garden Cascades* out of Countenance, and arrived at *Lyons* after six or seven Days Journey; from thence I came back again, about the end of last Month, to *Paris*, *Paris*. which *City*, after all, is the finest I have seen in *Europe*, considering its vast *Extent*, and the great number of its magnificent *Hotels*. It is likewise the most commodious Place for *Strangers*, as well upon the account of its exact *Police*, and the *Civility* of its *Inhabitants*; as in regard to the Variety of *Diversions*, and Abundance of all things that are constantly to be found in it.

I wish I was able to give you that exact Account you require of the *French Stage*; all I shall venture to say of it is, that tho' it comes nearer the *Ancient Theatre* than that of any other Nation, it differs, however, from it in many Points. *Love*, which only found a place in the old *Comedy*, and was thought by the *Ancients* too ignoble a *Passion* for the *Buskins*, generally causes the *Distress* of their finest *Pieces*, which made one of their most judicious *Criticks* say, that their *Tragedies* were, at best, but more refined *Comedies*. Whatever

good Performances of that Nature CORNEILLE,
 RACINE, and some others may have enrich'd
 their Stage with, their Language seems fitter for
 Lyric, than Tragic, or Epic Poetry, in which
 first Kind they have some Pieces, that might
 rival Antiquity itself. Notwithstanding that they
 have introduced a Multiplicity of Incidents, and
 Episodes, foreign to the Practice of the Grecians
 they affect to preserve all their Unities entire,
 particularly that of Place, tho', at the same
 time, they quite neglect the Imitation of the
 ancient Chorus, which establish'd so well the
 Probability of it. Their Subjects are never
 drawn from the Histories of their own Nation,
 which was almost always done by the Greek
 Poets; and tho' they borrow their Heroes
 mostly from Antiquity, or the remoter People
 of the Earth, they make them all think, and
 act like modern Frenchmen; and, indeed, all
 the Productions of the French, in any of the
 fine Arts, are stamp'd with a certain Gaiety,
 and shining Character peculiar to the Nation.
 They have of late refined their Language so
 much, that it is perhaps, become the weaker
 from its Chastity and Purity. The Strength,
 Boldness and Copiousness of our Tongue appears
 more

more adapted to the greater *Poetry*, and our *Genius* inclines us particularly to *Tragedy*. The *Expence* of *Representing* is not near so great as with us, nor have they such a Number of *Pieces* upon their *List* of *acting Plays*. They blame, and surely with reason, the *Cruelty*, and *Horror* of some of our *Tragedies*, and the *Indecencies* which are found in many of our *Comedies*: They have several very fine ones, which are as well acted, as wrote; for there are some excellent *Players* amongst them; but the worst of them are taught, at least, to carry themselves genteely, and to attend to what they are about, all the while they remain upon the *Scene*. The *Divinities* so frequently introduced on the ancient *Stage*, have no place here, but in their *Operas*: The *Subjects* they have chosen for that *Entertainment*, are much more proper to it, than what the *Italians* have writ on for that Purpose. So airy a *Drama*, methinks, shou'd choose to deal rather in *Stories* of the *fabulous Ages*, and *Subjects* that afford *Incantments*, and the Ministry of the *Gods*, than to introduce, after that *supernatural* manner, *Kings*, *Queens*, *Generals*, and even

even *Philosophers*, from undoubted, and, sometimes very modern *History*. Their *vocal Music* is *simple*, and peculiarly adapted to the *Genius* of their own *Language*; but what is purely here *instrumental Music*, is generally now the Product of *Italy*, or compos'd in that Manner. There is great Encouragement in *France* for the Education of *Painters*, and the Improvement of that *Art*, and *Sculpture*: They have had some very great *Painters* amongst them; but one rarely sees in the *French Paintings* that *Truth*, *Simplicity*, and natural *Grace* which several amongst the *Italians* have been so famous for; but it must be own'd that they have advanced what they call the *Belles Lettres* to a much higher degree of Perfection, than ever they were in *Italy*, where their Improvement first began after the Recovery of Learning. Their *Architecture* is in a *Style* peculiar to themselves: their *Apartments* are better contrived than in *Italy*, where the *Beauty*, and *Regularity* of the *outside* of the *Building* is chiefly consider'd; and for their *Taste* and *Richness* in *Furniture*, no Nation in *Europe* comes up to them.

THE

THE French are in general a good natur'd People; but too wise or too volatile to dye often for Grief, or Love, tho' Gallantry is carry'd to a very high Degree in France. The female Sex is in great Esteem here, and spare no Pains to maintain their Empire over Man, and render it agreeable. They are exactly neat in their Persons; study'd, and magnificent in their Dress; refined in their Conversation; and their outward Behaviour is very decent, tho', at the same time, free, and easy; so that if they are reckon'd to admit of many Gallantries, they must be allow'd to manage them well. It is certain that they have sufficiently revenged themselves on the Salique Law; for they have still contrived to be in most of the Intrigues of State, and, till very lately, nothing of any consequence has been done, or disposed of at the Court of France without their secret Ministry. The French Noblemen generally marry, and very young; but much oftner for Family reasons, than thro' Inclination; they are not very uxorious, and the finest Passions in France, of which there are many Examples, have not been conjugal.

As to their Devotion, they are not at all bi-

gotted, and the *Gallican Church* has dispensed with almost all the *Ceremonies*, that are not necessary, to qualify it for a *R. Catholic Religion*. Yet one frequently hears here of Persons of all Ages, and each Sex, who, on a sudden, from amidst the *Gaiety*, and *Pleasures* of the *World*, retire into as great a degree of *Devotion*, and *Mortification*.

THEIR *Justice* is severe, and sudden; but the *Employments* of such *Magistrates* as decide of *Life*, and *Death* are bought and sold; nor is it an *Affront* to a *Judge* in *France*, to be solicited by the *Fair* before the *Determination* of her *Cause*.

THE *Extreams* of *Industry*, and *Extravagance* are very remarkable in the *Citizens* of *Paris*, who take any Pains to get *Money*, and commonly spend it profusely afterwards in the Pursuit of *Pleasure*.

THE *French* can't help being civil, but *Strangers* have seldom their *Confidence*, or *Esteem*. They are fond of *Novelties*, but they must be of their own *Growth*.

THEY are better *Subjects* than any other *King* can boast of, and better *Companions* than *Friends*; but the best *Enemies* in the *World*; for
 71 their

their *Levity* disposes them to good *Nature*, and *Forgiveness*, as well of their *Antagonists*, as of *themselves*; but when an *English Man* is sensible he has committed an *Error*, he is not so easily reconciled to *himself*.

VIVACITY, which is sometimes mistaken here for *Wit*, and often atones for the Want of it, is the shining *Characteristic* of this *Nation*: Their *Tastes* for *Pleasure*, and *Diversions* are very *lively*, and *strong*. Perhaps it may be thro' Want of such *active Passions*, that it so frequently happens in *England*, that *People* seemingly at their *Ease*, grow *weary* of living, and *remove* themselves into the other *World* in a Kind of *Disgust*. There are scarce any *Examples* of *Self-Murder* in *France*, and none of such as have been *mad* enough to destroy themselves, as long as they had any Means left of making *Life* tolerable; which may have given Rise to an *Observation* amongst the *English*, that the *French* suffer *Hardships*, and *Pain* more *patiently* than we do; but that we *dye* with more *Unconcern*. It is certain, that they can bear *Afflictions* better than great *Prosperity*; yet no *People* have the *Secret* of enjoying *Life* to the Degree in which they possess it.

IF

IF I wou'd attempt to give you a compleat
Portraiture of this People, I might be more
 copious than you wou'd desire, or this Letter
 allow of, which, I doubt, you already think
 too tedious. I shall only add, that it is re-
 markable, that the Character which J. CÆSAR
 has given so long ago of the *Gauls* in his
Commentaries, may be not improperly ap-
 ply'd to the *French* at this Day. To conclude,
 we are, if you please, *freer*; but it will not
 be deny'd by any, who is acquainted with both
 People, that they are the *happier* Nation.
 I am,

5 JA 53

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Paris, July 26, 1729.

W. H. er the fair, the empty spaces fill.
 And graft upon the stock with friendly skill.

* This was mislay'd, or wou'd have been inserted at the right Page

Tho

EPISTLE

* E P I S T L E X.

*To a Friend with *****.*

BEFORE these *Sheets* the *Press's* Weight shall
feel,

For after that we can have no *Appeal*,
Deign to peruse them with a careful Eye,
And lop the *Branches*, lest the *Tree* shou'd *dye*.

Whate'er luxuriant *Fancy* paints too strong,
Relentless *blot*, and shorten, what's too long:
Wheree'er she *fails*, the empty Spaces *fill*,
And graft upon the *Stock* with friendly Skill;

* This was mislay'd, or wou'd have been inserted at the 125th Page.

Tho'

Tho' rarely *Faſc*y does her *Aid* reſuſe,
And more are loſt from knowing not to chooſe.

O had I that *Simplicity* and *Grace*,
Which pleas'd, e'er *Art* did *Nature's* Charms deface,
In thoſe our great *Originals* of *Yore*,
Whom diſtant I purſue, and you adore!

Yet *Nature* pure, unveil'd cou'd we preſent,
How might we hope, to give the *Age* Content,
Or *Cenſure* 'ſcape in theſe affected Times,
When *Poetry's* ſcarce known, but by her *Rhimes*,
When *Bards*, as of *Sterility* afraid,
Croud all together Man e'er thought, or ſaid,
Heap *Words*, on *Words*, to multiply in haſte,
And think, no *Ornament* can be miſplac'd?
So it be fine, they care not, where 'tis found.
Their *Labours* like a *Planter's* Nurs'ry Ground,
Where *Trees* are in a wild Diſorder thrown,
And *Seeds* of every Kind confus'dly ſown.

No Matter! so my *Lines* you shou'd approve,
And a few more such *Friends*, whose *Truth* we love.
O had I that Simplicity and Grace,

But now, tho' you may find, I've shot too wide,
And mis'd my Aim, fear not an *Author's* Pride!
Be bold, and free! for tho' the *Offspring's* mine,
I will not, like the *Ape*, suppose it fine.

Yet Nature pure, unvell'd cou'd we present,
How might we hope, to give the Age Content,
Or Censure 'scape in these affected Times,

When Poetry's scarce known, but by her Rhime,
When Bards, as of sterility afraid,

Ground all together Man's thoughts, or said,
F I N I S.
Heap Words, or Words, to multiply in haste,

And think, no Ornament can be misplac'd,

So it be fine, they care not, where tis found.

Their Labours like a Planter's Nursery Ground,

Where Trees are in a wild Disorder thrown,

And Seeds of every Kind confusedly sown.

ERRATA

READ	FOR	LINE	PAGE
the	his	10	2
miserable	miserable	11	18
of	of	14	24
thakes the	thakes the	15	102
your	our	16	113
prelent	prelent	17	122
them	it	17	200
Stella	Stella	14	246
of	of	24	384
Historical	Historical	17	398

BACK 37, LINE 1. For—**53** Although the Doctor from the lov'd Retreat
 Read—**53** Although the Doctor from their lov'd Retreat
 12. For—**53** The I have been seven hours of
 Read—**53** The I have been seven hours of
 2. For—**53** From his Embrace frighted, withdrew
 Read—**53** Frighted, from his Embrace withdrew

The Reader is left to judge, and correct several mistakes in the
 Printing.

E R R A T A.

PAGE	LINE	FOR	READ
5,	16,	his	the
18,	1,	miserabe	miserable
21,	14,	of	oft
102,	1,	shakehe	shakes the
113,	9,	our	your
195,	17,	prsent	present
299,	7,	it	them
346,	14,	<i>Senſon</i>	<i>Season</i>
383,	24,	of	or
398,	17,	<i>Hiſtorical</i>	<i>Historical.</i>

PAGE 37, LINE 1, *For*—Frighten their *Dryads* from the lov'd Retreat;
Read—Frighten the *Dryads* from their lov'd Retreat;
 97, 12, *For*—Tho' I have ſeen ſeven *Lustrums* o'er.
Read—Tho' I have ſeen *Lustrums* o'er.
 180, 2, *For*—From his Embrace frighted, withdrew,
Read—Frighted, from his Embrace withdrew,

The Reader is deſir'd to excuſe, and correct ſeveral Negligences in the Pointing.

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

POETRY

ON

THE 5th AL 53

WITH

INTRODUCTION

THE

AND

THE

THE

LONDON

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